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SPECIMENS

OF THE

POPULAR POETRY OF PERSIA.

"La Perse est la grande route du genre humain; les Tatares d'un côté, les Arabes de l'autre; tous les peuples d'Asie ont logé, chacun à son tour, dans ce caravansérail."—*Michelet.*

E. 1. 4. 5

Oriental Translation Fund

LONDON.

INSTITUTED 1828.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

THIS COPY

WAS PRINTED FOR

THE BOMBAY BRANCH

Royal Asiatic Society.

SPECIMENS

OF THE

POPULAR POETRY OF PERSIA,

AS FOUND IN THE

ADVENTURES AND IMPROVISATIONS

OF

KURROGLOU,

THE BANDIT-MINSTREL OF NORTHERN PERSIA;

18277

AND IN

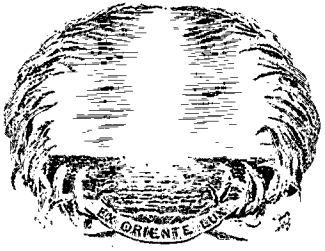
THE SONGS OF THE PEOPLE INHABITING THE SHORES OF THE CASPIAN SEA.

ORALLY COLLECTED AND TRANSLATED, WITH PHILOLOGICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES,

BY

ALEXANDER CHODZKO, ESQ.

FOR. MEM. R.A.S.



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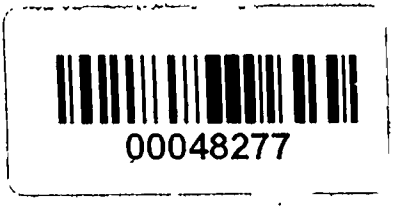


TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR GORE OUSELEY, BART.,

G.C.H., F.R.S., F.S.A.

&c. &c. &c.

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY,

AND

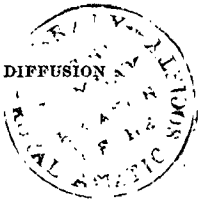
CHAIRMAN OF THE ORIENTAL TRANSLATION COMMITTEE OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND,

THIS WORK

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

AS A HUMBLE TRIBUTE OF ADMIRATION FOR HIS GREAT ACQUIREMENTS IN EASTERN LORE,

AND HIS UNCEASING EFFORTS TO PROMOTE THE DIFFUSION OF ORIENTAL LITERATURE IN EUROPE,



BY

HIS MOST OBLIGED AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

ALEXANDER CHODZKO.

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ERRATA.

Page 42, lines 13 and 14, *for* Ayvaz Bally by name, *read* Mir Ibrahim by name.

49 „ 17, *for* to the city, *read* from the city.

78 „ 24, *for* what was to do, *read* what he was to do.

91 „ 29, *for* Ahmed, *read* Ahmed.

221 „ 2, *for* chopped of, *read* chopped off.

228 „ 28, *for* Mazendera, *read* Mazenderan.

236 „ 17, *for* bleeting, *read* bleating.

285 „ 28, *for* denoted, *read* devoted.

356 „ 14, at the beginning of paragraph, the words "Famous is your coat of mail" are omitted.

397 „ 25, for *Hamza-nahena*, read *Hamza-nama*.

437 „ 9, *for* prays, *read* preys.

447 „ 14, *for* comeo u, *read* come on.

457 „ 12, *for* شباهنک *read* شباهنک

458 „ 26, *for* Khaunmaun, *read* Khanuman.

464 „ 2, *for* left side, *read* right side.

479 „ 2, and in other passages, *for* palavis, pahlevis, and pehlevis *read* pálévi. Likewise *for* Gaskar, *read* Ghesker.

525 to 546, and in other passages, oo and ou *should be* ú, and ee *should be* í.

531 „ 14, *for* a bundle, *read* a hank.

553 „ 1, *for* Kala vezru, *read* Kella-verzú.

557 „ 14, *for* nukun, *read* nukhun.

563 „ 9, *for* bechu, *read* beshú.

569 „ 9, *for* گونۀ and خوجیرۀ *read* گونۀ and خوجیرۀ

571 „ 3, *for* agheri, *read* aghire.

574 „ 6 and 12, *for* بوگلۀ *re ad* بورگلۀ

576 „ 16, *for* کوۀ *read* کوۀ

„ „ 18, *for* خدارۀ *read* خدارۀ

581 „ 12, *for* وبمسه *read* وسۀ

PREFACE.

THE specimens of unwritten Asiatic poetry comprised in this Volume belong chiefly to the inhabitants of Northern Persia, and those of the Coasts of the Caspian Sea. I collected them at different periods, during a sojourn of eleven years in those countries, from oral communications with the people—generally, the lower classes, who did not know how to read or write. Their source, therefore, is undoubtedly genuine; and this circumstance, combined with the insight they afford into the character, habits, and manners of the people among whom they are current, induced the Committee of the Oriental Translation Fund to accept my offer to put them into an English dress; and they now form one of the large number of Oriental works, printed by them, few of which, without their munificent patronage, could have been presented to the public.

The student of Oriental languages will lament with me the omission of the original texts of the whole of the Collection,—an omission rendered unavoidable on account of the great expense of printing in Oriental type, and because the objects of the Committee are, strictly interpreted, confined to translations. In consideration, however, of some of the dialects being very little, and others, wholly unknown to European Orientalists, the Committee kindly consented that specimens of them should be printed in their originals. Those of the Tuka-Turkman and Perso-Turkish dialects are given in extract only; but those of the Zendo-Persian are printed entire, as well from their novelty, as from a hope of their greatly aiding the researches of investigators into the language of the cuneiform inscriptions of Van, Bistún, and Persepolis,—and probably, of leading to some knowledge even of those of Babylon.

It would be unpardonable in me to neglect the opportunity of publicly expressing my gratitude for the literary assistance I have received in England; and also for the kind letters of introduction to his friends in this country, with which I

was favoured by the Right Hon. Henry Ellis, whom I met in Persia. I must also pay the debt of homage due to the memory of the deplored Earl of Munster; and acknowledge my obligations to the distinguished personage to whom I have taken the liberty to dedicate this work. I feel it a duty likewise to return my cordial thanks to Sir George Thomas Staunton, Bart., M.P., the Right Hon. Sir Alexander Johnston, Sir John N. R. Campbell, John L. Guillemard, Esq., the Rev. W. Cureton, and those other gentlemen, who, with true British hospitality, opened their libraries to my inspection, and accorded me their valuable advice in the progress of my work. Their affable courtesy will be, indeed, my most cherished reminiscence of their great country.

It becomes me, as a foreigner, to say something about the style of my translation; for although I have been long acquainted with the English language, and the master-pieces of its literature, I never before ventured to write it. My translation, therefore, necessarily required considerable correction and alteration to suit the English idiom; and for this aid I am principally indebted

to the Rev. James Reynolds, the Secretary of the Oriental Translation Committee. It is also necessary to remind the reader, that my versions may in some instances have suffered from my want of a critical knowledge of the English language, which may occasionally have led me to a choice of words not so favourable to express the ideas intended as might otherwise have been the case. It is likewise to be observed, that all translations from unwritten tongues must labour under peculiar difficulties, not known in languages fixed by dictionaries and grammars.

Some inconsistencies will, I fear, be found in the spelling of Oriental proper names: for these, and all other defects, I crave the reader's indulgence.

LONDON,
14*th July*, 1842.

THE

ADVENTURES AND IMPROVISATIONS

OF

KURROGLOU,

THE

BANDIT-MINSTREL OF NORTHERN PERSIA.

(Translated from the Perso-Turkish Dialect.)

KURROGLOU.

INTRODUCTION.

THE hero of the narrative of our work is Kurroglou, a Turkman Tuka, and a native of Northern Khorassan, who lived in the second half of the seventeenth century. He rendered his name famous by plundering the caravans on the great commercial road from Persia to Turkey, between the cities of Khoi and Erzerum, and still more so by his poetical improvisations. The Turkish Iliats*, or wandering tribes, transplanted at different periods, from Central Asia into the vast pasture tracts scattered from the Euphrates to the Merve river, carefully preserve his poetry, and the memory of his actions. He is their model warrior,—their national model bard, in the whole signification of those terms. The ruins

* *Iliat*, the Persian plural of the Turkish word *il*, tribe, family. This general name designates the wandering nations of Persia, and particularly the tribes of Tatar descent, which were, in various times, by various sovereigns, transplanted from the Middle Asia into Northern Persia.

of the fort of Chamly-bill, built by Kurroglou, are pointed out to the present day, in the delightful valley of Salmas, a district in the province of Aderbaidjan. At the present day, scarcely any festival can pass without the recital of his love songs. During the intestine quarrels and struggles for independence of the above-mentioned Iliats with their Persian masters, when the two hostile armies are going to meet, before they engage in battle, they animate each other, and scoff at their opponents; the Persians, by singing passages from the Shah-nama; the Iliats, by shouting the war songs of Kurroglou. Under the windows of the shah's palace, when the trumpets and drums of the Nekkara-Khana* flourish a farewell to the setting sun, the musicians usually play the warlike tune of Kurroglou, that is to say, the theme of his compositions, and to which he used to sing his improvisations.

It is, therefore, surprising that so popular a name has never, so far as we are aware, attracted the attention of any European traveller. If the

---

* *Nekkara-Khana*, the military band, a privilege of the reigning shahs and princes in Persia, used from the times immemorial by the rulers of that country. The Nekkara-Khana and the festival Nourouz, are two principal of the Zoroastric relics, the number of which decreases every day in Persia.

average popularity of poets can be calculated by the number of voices repeating their poetry, even Ferdausy himself must yield precedency to Kurroglou. We by no means insinuate that a few hundreds of stanzas, poured forth extemporaneously from the lips of an illiterate nomade, are to be preferred to the well-planned and exquisitely finished epopea, — the master-piece of the Persian poet. But Kurroglou's poetry possessed all the indispensable conditions, by which alone it could be embodied in the memory of his fellow-countrymen, — we may say in their very souls.

Ferdausy took an old national tradition from long lost Persian chronicles. He inspired it with the breath of his lively genius, concentrated into it the principal events of the history of Persia before Islam, and narrated, as he was obliged to narrate it, in such a manner as to please the court of Ghuzni, where the king, the ladies, the courtiers and grandees read and spoke the Arabic language. He was then compelled to comply with the exigency of the age and the prejudices of the people, with whom the literature and language of the Prophet's country were the model and the highest pinnacle of mental perfection. The learned poet felt that he could not achieve this task, without injuring more or less his

popularity in his native country. This is obvious in every page of his Shah-nama. He shakes off foreign influences, twists his models, and makes as little use as possible of any thing that is Arabian. He avoids even single Arabic words, which, at that time began to make increasing inroads into the Persian language. In this attempt he succeeded better than others, and the victory was his. Roodaki, Ensari, and other cotemporary Persian poets resigned to him the palm of glory. His Rustem was knighted a national hero. But is this Rustem a faithful picture of the character, manners, and civilization of his cotemporary countrymen,—the Persians? We venture to put a negation to the question.

The case is quite the reverse with Kurroglou. His Improvisations were made without forethought and, as it were, sprung forth by themselves, without the author's previous reflection. The hero of them, Kurroglou himself, has nothing to do with the supernatural world of divs, simurgs, and demons. Everything in him and around him is merely human, cut out by the pattern of every-day men, and more particularly by the measure of the ideas and inclinations of his countrymen, who, to the present day, are fond of plundering, boasting, drinking, and

all sensual pleasures. Even the exaggeration,—this *sine quâ non* of all Asiatic poetry,—is as sober and as moderate, as the invincible love of the marvellous amongst Oriental nations could admit. The *ideal* of Rustem is service and fidelity to his crowned master; the *ideal* of Kurroglou is the fidelity of a warrior to his knightly word, and, above all, a wild, unbounded freedom. This is the only star his eyes can see in the moral heaven, and following its light alone, he meets with adventures, which remind us of the heroes of Cervantes and Ariosto. He does not well understand other virtues and vices; or rather he conceives and interprets them according to his nomadic habits of thought and feeling.

It is in this mode of thinking, identical with that of his countrymen, that lies the secret talisman of the sympathy the name of Kurroglou excites, and the popularity it enjoys among the Turkish tribes of Northern Persia. According to their opinions, nothing is more natural than for the strong to oppress and plunder the weak: otherwise, say they, the former could not be powerful; nor would the latter acknowledge his master's rights and superiority. And as riches are the means of power and enjoyment, the strongest must turn all his spoils into means of forwarding his authority and pleasures.

He must make the greatest haste to enjoy them, because fortune is inconstant, and foes are anxiously watching. Everything is allowed to a potentate favoured by fortune, provided he does not transgress certain rules of chivalrous nomadic morality.

Kurroglou is the most worthy representative of such a philosophy. He knows he is more daring and more cunning than the rest of men known to him. He thinks, therefore, he has a right to rule them, and values them by the same standard of valour and cunning. Arbitrary, impetuous, libidinous, the robber of caravans, but strongly feeling his own dignity, he is a foe to whoever is more powerful or more rich than himself. Being a son of a poor Turkman Tuka, he picks up his apostles among the most obscure classes of the nation. His followers and banditti are so many grooms, butchers, blacksmiths, and shepherds. He is an aristocrat only in love, and chooses his sweethearts amongst the daughters of princes and men of rank. As long as he has enough cash to pay for the dresses of his odalisks, and treat his numerous guests and attendants, he spends most extravagantly to the last farthing; and bathes in pleasures so freely and sincerely that he has no time to think of the morrow. The music sounds; he is the first singer, the best poet,

the most undaunted drinker. His guests, following his example, vie with each other in amusements, and in eating and drinking. All goes smoothly on in this way, till some morning, while he is just opening his eyes from a bacchanalian sleep, his head still fuddled from the debauch of the preceding night, Kurroglou is informed that there remains not one sheep in the pantry,—not one bottle in the cellar. What's to be done? The dreaded robber jumps out of the bed of laziness. He must have,—he will have all he wants! Woe to the merchants and pashas whose misfortune it is to pass on that day near Chamly-bill!

However, it is not always the want of plunder that incites him to action. Oftener it is a mere whim, the love of danger, the obliging wish of serving his guest, or a desire of fulfilling a promise. Once armed, and mounted on his horse, he behaves himself with the same exhilaration of spirit as when he revelled in pleasures. The song and the guitar (*chungur*), are just as faithful companions of his fights as they were of his feasts. Kurroglou, and his attendants, remind one of the Kozzaks of Zaporoj or Don, and with great truth, he might be called the Ottoman Mazeppa of the Turkish nomadic tribes of Persia; the more so, as Mazeppa was also a poet.

The character of the women in this poem is depicted in no flattering colours, perhaps because it is too near the truth. Traverse Asia from one end to the other, and it is most probable you will find not one Zuleika, not one Lalla-Rookh; but such women as Nighara, Parizada, Dunah-Pasha, you will meet with in every harem of Persia or Turkey. A woman of the East, and a woman of Europe, as the latter is now formed by the Gospel and chivalry of the middle ages, are two quite different beings. The former reminds us more of the Grecian Amazons, with one breast cut off, that is (to apply the simile to morals), with only half the feelings we are fond of finding in our Christian mothers and sisters. Pity, sweetness of temper, enduring forgiveness, are there considered as mental defects. In Persia, women endowed with those qualities are a laughing-stock to others, and their country-women call them "poor indolent creatures," *fakir est bíchaura!* Full of passions, bold and crafty viragos, after having prattled enough about different gossips and intrigues in the baths, or during their mutual visits, they spend the remainder of their days in the kitchen, or smoking their kaleons, and indulging in noisy chit-chat with maid-servants as ignorant as their mistresses. Whoever has happened to live in the vicinity of

a harem, must have heard the brutal language, and uncouth jokes of the inmates; their disgusting swearing, accompanied with the bandying of the most indecent epithets. Some noble exceptions may be pointed out here and there in the history of past times, but we are speaking of their present moral degradation. The favourite pursuit of their life is the acquisition of *power;* striving to imitate men in everything that partakes of sway and preponderancy. The mistress of the harem has as many maid-servants, inflicts as many lashes upon the heels of her unruly she-subjects, and distributes as many rewards, as her husband does upon his male dependents. She must possess the same importance in the world of women as he possesses in the world of men. The incidents which happened to Kurroglou and Issa Bally in Constantinople, occur very often, and almost in the very same manner, in the present day. The manner in which Kurroglou behaves towards women is truly Oriental. He considers them as things bought or won,—as a toy which he gladly rejects as soon as he is tired of it. The possession of it he only enjoys as it is connected with some novelty, uncertainty, or danger.

The only thing Kurroglou constantly loves is his horse Kyrat. His mourning song after the loss of this favourite steed is reckoned amongst the most

beautiful elegies that Oriental literature can boast of. Kyrat, in importance, is, indeed, the next individual to his master. The description of his qualities, in the first and fifth Meetings, are considered, by the best judges of horses in Persia, as the surest authority to depend upon in hippological questions. "My eye! my soul!" Kurroglou frequently addresses him. So without his Kyrat he is nothing; and he dies one hour after his horse's death.

According to the opinion of the countrymen and admirers of Kurroglou, his war-songs are valued next to the didactic descriptions of the horse. Indeed, the powerful and manly language, the lively rhythm of the verse of the highwayman-poet, create a sort of wild and bold harmony, inimitable in any translation. Kurroglou can never fight without he improvises first. His song is like the rattle of the snake, like the hiss of an adder; he must whistle before he bites.

On every principal event of his life, he left some improvisations in the Perso-Turkish language, which are used to the present day by the trans-Caucasian Mussulmans, as well as by those of Aderbaidjan, and by the nomades of Tatar descent in Northern Persia. It is the duty of Ausheks*, the privileged

* *Aushek* signifies properly, "enamoured." In northern

rhapsodes of Kurroglou, to fill up the picture by a narrative in prose, explaining where, when, and on what occasion he improvised such and such a stanza. And as those adventures and poetical compositions are very numerous, they are divided into Meetings (*mejjliss*), that is to say, into rhapsodies, which are related separately, and last so long as the narrator may think necessary to engross the attention of his hearers.

Such narrators can be found in every Persian village and town. This may be one reason why those rhapsodies have not been committed to writing. The task was more difficult than at first thought. Many Mirzas were quite surprised, nay shocked, when I watched them and insisted upon their writing, without any additions of their own, without any flourishes in their bookish style, every line word by word, of the narrative dictated by the Kurroglou-Khans*. After long and tiring inquiries, it appeared

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Persia, this word designates the professional singers, who singly, or in company of jugglers, rope-dancers, and sometimes monkeys, perambulate the towns, villages, and encampments of the nomades, attend the wedding ceremonies and festivals, amuse the people with music, puns, songs, &c.

* The *Kurroglian rhapsodes* are called *Kurroglou-Khans*, from *khaunden*, to sing. Their duty is to know by heart, all the *mejjlisses* of Kurroglou, narrate them, or sing them with

that, notwithstanding some differences in the narratives of various Ausheks and Kurroglou-Khans, they all agreed in their substance; and that the Improvisations of Kurroglou especially, were everywhere the same. This circumstance, as well as the opinion of the best informed countrymen of our hero, to whom I referred, induce me to consider the present narrative, not only as tolerably correct, but also complete. In one Meeting only, viz., "The expedition of Kurroglou to Syria," I could not arrive at correct particulars; not one of the tellers, and there were at least a dozen of them, knew it by heart. This induced me to suppress it altogether. The best authority, the compiler could find on the subject, Mahmúd Khan Dumbulli, after having read thoroughly the narrative, appended to the last page his seal, with the following remark:

خوب جمع کرده است صحیح است امّا در رسم الخط ترکی پاره درست نوشته نشده است

---

the accompaniment of the favourite instrument of Kurroglou, the *chungur* or *sitar*, that is to say, a three-stringed guitar. Ferdausy has also his *Shahnama-Khans*, and the Prophet Mohammed, his *Koran-Khans*. The memory of those singers is really astonishing. At every request they recite in one breath for some hours, without stammering, beginning the tale at the passage or verse pointed out by the hearers.

viz., "All is right, but the orthography of some Turkish words ought to be corrected." The learned observer means, that the text of Kurroglou's own improvisations, was not orthographied according to the system of the Constantinopolitan Turks. Some specimens of this text shall be given at the end of this volume, with all its original imperfections.

KURROGLOU.

MEETING I.

KURROGLOU was a Turkoman of the tribe of Tuka; his real name was Roushan, and that of his father Mirza-Serraf. The latter was in the service of Sultan Murad, ruler of one of the provinces of Turkestan, as Master of the Stud to that potentate. One day, when the mares of the stud were grazing in the meadows extending along the Jaïhoun (Oxus), a stallion issued from the surface of its waters, climbed the bank, joined the stud, and, after having covered two mares, plunged into the river and disappeared for ever. No sooner was this strange news reported to Mirza-Serraf than he repaired to the spot, and, after having set distinguishing marks upon the two mares in question, he enjoined the guardians of the stud to bestow upon them particular attention. Returning home, he did not fail to put down in his books an account of the apparition of the stallion, and to register the precise date of the circumstance.

It is well known that a mare always brings forth her foal in a standing position. When the proper time arrived, Mirza-Serraf, who was present at the

birth, received the foals in the skirt of his coat, in order that they might not be hurt by coming in contact with the ground. He himself, during the two following years, superintended the rearing, and watched the growth of the colts. Unfortunately, however, their ill-conditioned appearance was not calculated to inspire much hope for the future. They looked unsightly; and their shaggy coats seemed to consist of bristles rather than hair.

It was one of the duties of Mirza-Serraf to visit in turn all the studs confided to his care, and to select the best colts for the stable of the prince. On this occasion the two colts were of the number of those he selected for that purpose. When the prince came in person to visit his stables he carefully examined the horses brought by Mirza-Serraf, and approved of them all, with the exception of the two colts in question. The longer he looked at them the more hideous they appeared to him. Directing the master of his stud to be summoned, he addressed him in an angry voice, "Villain, how happens this! Dost thou hold me for one without instruction or understanding, or hast thou grown so old as not to be able to distinguish a good horse from a bad one? What dost thou mean by bringing here those two miserable jades?" Then, transported with fury, the prince ordered the eyes of Mirza to be put out. The sentence was immediately executed. A red hot iron was applied to the

surface of the eyes of the unfortunate Mirza-Serraf, who was thus deprived for ever of the enjoyment of light. Blind and suffering, he was conducted to his house. His only son, Roushan, a youth of nineteen years, was at that time a student at one of the schools of the place. As soon as he heard of his father's punishment, the young man, bathed in tears, ran towards him. "Do not lament, my son," said the old man, (he was one of the most skilful astrologers of his age,) "I have examined thy horoscope, and my unerring science has shown me that thou wilt become a celebrated hero; thou wilt avenge my sufferings on the person of the unjust tyrant who has inflicted them. Go this instant, see the prince, and address him thus: 'My Lord; thou hast caused my father's eyes to be put out on account of a colt. Be merciful, and make him a present of the animal, or my poor father, who is old and blind, will lack a horse to ride to the selams thou givest in thy palace.'" He did as he was directed.

The prince, whose anger in the meantime had cooled, granted young Roushan permission to enter his stables, and to take either of the two condemned colts that best pleased his fancy. The colt selected by Roushan was the grey one, because he had been told by his father that the mare which had foaled it was of a nobler breed than the other. Upon his return home with the prince's gift, Roushan was ordered by his father to dig a cave. "It will serve

for a stable," said he. "Let forty stalls be made in it, and between every two stalls thou shalt make a reservoir of water. By a combination of a certain number of springs, the use of which I shall teach thee, barley and straw will appear at fitting hours before our colt, who will eat of it at pleasure, without the assistance of a groom. In the same manner water will appear before it in due time and place. Thou must carefully build up the door, the windows, and the very chinks of the stable, for it is indispensable that our colt should be left there alone during forty days, that neither man's eye nor the rays of the sun may disturb it in its solitude."

The father's instructions were executed by the son with the most scrupulous fidelity. The colt was immediately introduced and shut up in its new abode, where it had already remained invisible during thirty-eight days; when on the thirty-ninth day Roushan's patience was exhausted. He approached the stable, and after having perforated a hole of the size of an eye he began to peep in the interior. The whole body of the colt appeared to him resplendent and shining like a lamp. The light that issued from it instantly became dim, and, as it were, extinguished, by a single glance of Roushan's eye. He was frightened, and quickly closing the small aperture, returned to his father, to whom he made no mention of the occurrence. The day after, just at the hour when the fortieth day of the colt's confine-

ment in the stable was about to expire, Mirza-Serraf said to his son, "The requisite term has arrived. Let us go to fetch our horse, and let us commence training him." They both repaired to the stable. Mirza-Serraf (for he was blind) began to feel the coat of the colt. He passed his hand over its head, its neck, its fore and hind legs, as if he were seeking for something, when all of a sudden he exclaimed, "What hast thou done, thou unhappy boy? It would have been better for me if I had seen thee dead in thy childhood! No later than yesterday thou hast allowed the light to fall on the colt." "Thou hast guessed aright, my father; but how dost thou happen to know this?" "How do I know it? This horse had feathers and wings, which I perceive have all been broken in consequence of thy imprudence." At these words Roushan's heart was filled with bitterness, and he felt deeply distressed. Mirza-Serraf then went on saying, "Be not dismayed. No living horse shall ever be able to come up with the dust raised by the hoofs of this steed."

Having said this, the blind man directed his son to saddle the colt with a felt-saddle, and enjoined him to train it in the following manner:—"Thou shalt make him trot during the first forty nights over the rocks and stony plains; and during the next forty nights over the marshes and water*." When this

* It is an allusion to the manner in which the Turkmans prepare their horses before they go on an excursion (chappou), or foraging party.

order was fulfilled, Mirza-Serraf put his horse to the gallop, in which he behaved most admirably, as well in going backward as forward. The education of the noble animal having thus been completed, he now occupied himself with that of his son. "Mount thy horse," he said; "give me a seat behind thee, and let us cross the Oxus." Whilst they were thus amusing themselves, the experienced old man initiated his son in all the stratagems of the art of riding, and of the profession of war.

"It is well," said he, one day, to Roushan, "I am satisfied with thee; but one thing remains yet to be done. Our prince is sometimes in the habit of hunting along the shores of the Oxus. There thou shalt wait for him. The first time thou seest him coming that way, thou must put on all the pieces of thy armour, and mounted on thy horse, boldly meet the tyrant. Then thou shalt address to him these words:—'Unjust and cruel prince, behold the horse for which thou hast caused my father's eyes to be put out; look at him well what a horse he has become, and then die of envy!'" Roushan obeyed faithfully his father's command. As soon as he perceived the prince enjoying the pleasure of the chase on the shores of the Oxus, he put on his armour and galloped straight towards him. The prince, captivated by the uncommon beauty of the horse, as well as by the noble appearance of the rider, asked his vizier, "Who is this young man?" Roushan, who was invited to approach the prince, did not fail to

repeat to him in a firm and threatening voice the speech taught him by his father, and then he added: "Foolish Prince! thou believest thyself a good judge of horses. Simpleton that thou art, lo! listen to me, and learn by what signs a horse of noble breed may be known." This said, he improvised the following song:—

Improvisation.—"I come, and I say to thee, Prince, listen and learn how a noble horse may be known. Active and brisk, see if his nostrils are rapidly swelling and shrinking alternately; whether his slender limbs are like the limbs of the gazelle, ready to commence its course. His haunches must resemble those of a chamois: his tender mouth yields to the slightest motion of the bridle, like the mouth of a young camel. When he eats, his teeth grind the grain, and make them crack like a millstone in motion; and he swallows them like a famished wolf. His back ought to remind you exactly of that of a hare: his mane is soft and silky: his neck is lofty, formed in semblance of the peacock's. The best time to mount him is between his fourth and fifth year. His head, neat and small as the head of the great serpent, *chah-maur:* his eyes projecting like two apples: his teeth are like so many diamonds. The shape of his mouth ought to approach that of a male camel: his limbs are neatly turned and fashioned; their shape is rather rounded than elongated. When brought out of the stable

he is playful and prances. His eyes are like the eyes of the eagle, and he walks along with the restlessness of a hungry wolf. His belly and his ribs ought to fill the girth exactly. A young man of good family lends an obedient ear to the words of his parents: he pays the greatest attention to his horse: he knows by heart its descent and its pure blood; often he tries the vigour of the joints of its knees. In one word, he ought to be what Mirza-Serraf was in his youth*."

As soon as the prince heard the improvisation, he exclaimed to his followers, "This is the son of Mirza-Serraf. Ho, there! let him be arrested." Roushan immediately was surrounded on all sides; but without appearing to notice this circumstance, he called on Sultan Murad. "Listen, my prince, I have just bethought of some stanzas of pretty verses; will you allow me to recite them to you?" The prince consented, and commanded his followers not to stir, and not touch Roushan, till he had finished his poetry; meanwhile the latter commenced singing the following improvisation:—

Improvisation.—"My prince has issued an order that I should be punished. But, by Allah, I know how to defend myself, I shall escape. In vain wouldst

* The *connoisseurs* of horses in Persia attach great importance to this description. It is to this authority that they usually appeal in their disputes about the merits of their respective racers.

thou offer me thy riches and favours, as food is offered to the gluttonous and famished eagle; I will reject them all."

Here the prince interrupted him, and said, "Putting this bravado aside, come and serve me faithfully, or else I shall condemn thee to death." Roushan then sang as follows:—

Improvisation.—"I am called God in my house. Yes; I am a God. I shall not bend my neck before a coward like thee. The pitcher has carried water long enough for thee; but that pitcher is broken at last."

The prince then said, "Thy father was my servant for fifty years. In a moment of anger I ordered his eyes to be put out. But who will deny to the master the right of punishing his slave, in order that he may hereafter heap favours on him? Follow me home. Thou shalt know how to please me, and I will reward thee."

Roushan replied:—"Thou hast extinguished my father's eyes, and at that price thou promisest to make me rich. If God allows me life enough, I shall make thee pay with thy own person the right to retaliation. But, hark:—

Improvisation.—"It is thyself that thou hast built and ruined, when thou hast lent thy ear to base calumniators. I shall take life. I shall overturn thy throne."

The prince smiled at these words, and asked,

ironically: "How, now, Roushan, dost thou feel thyself strong enough to lay my town in ruins, and to overturn my throne?" Roushan then sang the following improvisation:—

Improvisation.—"Enough of this boasting. What are in my eyes thirty, sixty, or a hundred of your warriors? What are your rocks, your precipices, and deserts, under the hoof of my steed? In me you behold the leopard of the mountains and of the valleys*."

The prince rejoined, "Come nearer to me, do not fly. I swear by the head of the first four khaliphs, that I will make thee Sirdar (General Commanding-in-Chief) of my troops." Whilst he was speaking these words he admired the courage of the young man. Roushan replied and said: "Henceforth my songs, as well as my high deeds, shall be known under the name of *Kurroglou*†, the son of that blind man whose eyes were put out at thy command.

Improvisation.—"Listen to the words of Kurroglou. Life is a burden to me. From this day I yield my head to the chances of fortune, like an autumn leaf abandoned to the wilful breath of the wind. With God's assistance I shall go to Persia,

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* This piece, from Kurroglou, is usually sung by the Turks before they rush upon the enemy.

† *Kurr* means "blind," and *oglou*, "son."

to establish there the worship of Ali, who is venerated in that country."

He had scarcely finished these words when he threw himself in the midst of the prince's suite, and spread amongst them such terrible carnage that the prince was convinced at last that all the armies of the world would not be able to overcome Roushan, and enjoined his vizier to give up, for the future, the pursuit of the young man, as an imprudent and useless attempt. Roushan swam over to the opposite shore of Oxus, and hastened to his father. "Thou hast revenged me, my son," said the latter to him, "may God reward thee for it. Let us now quit this country. Not far from Herat I know an oasis*; thither thou must conduct me."

No sooner said than done. When they had reached the oasis, Mirza-Serraf drew from under his arm an old book of astrology, which he always carried on his person, and said: "O my son, look in this book for that passage which treats of the apparition of two stars, one from the east, and the other from the west." "I have found it, father."

"Well, then, the oasis in which we reside contains a spring of water. When the night of the eve of Friday next shall have arrived, thou shalt watch with this book in thy hand, and repeat continually the prayer which is to be found in this passage; thy

* In the original, *djazcera*, an isle.

eyes must be earnestly fixed on the two stars until they meet together. The moment they have met, thou shalt perceive the surface of the water covered with white foam. Take this vase, which I have brought for the purpose; in it thou shalt collect the foam carefully, and then bring it me without delay."

When the appointed night arrived, Roushan fulfilled all the instructions of Mirza-Serrâf, and was on his way back with the vase replenished with the mysterious foam. The foam was so white, so delicate, so fresh, that the inexperienced young man could not resist the temptation—he swallowed the foam. "I have performed all thy behests," said he to his father; "the foam, however, did not appear on the surface of the spring." Mirza-Serraf answered: "The foam did appear on the surface; I am quite certain; confess all the truth; what hast thou done with it?" Roushan was frank, and confessed his guilt. The old man then struck his knee with both his hands, and exclaimed, "What hast thou done, unfortunate that thou art! Be accursed, and may thy house fall upon thee! Thou hast envied me the delight of beholding thee again. That foam was a precious and only remedy, a collyrium that had the power of curing my blindness. I would have used a portion of it myself, and then given thee the remainder that thou mightest drink it. But the decrees of fate are irrevocable. Thou shalt become an invincible warrior, whilst I must

die a blind man; it is now all over." The poor old man then commenced dictating his last will. "My days have been reckoned. Henceforth thou shalt assume the name of Kurroglou, the son of the blind man. To this nick-name thy verses and thy actions must be attached for ever. Now conduct me to Mushad on the back of *Kyrat**, for thus thou shalt name thy horse."

Kurroglou placed his old father behind him, and proceeded towards the sacred city of Mushad. They reached it in a short time—thanks to the intelligent vigour of their horse. It was in that city that they adopted the faith of Aly; and thus, from impious Sunnites that they were, they became Sheahs and true believers. There also Mirza-Serraf died, and his last words were as follow:—"As soon as I am dead, proceed to the province of Aderbaidjan. The Shah of Persia is its sovereign. He will summon thee to his court. Thou shalt not go thither, my son; but, on the other hand, thou must not revolt against the shah." He said this, and breathed his last.

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* A chesnut horse.

MEETING II.

KURROGLOU executed all the articles of his father's will. After having buried him in the sacred soil of Mushad, he went towards Aderbaidjan, and passed through Kuchan, desirous of performing this journey quite alone. In vain was he cautioned that the roads were infested by the celebrated brigand whose name was Daly Hassan; the young Kurroglou took no notice of the danger, and proceeded on his journey. After having travelled for some days, he stopped at a menzill to have his horse fed, just at the time when the brigand, Daly Hassan, had arrived there with some of his band. Kurroglou seeing some horsemen riding towards him, put on his coat of mail, and, thus armed, bestrode his Kyrat, and rushed on them. As soon as Daly Hassan saw this movement, he burst into a loud laughter: "The whole world resounds with my glory, and does this poor devil dare to cross my way? Hast thou not then heard of my name, that thou art so bold as to venture into places frequented by me?"

Kurroglou answered: "Wretch that thou art! heretofore thou hast only fought with mere lambs; thou dost not know as yet what it is to combat with a ram." Daly Hassan then ordered his men to take

hold of Kurroglou: but he went on saying,—"Listen to me, thou hair-brained one. My father, at his last hour, enjoined me to fight in the Turkish manner." "How is that?" asked Daly Hassan. Kurroglou then sang this stanza:—

Improvisation.—"The white-footed horse thou bestridest shall pay me thy ransom. Oh! why do we not fight to-day?"

Daly Hassan then said, "Dost thou not see, rash fool that thou art, dost thou not see my forty horsemen? each of them, on the day of battle, can face his enemy. How then canst thou pretend to struggle alone against me?" In saying these words, he examined Kurroglou's horse, and became enamoured of it. "Make me a present of thy steed, and I shall forbear from shedding thy blood." The answer he received was the following: "Listen, thou fool, to what I shall sing to thee.

Improvisation.—"Let thy army be drawn and divided into batallions; but even then, let not thy pride be exalted on account of its numbers. Alone as I am, I defy four hundred, yes, five hundred of thy men to come forward and meet me. Oh! why do we not fight to-day?"

Daly Hassan smiled maliciously: Kurroglou went on—

Improvisation.—"My words have offended thee; thou laughest at them, miserable scoundrel; now listen to me again.

"Show me the man who can bend my bow; the man, who, like a ram, could butt at my shield with his head. I can grind steel between my teeth, and then spit it towards heaven! Oh! why do we not fight to-day?"

Daly Hassan then exclaimed: "Is not this rascal presumptuous; not content with encountering two or three of my men, he must needs fight with them all? Shallow, shuffling impostor!"

Kurroglou replied: "Thou art a coward; no noble blood flows in thy veins!" This said, he raised himself in his stirrups, and sang as follows:—

Improvisation.—"The colt foaled by a jade will not make a good horse. In vain wouldst thou preach and recommend valour to a coward, he will not profit by thy speech. Let this word of Kurroglou be engraven on the core of thy heart. Numberless as ye are, ye can do nothing against a brave man like me."

Upon a sign of Daly Hassan, all his band fell on Kurroglou. The latter unsheathed his sword, and accepted the battle. The struggle then commenced. The souls of twenty robbers had already been dispatched to hell by his incessant blows, when the nineteen that remained took to flight across the desert. Daly Hassan was left alone. When he saw the defeat of his men, he was transported with fury, and rushed upon Kurroglou. The latter parried the blow with his shield, and, at the same moment,

thrust his adversary between the shoulders with his sabre. This blow unhorsed him, and brought him to the earth. Kurroglou then raised a shout like the cry of the eagle, and, dismounting from his horse, seated himself on the breast of Daly Hassan. He drew his poignard with the intention of cutting off the head of his foe, when Daly Hassan began to weep. "Miserable bastard, that thou art!" exclaimed the conqueror. "Is this the silly woman that passed under the name of 'the brave,' and was, for seven years, the scourge of the traveller in this country? Coward, thou sheddest tears for the sake of a spoonful of blood!"

Daly Hassan besought him in these words: "Invincible warrior! It is true, that for seven years my inroads have laid waste this country, but I have sworn, before God and myself, to serve faithfully the man who shall throw me on my back; yes, henceforth I shall obey thee as a slave purchased with gold."

At these words Kurroglou felt himself touched by pity: he removed his hands, raised himself, and stood over his prostrated foe.

"What is the name of my new master?"—"Kurroglou."

"Hear me now, Lord Kurroglou: during the seven years of my robberies I have gathered such riches as can be found only in a king's treasury. From this day the whole of it shall be thine."

"Arise, and show it all to me. Where is this treasure?" Daly Hassan then led the way, and brought him to the entrance of a grotto excavated in the declivity of a rock. Arrived there, Kurroglou dismounted from Kyrat. Daly Hassan humbly took the bridle in his hand, and, after having led the horse into the interior of the cave, he fastened it at the spot selected by Kurroglou himself. He then acted as a guide to his new master, to whom he shewed all his property. Kurroglou was so well pleased with the place, that he resided in the cavern for several months. He increased the riches already hoarded, by the pillaging several caravans, in company with Daly Hassan; and then he had an opportunity of witnessing the fidelity of that man, who not only showed great zeal in serving him, but also enrolled, under his master's orders, seventy-seven other brigands. Then, at the command of Kurroglou, having loaded a considerable number of camels and mules with the spoil, they pursued their journey towards Aderbaidjan with so much activity that they soon reached its frontiers, and arrived on the mountains of Kaflankouh.

At that place Kurroglou left all followers behind, and, accompanied by Daly Hassan alone, he went on in search of a place that might serve them for a safe retreat. The place that pleased him best was *Gokcha-pull*, a beautiful meadow, included in the possessions of the district of Karadag. He dwelt there

for a long time. The report of some bold achievements, by which the first days of his stay in that place were distinguished, soon spread in the neighbourhood. Every man of courage, and every one desirous of making his fortune, hastened to place himself under the banner of the new-comer. He treated them all like a father, and paid them so liberally that each of them could fill the hollow of his shield with the pay he received from Kurroglou. In a short time he saw himself at the head of seven hundred and seventy-seven men, when the governor of Aderbaidjan became greatly alarmed at the proximity of a foe possessed of so much power. He forwarded to Kurroglou the following message:—"Who art thou, and why didst thou come hither? If thou art desirous of repairing to the presence of the Sovereign of Iran, go to him, but thou must not remain here. If thou hast anything to communicate to me, I shall hear thee, that I may know what it is."

Kurroglou was not afraid of the governor, but he remembered his dying father's command not to revolt against the shah of Persia. The governor's messenger was, therefore, kindly received by Kurroglou, and dismissed with the promise that in a few days he would pass into the Turkish territory. On that occasion he gathered his seven hundred and seventy-seven desperadoes, for whom he improvised the following song:—

Improvisation.—"The hour of departure has

arrived. Whoever will follow me into Kurdistan, now let him be ready! The man whose lips are wont to drink in the cup of valour, let him follow me! I will have no cowards. Accursed be their infamous race! Those who can tear to pieces the shroud of death,—let them follow me!"

At these words all the seven hundred and seventy-seven brigands prostrated themselves and exclaimed: "O Kurroglou! we care not for death. Wherever thou goest, all of us will follow." Kurroglou then improvised for them as follows:—

Improvisation.—"O my brave aghas! let us be ready to sacrifice our cherished souls on the field of battle. Whoever can drink blood like wine from the hollow of his sword's handle, let him follow me! Remember Kurroglou's words. The time is come: the army of Islam is powerful. War is but a wedding banquet. All those whose hearts are void of care, let them follow me!"

Having delivered this answer, Kurroglou left the meadow of Gokcha-pull, followed by his seven hundred and seventy-seven warriors. Journeying from one menzill to the other, the band came to the valley of *Gazly-gull**, situated in the vicinity of

* *Gazly-gull*, or "lake of geese," is an extensive valley, surrounded by mountains, with excellent pastures, and watered by a beautiful stream. The great road of karavans from Khoy to Erzroum crosses this valley. The country belongs now to the northern Kurds, and to this day is often infested with the robbers.

the town of Khoï. The advanced guard informed the chief that at a short distance from the spot where they then were, a rich merchant had been seen, taking his afternoon's sleep, attended by a numerous band of servants. According to the report of the scouts, the chests laden with his merchandise, which had been taken off the backs of the beasts of burthen and piled together, formed by themselves quite a huge mountain. Kurroglou immediately addressed his commands as follows: "My brave soldiers,—my friends! I am not a king, and therefore have no treasures. But as I have engaged you in my service, I must find you enough to eat, and I must furnish you with something to drink occasionally." So saying, he gave his orders, and a few moments afterwards all the riches of the merchant's caravan were in the hands of the robbers.

In the mean time it was reported to Hussein-Khan, governor of Erivan, who was a Kajjar by birth, that an adventurer, arrived from God knows where, had posted himself on the frontier-line between Persia and Turkey, and, as a token of what his designs for the future might be, had pillaged the caravan of a rich merchant. This khan repaired without delay to Gazly-gull at the head of fifteen hundred horse. Kurroglou's scouts saw them approach, at a good distance, and, after having counted them, hastened to make their report to the

chief. "My madmen*, my souls!" exclaimed Kurroglou, "fear nothing: with the help of God, and the heavenly mediation of the pure essence of Aly's soul, I shall disperse them in an hour." His band then armed themselves with the greatest care. Kurroglou, leaning upon his lance, at the head of his brave followers, quietly awaited the approach of Hussein-Aly-Khan. This chief halted at a short distance, having first dispatched the following message to Kurroglou: "Whence dost thou come, foolish man? How darest thou to establish thyself on the boundary of two empires, and to stop the way against their respective subjects?"

"I have not touched thy treasures, Serdar," replied Kurroglou, "neither have I sacked thy villages,—think of it!" "Ho there! my children," shouted Hussein-Aly-Khan, "take hold of him!" Kurroglou said: "Serdar, hear me! I am wont to sing some verses in the heat of battle. A song has just come into my mind,—listen to it first, and we shall fight afterwards."

"Sing, if thou art so disposed," rejoined Hussein-Aly-Khan. Kurroglou then brandished his bow in the air, and, throwing it across his shoulders like a shoulder-belt, he began to improvise the following song:—

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* "*Daleelar.*" Such is the name given in Persia to the followers of Kurroglou.

Improvisation.—"Here is the truth of truths: listen to it, my Serdar. I am the angel of death,—behold, here is Azraïl*. My eyes are as fond of the colour of blood as those of an executioner, or an assassin. Yes, I am come to tear away the souls from the bodies,—here I am, the true Azraïl. Yes, we shall soon see whose skull, whose entrails will be first searched by the blade of the dagger. This very day thou shalt quit this world. Here I am, like a true Azraïl. I come to tear the souls away from their bodies."

The vizir of Aly-Khan, who listened with attention to these violent invectives, spoke to his master and said: "I should not advise you to measure yourself with this rash fool." Hearing this, Kurroglou's anger was raised, and he went on:—

Improvisation.—"O my agha, my vizir! what have I done to thee? All I did, was it not done in friendship? I shall raise thee to the rank of thy own master's executioner! I am Azraïl,—behold, I am coming to tear the souls away from your corpses." Aly-Khan then said:—"Foolish man! thou utterest all that passes through thy mouth; but I have the means of punishing thee." Upon this, Kurroglou sang as follows:—

* *Azraïl*, the angel of death. According to the Hebrews, and to the followers of Mahomet, he comes to the bedsides of dying men, takes away their souls, and carries them for trial to the supreme tribunal.

Improvisation.—" Now I shall teach thee the vigour of my arm. I shall teach thy foes how to laugh, and thy friends how to mourn. Behold in me Azraïl, the extirpator of souls!"

The khan commanded his men to seize upon Kurroglou, whilst the latter shouted on his men:—" My souls, my youth, now let us strike!" And then at their head he rushed in the thickest of the battle, towards the centre of the enemy's army. The gore trickled from the sabres, whilst shrieks and the neighing of horses rose to the skies. The defeat of the serdar was soon apparent. Kurroglou killed all that deserved death, and pillaged all that was worth the trouble of being taken. His followers obtained an immense booty. Those who were spared by the sword fled in all directions, and a few of the fugitives went to the Shah himself.

But Kurroglou and his band did not remain any longer at Gazly-gull. He left this post, and went to settle finally at *Chamly-bill.* His glory could not fail to reach the neighbouring countries. From all parts presents and money were sent to him.

MEETING III.

KURROGLOU took a fancy to Chamly-bill, and erected a fortress* there. All those who heard of his name, his liberality and valour, hastened to join his band. In a short time the fortress became a town containing 8000 families. It was there that Kurroglou became acquainted with the merchant Khoja Yakûb, whom he afterwards adopted as his brother†. This man had travelled all over the world, and often amused Kurroglou with the description of what he had seen.

The merchant, Khoja Yakûb, happening one day to go to the town of Orfah, saw a great crowd

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* A fort, *kalaa*, in Persia, means any village surrounded with a wall, with turrets and loopholes on the corners. The remains of Kurroglou's kalaa can be seen at the present day at Chamly-bill.

† The Koran allows to Musulmans, not only to adopt for a son anybody they like, but also to take for life any person as brother or sister. The ceremony is usually performed in the presence of a mollah, or if without him, both parties must say a prayer (*seegha*) consecrated by custom. Such unions once consecrated last for life, and the friendship thus pledged, particularly between women, has seldom been revoked; far from it, the examples of the heroic devotedness are not scarce. It is called in Persian, *seeghaï beraderi, khaheri, pesser-ferzendi khaunden.*

collected in the market-place. He entered there and beheld a youth, as the poet says:—

Improvisation.—"My heart is fond of a youth whose eyebrows are arched. His waist is slender, his lips like a bud, a smiling rose. Youth, sacrifice thy soul to beauty! Behold in me its victim. Go round the world you will not find a more promising lad. His name is Ayvaz Bally. The meadow of the eighth paradise! His father is by trade a butcher. The son, a mine of precious stones."

Khoja Yakúb inquired: "Of what garden is this rose? of what meadow this plant?" Some one answered: "His father is butcher to the pasha of this city, Ayvaz Bally by name." The merchant then thought in himself: "Kurroglou has no children, why should he not adopt so fine a stripling as Ayvaz for his son? But what am I to do? If, upon my return to Chamly-bill I should attempt to describe to him what I have seen, he will not credit me." He therefore found a painter in Orfah, and paid him a good price for taking Ayvaz's picture.

After a journey of some days, he returned to the fortress of Chamly-bill; it was reported to Kurroglou that his brother, Khoja Yakúb, was come home. Kurroglou ordered his band to set forth, to meet and conduct him to the city with due honours. As soon as he dismounted from his horse, Kurroglou kissed his cheek and made him sit by his side, while Khoja Yakúb kissed both his hands as

those of his superior. "Hallo, my boys! some wine!" shouted Kurroglou; "let us drink in honour of a brother's arrival." And thus they sat and drank till Khoja Yakúb began to grow tipsy and feel queer in his head. Kurroglou inquired from what place he came; he answered, "From Orfah." "Perchance," said he, "thou hast seen in Orfah a horse finer than my Kyrat?" "I have not." "Say, hast thou seen there a youth braver and handsomer than my lads?" "I have not." "Say, hast thou seen there a feast more joyous than mine?" "I have not." "Say, hast thou there seen any cupbearers handsomer and more richly attired than mine?" Khoja Yakúb replied, "Brother warrior! I have seen there a youth whose hands all your young men are unworthy to wash. Now thou art getting old and hast no children. Why shouldst thou not take him to be thy son, in order to make of him in due time a warrior worthy of serving thee, and of succeeding thee when thou art dead—as a support and son so long as thou livest?" Here he began to extol Ayvaz's handsome and manly appearance. Kurroglou then said: "Thou good for nothing merchant, couldst thou not spend a few tumans to pay the painter, and bring me his likeness?" The merchant took a miniature from under his coat and reached it to Kurroglou. Kurroglou took it, and when he had examined it, the reins of his self-possession escaped from the hand of his patience,

and he exclaimed: "Here, Daly Hassan! have a chain and fetters ready." The merchant was surprised, and inquired the meaning of such an order. "I shall chain thee, scoundrel!" "For what reason, and what is my sin? Is this the reward thou givest me, because I have found a son for thee?" "For the lie thou hast told. Hear me, man, I shall ride to Orfah this very moment, and thou must await me chained in gaol. Should the youth justify thy praises in any degree,—then if I do not then gild thy head with a shower of gold, if I do not exalt it above the dome of the heavens, my name is not Kurroglou. But woe to thee if Ayvaz be unworthy of thy praises; I shall then tear the root of thy existence from the very soil of life; and thy punishment shall be an example to impudent liars like thee. Thou must not lie to thy superiors."

This said, he gave orders that the merchant should be chained, both by the neck and one of his legs, and afterwards thrown into prison.

"Daly Hassan! let Kyrat be saddled!" Daly Hassan placed the felt and the saddle on the back of his lord's horse, and fastened them sevenfold with the girth. "I shall ride to Orfah," said he. "Let none of you dare to drink so as to be intoxicated until I come back. Woe to him from whose dwelling the voice of music or the tambourine shall be heard. Remember this command; or I shall pluck you from the earth and throw you to the winds like

a noxious thistle. I go alone to fetch my future son, to fetch Ayvaz. I must either die or return here with him. Hark to my song:—

Improvisation.—"I shall adopt for my son the youth Ayvaz Bally. Wait for the day of adoption till my return. Ask for him in Turkey and in Syria until my return. A brave man mounts the Arabian grey or bay, and gallops along on the road on the swift-footed charger. Kill calves, kill sheep, and eat of my flocks till I return home. Kurroglou says, devil take the foe; the brave are galloping on Arabian horses; go and drink till my return."

Having said this, Kurroglou took leave of his madcaps, jumped on his Kyrat, and alone pushed forward day and night from one menzill to another towards the city of Orfah. When he was but at one fersakh's distance from it, he felt very hungry, and seeing a shepherd tending his flocks on the slope of a hill, said to himself: "The proverb is good: If thou art hungry go to the shepherd; if weary, to the camel-driver. Now, let me think how shall I contrive to get a breakfast." He then went nearer and exclaimed: "God bless thee, shepherd! canst thou give me a breakfast?" The shepherd looked up, and beholding a warrior whose armour could purchase all his flock and himself into the bargain, answered and said: "Young man, I have no meals worthy of thee, but if thou art satisfied with sheep's milk I will fetch thee some." Kurroglou said, "In this

desert a drop of sheep's milk is worth all the world; get some and bring it to me." The shepherd was square-built and stout; in his hand was a large club, whose knob was fitted with iron nails, old tags, rotten horse-shoes, and all such sharp things as he could get. Its weight was one men and a half*, a leather strap passed through a hole bored in its handle. The shepherd raised the club, which was suspended from his arm, and on this signal all the sheep crowded round him. He had also with him a wooden salver, which the Kurds call *mondah*, and which could hold nearly three mens† of milk. Having filled it with milk, he brought it and placed before Kurroglou. He then gave the latter a large wooden spoon that he might eat. Kurroglou had scarcely taken a few spoonfuls of milk, when he felt faint, and said, "Shepherd, have you not a slice of bread?" "I have," said the shepherd, "but no son of man will eat it." Kurroglou replied, "It has an eatable name, and if it be but a trifle softer than stone, give it me." The shepherd said, "It is a bread made of barley and millet. I have baked it for my dogs." Kurroglou said, "Never mind, fetch it as it is." The shepherd rejoined, "The sun

* About twenty-two English pounds.

† *Men*, in turkish *batman*, is a weight commonly used in Persia. *Meni-Rey* is little short of thirty English pounds; *meni-shahi*, fifteen pounds; and *meni-tabrizi*, only seven pounds and a half.

has dried it, it is grown quite hard and mouldy, thou shalt break thy teeth." Kurroglou said, "Fear nothing, my lad, but give it here quick." From the shepherd's back was suspended a leathern bag; he took it off and laid it before Kurroglou. The latter was so exceedingly hungry, that he plunged both his hands into the bag, and snatching everything that fell in his way, crumbled it to pieces and threw it into the milk. The shepherd looked on, and seeing that his guest, having already prepared food sufficient for at least fifteen persons, was still hard at work, mincing everything that came under hand and throwing it into the milk, said to himself: "He surely is mad from hunger, for no son of Adam could ever swallow it all; when he shall have eaten five or six spoonfuls, he will throw it away; with what he has prepared here for himself I could feed, during a week, all the pack of hounds that guard my flock." Meanwhile Kurroglou minced away and filled the basin; at last, sticking the spoon into it, which remained motionless and in a vertical position, he looked up, and eyeing the shepherd who was standing by in contemplation at him, he said: "Shepherd, sit down, let us feast together." The shepherd replied, "Beg, thou hast thyself prepared the meal, eat it alone, for I cannot help thee."

Kurroglou then took the spoon and applied himself to business; his monstrous, bristling mustachioes were in his way, pieces of bread stuck and

hung from its hair, whilst milk was dripping all the time upon his bosom. Kurroglou being angry, threw the spoon away from him, and then twisting his mustachioes, which reached beyond his ears, he opened a mouth, similar to the entrance of some cavern, and thrusting his hands under the basin, placed it to his lips,—*curt, curt,* and he devoured all its contents to the very bottom. The shepherd gazed on and said to himself: "In God's name, he cannot be a man, for no man could swallow so large a quantity; once more I repeat, let me see, in Allah's name! If he now runs away, he is no other but the vampire of the desert*, or Satan himself; if he remains he is the son of man. It is said that starvation personified has arrived; he must surely be that famine; he has now eaten all the milk of my ewes, but in an hour's time, he will feel hungry again, and then I shall myself be devoured by him." Kurroglou thought in his heart, "How am I to get to Orfah and see Ayvaz there? Were I to appear in this disguise and on this horse, my name and my glory are too well known in every country, and I shall be recognised. Let me rather take the shepherd's clothes, which I shall put on, and thus enter the city." At last he said to the shepherd, "Come to me and let us exchange our clothes."

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* *The ghost of the wilderness,* "Guli-beiaban," the well-known vampire in the Oriental tales and prejudices.

The shepherd smiled and said, "Thou good for nothing! why dost thou scoff at my poverty? the shawl alone which is on thy head, or the one which is round thy body, or the dagger sticking under it, would be enough to purchase my blood* and my flock withal; why dost thou laugh at me?" This said, he spat on the palms of his hands, seized his club, and shaking it menacingly at Kurroglou, said: "Thou, confident in the width of thy shoulders, look also to the stiffness of my neck." Kurroglou smiled and said, "Shepherd, I swear before God that I am not laughing at thee; in that town there is a merchant that owes me 1500 tumans†. Should I appear before him on this horse and in this garb, he will escape my hands. I am come to this town for a certain important reason. Quick, let us exchange our clothes; if I return to the city I shall give back to thee thy clothes and take my own again; if I do not return, you may lead this horse to the bazaar and sell it there. His price is 2000 tumans; enjoy it, and don't forget me in your prayers; all my other things thou shalt keep also." The shepherd said,

* *To redeem my blood:* allusion to the "jus talionis" of the Koran. The murderer must pay the relations of the murdered with his life or with his money.

† *Tuman* is a Persian coin, equal to half a pound sterling. It has ten silver *sahibkorans*, and each sahibkoran is worth two silver *penahabads;* one penahabad contains ten copper *shahis.* This excellent decimal system makes the commercial accounts very easy.

"This man surely must be mad; I cannot otherwise explain to myself all I hear; come, Beg, undress thyself." Kurroglou untied his belt and took off all his clothes. The shepherd undressed himself likewise, and put on Kurroglou's clothes, to whom he gave his cloak of coarse felt. Kurroglou threw it over his shoulders, and after having placed on his head the shepherd's cap of felt, spoke to him: "Now give me thy own club," for he saw that in case of need, it might serve him as efficiently as a sword. Taking it in his hand he said, "Shepherd! thy soul and the soul of my horse*." The shepherd replied, "I swear by the faith of God; let thy heart be at ease, thou mayst trust me," and in his heart he said; "God grant that this man should never return; then farewell poverty, the horse and clothes will suffice for me as long as I live."

Kurroglou then took leave of the shepherd, and continued his journey on foot; the shepherd's cloak was on his shoulders, the club in his hand. He looked on the town of Orfah, and went on until he came to its gates. After having pronounced the word "Bismillah" (In God's name), he entered; and was passing through one of the streets, when, behold! he saw a Turk carrying in his hand an okka of meat, gazing at it fondly, and praying and sigh-

* *Thy soul and the soul of my horse*, a proverbial phrase very often used by the Persians. It means, "Take as great care of my horse as you would of yourself."

ing all the while. Kurroglou asked him, in Turkish, "What meat is this, that thou thus covetest and sighest over it?" The Turk replied, "Art thou a stranger, Sir, or dost thou come from some distant country?" Kurroglou answered, "Yes, I come from afar." The Turk then said, "Art thou not aware that in any other country bread is dear, whilst in ours it is meat that is dear? I have a sick person at home, to whom the doctor has prescribed meat; I come every day to the bazaar, but I look in vain, nothing comes to my hands; to-day, at last, I have found some meat in the shop of Ayvaz, the son of Ibrahim, the butcher; for one okka I was obliged to pay two piastres; and this it is that makes me sigh." Kurroglou inquired, "Is it possible then, that meat is so very dear?" The Turk answered, "Yes, so it is; two piastres for one okka, is enormously dear." Kurroglou said in his heart, "Good tidings for my shepherd; await only a little, thou rascal, this very day I shall sell all thy sheep." From thence, Kurroglou went towards Ayvaz's shop, before which he perceived a crowd of men, huddled together like the folds of a rumpled cloak. The men came there to purchase meat, the women to gaze at Ayvaz's beauty. Kurroglou, equally desirous of seeing him, looked over the shoulders of those that stood before him. The Turks, judging him from his garb, took him for a shepherd, and commenced tapping him freely on the head. Kurroglou then

stooped down for the purpose of looking between their legs, but he was thus exposed to still greater sufferings. "I cannot manage these Turkish boors," said he; "how then can I expect to carry away Ayvaz?" He elbowed right and left, then spat in the palm of his hands, and when the crowd began to make way for him, raised his club with the intention of clearing a passage for himself, and pushed on, dealing blows on blows. He whose head was struck, its brains were scattered about: he whose leg was struck, was crushed; whose shoulders he struck, that man fell down on the spot. In this manner he drove away all the people from before Ayvaz's shop, until he beheld him sitting with his head leaning sadly upon his hand. Kurroglou said in his heart, "A true looty* possesses six tricks, five of cunning, and one of strength. I shall not be able to frighten this lad." He then approached Ayvaz, put his hand in his pocket, and taking from it one piastre, threw it

* *Looty*, a notorious name in Persia: it keeps a medium between the Venetian *bravo* and the French *chevalier d'industrie*. Many travellers have described the Looty-bazaar of the Kazvin. Three years ago, the Persian clergy at Ispahan, anxious to shake off the authority of the Shah, secretly kept and protected a very numerous band of Looties. The now reigning Mohamed Shah was obliged to go to Ispahan in 1840 with some troops and artillery, to put down their insolence. The corporation of Looties infests Persia till now, and keeps secret correspondence with many influential persons at the court. Perhaps they are the remains of the sect of the Assassins.

before Ayvaz, saying, "Brother, weigh me one okka of meat, and let me have the change in copper; only be quick, my companions are gone, and I must run after to join them." Ayvaz said in his heart, "Here is a customer for me; I sell one okka of meat for two shillings, he gives me but one, and asks besides for change in copper, and that too in great haste, because, forsooth, his friends are gone." Ayvaz was proud because of his beauty, and said, angrily, "Come here, come nearer, Master Simpleton, what hast thou to say to me?" Kurroglou now approached Ayvaz, whilst the latter, after having folded one of his fingers, struck him a smart blow in the face with the four remaining ones. Kurroglou said, "Youngster stripling, what didst thou strike me for?" but he was glad in his heart, and felt no anger for this proof of courage. Ayvaz replied, "Scoundrel, thou wilt spoil the price of my meat; in the presence of so many customers thou wouldst buy an okka of meat for one penny, and have some change in copper besides, whilst I am selling one okka for two shillings." Kurroglou said, "Thou art a child; it is not to buy, but to sell meat, that I am come hither." "What dost thou mean?" inquired Ayvaz. "Fool that thou art," replied Kurroglou, "I have got nine hundred sheep, and came here to learn the real price of meat, whether it is cheap or dear." It is well said, that reason abandons the head of a butcher as soon as he hears the bleating of a flock. No

sooner had Avyaz heard mention of nine hundred sheep, than he said, "My uncle, I was not aware thou wast a herdsman. I was rude in speech, thou art at liberty to pull out my tongue; I struck thee, let my hand be cut off, only pardon my guilt." Kurroglou then made this improvisation:—

Improvisation.—"Thou shalt strike the armed foe, even should he be clad in a shroud from the Koran*. My future child, my eyes! I am not angry for tricks like these." Ayvaz then said, "For God's sake, dear Sir, let no one hear thou hast brought nine hundred sheep; our town has fifty butchers, they will all beset thee, and thou wilt then be compelled to divide thy flock amongst them, so that no more than twenty sheep will fall to my lot. You had better wait here, sit down for a little while whilst I go and tell my father; we alone shall purchase the whole of thy flock—we alone shall give thee the money." Kurroglou replied, "Go, and I will wait here for thee." "Stay, then," said Ayvaz; "thou seest here twelve pieces of meat: if any customers should come, thou wilt sell one okka for two piastres, if they should not wait till I come back to settle it myself." Kurroglou replied, "Go, and rely

* *Shroud of the Koran.* The Persians bury their dead, wrapped in a white pall (*kafen*), upon which there are written different verses of the Koran. The deceased among the rich have the whole of the Koran, from the beginning to the end, written upon their shrouds.

on me; I have been a butcher seventeen years, and know my trade; I shall sell it well for thee." Ayvaz left the shop under the care of Kurroglou, and hastened to his father. Soon after, a Turk, who came for some meat, saw Kurroglou, and thought within himself, "How can I purchase meat from such a monster! I am indeed afraid to go near him." Thus meditating, he paced to and fro. Kurroglou saw it, and said:—

"Thou art walking backwards and forwards, as if thy heart was aching; what dost thou want?" The Turk took a piastre from his pocket, and begged for half an okka of meat. Kurroglou told him to put down the money on the board, and come into the shop. Having then selected a haunch of the best meat, "Here, take it all!" he said. The Turk, thinking there was some trick in it, or that he was laughed at, said, "All I have to receive, is half an okka of mutton, and I will take no more." Kurroglou raised his club over him, and exclaimed, "Art thou stupid or deaf! I tell thee, take it all." The Turk said in his soul, "Let us profit if we can; I will try and take it; if he says nothing to me, he must clearly have lost his senses; if the contrary, I shall then throw down the meat and run away." He entered the shop slowly and timidly, took and placed the meat on his shoulders, keeping all the while both his eyes fixed on Kurroglou; he after-

wards left the shop, and began to fly, and whilst flying, looked often behind, but he was followed by nobody. Still he had some misgivings, and ran on as fast as the strength of his legs would allow. He was not far from his house when he met some friends, who inquired the reason of his haste. "O, may your house never fall in ruins! a madman sits in Ayvaz's shop; for one piastre he gave me an entire haunch of mutton; what a spec! eleven pieces more are left there still; be quick, and he will most likely give them to you." Whilst Kurroglou was selling thus the whole of Ayvaz's meat for twelve piastres, the latter arrived at his father's house, transported with joy, and said: "A shepherd came to our shop, who has nine hundred sheep: I have detained him, and we must buy his flock." His father, Mir Ibrahim, the butcher, hastened quickly to his shop, and, finding Kurroglou there, threw his arms round his neck, and welcomed him with many embraces, calling him Beg, and friend, and brother, at the same time. Kurroglou thought in himself,—"I understand thee, rascal; thou wishest to cheat me." Mir Ibrahim said, "Beg! your name has escaped my memory; all I know is, that you were in the habit of honouring me with your presence often when bringing sheep for us. It is long since we met together: my eyes were looking for you." Kurroglou thought in his heart,—"Scoundrel! thou pur-

chasest bread from the baker, and then sellest it to him again*." And then he said, "My name is Roushan." He did not tell a lie, for such indeed was his name. The butcher upon this began to lament,—"How could you have forgotten us, and be so long without calling on your friend and brother?" Kurroglou replied,—"The sheep I used to bring here came all from Persia: now Kurroglou lives on the frontier, at Chamly-bill. The fear of that robber kept me away; but Kurroglou, thank God! being dead, I shall henceforth furnish thee with as many sheep as thou mayest desire." Mir Ibrahim, the butcher, inquired, and said,—"Is it then true, that Kurroglou is dead?" "Dead and buried! I have myself attended his funeral." The butcher then said, "God be praised! for you must know, that our pasha, having heard of this robber, forbade my Ayvaz to leave the town, lest Kurroglou should steal him, and thus cover him with infamy. During the last seven years Ayvaz has never been out of the fortress." Kurroglou said in his heart,—"Look at this dirty beast; he has buried me alive; but I shall sooner thrust him into the grave myself, so that all shall sneer at him till the end of the world." Ayvaz, seeing that there was no meat left in the shop, thought at first that it had been sold; but,

* A proverbial expression, instead of "You lie, but you shall not deceive me."

when he looked into the purse, and found only twelve piastres in it, he said,—"Shepherd, may thy house fall down!" and then began to weep. Mir Ibrahim inquired the reason of his tears: he said then,—"Father, I have intrusted to Roushan twelve pieces of meat, and he sold them at one piastre the piece." Kurroglou said,—"I have heard that the corporation of butchers was famous for its dirty avarice: I find now that correct. To each of the twelve friends I have in this town I have sent a piece of meat. At all events, you will not be the losers. Twelve pieces make six sheep: when thou comest to purchase my little flock, thou mayest take twelve of them gratis." When Mir Ibrahim heard these words, he slapped Ayvaz's face. "Hold thy tongue, fool," said he, "and do not eat dirt. Thy uncle* Roushan Beg knows what's to be a gentleman; he will give us fourteen sheep." Kurroglou saw that he had lost a couple of sheep more, and said in his heart: "Thy mouth is ready, thy throat is open, nothing is wanting except that the pear be thrown in it: but the pear?" Mir Ibrahim said,

* *Amou*, otherwise *Ami*,—"Dear little uncle:" a word of fondness, applied to the older people as we say, "Dear friend." When the last French embassy, and, after it, many military Frenchmen came to Persia, they were quite "enchantés" at finding so many "amis" at once, and proclaimed the Persians not only to be of a very mild and friendly disposition, but to have somewhat of a common language with them. "Mais ils s'appellent tous entr'eux, ami."

"Come, Roushan Beg; get up, let us go home; we shall get the money ready, and settle our accounts." Ayvaz then shut up the shop, and they all three went to his house. Mir Ibrahim then asked Kurroglou to stay there with Ayvaz, whilst he himself went away for the money. When they found themselves alone, Ayvaz sat on a higher seat than Kurroglou. Ayvaz arose, took from a niche a bottle and glass, which he placed before him; and then, tucking up his sleeves to the elbows, he filled his tumbler glass with wine, and emptied it. Kurroglou had drunk no wine for some time: his heart was beating with violence: he fondly gazed on the happy drinker, and licked his lips. Ayvaz said, "Roushan, my uncle! why dost thou lick thy mouth?" Kurroglou replied, "May I become thy victim! Thou phœnix of paradise! what is that red stuff thou art drinking?" Ayvaz said, "Hast thou never seen it before, my uncle? They call it wine." Kurroglou rejoined, "My soul, my grandson, fill a bumper for me, and let me drink it." Ayvaz then said, "This beverage, uncle, has this bad quality, that whoever drinks of it becomes mad." "How is this?" Ayvaz replied, "Give but one ounce of it to a buck, and he will immediately sharpen his horns and fight the wolf: give it to a fish, and it will load a ship with goods, and set sail with it on its back to trade on the Caspian Sea. If thou shouldst drink it, thou wouldst go mad, and run to

the bazaar, proclaiming aloud that thou hast brought nine hundred sheep. The butchers then will fall on thee, and take them from us by force." Kurroglou said, "Ayvaz, may I become the victim of thy eyes! I used to drink much of it; we have got it in great plenty." Ayvaz inquired, "How is it made in your country?" "In our country they fetch the grapes, and press them until the juice is forced from them: then a pot filled with that juice is placed on the fire: it boils and boils, until three parts of it are boiled out, and the fourth alone remains: then some bread cut in pieces is thrown into it, and we eat it afterwards with our fingers." Ayvaz said, "Mayst thou be dead, uncle! thou hast understood me most wonderfully: the thing thou mentionest is called *dushab**." "How now? what is it, then, thou art drinking, my child?" "It is wine." "Well, well; I see it now; we have plenty of it in our country." "How do you make it there, my uncle?" "We take cream, which we put in the leathern bag; then we do jolt it, and jolt and jolt, until butter will appear on the surface. The butter then is put in the pilaw, and what remains under it is used for drink." "Mayst thou be dead, uncle! this is *Abdough*" (butter-milk). "If so, then, for God's sake let me taste it." "I am afraid, uncle, when thou

* *Dushab*, a saccharine paste, prepared in the manner here described, is commonly used in the East as preserves or sugar.

drinkest of it thou wilt go mad." Kurroglou continued to repeat his request, until at last Ayvaz was moved by pity, and gave him a glass of wine. "O God!" he exclaimed, "I shall now die happy, for Ayvaz has offered me drink with his own hands." He emptied the glass, and, as he had moistened but one of his mustachios, he said, "Give me one cup more, for the other mustachio." Thus he continued to drink, and soon emptied the bottle to the very bottom. Ayvaz then said angrily, "Do not forget that this is not butter-milk: thy head will soon feel drowsy." Kurroglou said, "My little bird of paradise! thou thinkest of no one but thyself: look at me also." This said, he got up, and perceiving that there were besides six bottles of brandy in the niche, he took them, one after the other, and drained each at one draught. Ayvaz then exclaimed, "This is not wine, but brandy, thou boor: why dost thou not drink one of them alone?" Kurroglou said, "Thou parrot of paradise! I shall mix them both in my belly." Ayvaz was angry, and thought, "He is drunk: he will soon be down, and asleep: how, then, shall we purchase his sheep?" Kurroglou took a seat, and, looking at Ayvaz, who was rather worse for wine, took up a guitar, and, beginning to play on it, said, "Ayvaz, may I be thy victim! let me tune thy guitar a little." "What dost thou then play, uncle?" Kurroglou said, "When I was a child, a mere little shepherd lad, my father made a small

guitar for me from a piece of fir-wood, on which he stretched strings made from the hair of the horse's tail. I learnt to rake on it a little."

Ayvaz gave him the guitar*: Kurroglou tuned it, and it resounded under his fingers like a nightingale. The enraptured lad listened with wonder. At last, regaining his self-possession, he asked, "Uncle, canst thou sing as well as thou playest?" "I will try and sing if you allow me. What is still better, we are both tipsy,—if I do not sing here, where should I sing, then?" This said, he sang the following improvisation:—

Improvisation.—"Fill full the goblets and let us drink, let us drink, son of the butcher! But thou must not repeat my words. The dew has alighted on the cheek of the rose†. Thou hast emptied the goblet, thou art tipsy, nay, dead drunk, thou art drunk, dead drunk, thou son of the butcher to-day, but who art shortly to be my own."

When Ayvaz heard these lines he inquired, "Uncle, hast thou ever seen Kurroglou?"

Kurroglou made this improvisation:—

Improvisation.—"The roses of the garden are in

* The names of some Grecian and the present Persian musical instruments are the same. *Tembek*, the same as *tympanum; berbet* is *barbiton; sitara* corresponds to *cithara*, from three (*se*) and chord (*tar*), which signifies the guitar: they play on it by striking the strings with a bit of bark (plectrum). The Latin *citharœdus* is the Persian *sitarazen*.

† The sweat has covered thy face.

full bloom. The enamoured nightingales are singing. The valleys of Chamly-bill are darkened by numerous tents*. There is my dwelling-place. O, son of the butcher . . . . . ." Kurroglou here stopped and thought, "If I should close this song with the name of Kurroglou, the poor boy might die of fear; let me then still be a shepherd for some time." He then sang the following improvisation:—

Improvisation.—"Am I to confess it, then? No, I am a shepherd. The life of created beings must have an end. When I shoot from the bow, my arrow pierces through the rock, O! son of the butcher."

At these words Ayvaz's father, Mir Ibrahim, the butcher, entered the room with the money destined for the purchase of the sheep, and said, "Get up, Roushan Beg, and let us go where the flock now is, to close the bargain about the sheep." Kurroglou, seeing that Ayvaz did not stir, said, "Mir Ibrahim, will not this boy go with us?" "He must remain at home; the pasha forbade him to quit the town, as I have told thee already." "Are you not ashamed to be afraid of Kurroglou's corpse? You believe every gipsy fortuneteller, why should you not believe me? I repeat to thee, Kurroglou has been dead for more than a month. Now, be frank, it is not Kur-

* In the text *Chardag*, a kind of tent, with four poles, and a tilt of black woollen stuff.

roglou thou fearest, but thou art afraid lest I should force thee to be thankful and liberal, when I shall have presented Ayvaz with some thirty sheep gratis."

When the butcher heard of the intended present of thirty sheep he lost his head. He gave his son a powerful slap in the face, and shouted, "Get up, thou fool, and make a bow to Roushan Beg. He is a liberal man, a great man, and his word is a word." Ayvaz, who was equally overpowered with wine and with all he had heard and seen lately, felt a shivering creep through all his body, and he thought in his heart, "This man must either be Kurroglou himself or one of his band." He took the guitar, and said, "Father, let me sing one song, and I will accompany you afterwards.

Improvisation.—"Father! do not confound my understanding. A man like him cannot be a shepherd. You have but one son. Mind it! Let him not go with you. A shepherd is not likely to look like him. I have compared his words with his actions. He is a whimsical madman*. His friendship and his hatred last but one moment. He must either be Kurroglou himself or Daly Hassan. A shepherd is not likely, not likely to look like him!"

Kurroglou, hearing this, smiled and thought,

* A *whimsical madman.* In the original "he is affected with the complaint of *sersam.*" It is a sort of vertigo, or delirium, when a man talks raving about the phantoms appearing before him.

"He is a long-sighted boy! That is the son I want." Ayvaz went on singing:—

Improvisation.—"Father! His merchants trade in all the four quarters of the world. Thousands of male and female servants live upon his money. He likes no reckoning, but liberally distributes gifts by five and fifteen. Believe me, a shepherd does not look like that." Mir Ibrahim said, "What shall we do, my son. How can we give up the nine hundred sheep?" Ayvaz went on and sang:—

Improvisation.—"Send him away; let him go where no eye can see him. Let no guest, no neighbour of ours behold his coming. Let no man see him even in sleep! A man of his appearance cannot, hear me, cannot be a shepherd. Ayvaz's name is affixed to this song*. A cross-shapen stigma has already been burnt out on my breast†. I know, hear me, I know well what will fall on my head. Father, Ayvaz shall be thy son no more!"

Kurroglou, seeing that Ayvaz had found out who he was, leaned towards him slightly and whispered, "Thou wicked one, why wouldst thou not go with me to the flock? I shall show thee there four beau-

* *He attached his name to this song.* The Persian and Arabian poets, in the gazelles and other erotic compositions, always insert their nicknames towards the end,—it is called *tekhellas.*

† *They burnt a cross brand,* verbatim, "the brand to the right and left." It means that Kurroglou's renown and wit engendered in the heart of Ayvaz the desire of joining his band.

tiful cages suspended from the back of a young ass. Each of them contains plenty of larks, quails, red-legged partridges, nightingales, and a swarm of other singing-birds. As soon as we arrive I will present thee with all the four cages. Thou shalt hang them in thy shop, where they will sing and warble to thee whilst thou shalt listen to their chirping, and feel delighted." Ayvaz then wept and said, "I can't help it, come, father, let us go." "Yes, let us go, my boy. Our friend, Roushan-beg, will not allow thee to be stopped at the city gate. We shall likewise take a servant with us."

Thus, after having taken the money to pay for the sheep, Ayvaz, Kurroglou, Mir Ibrahim the butcher, and a servant, proceeded on their journey. At one fersakh's distance from Orfah they came to the above-mentioned mountain, on which the shepherd was tending the sheep. The butcher, when he perceived the flock at a distance, was rejoiced in his heart, and said, "Is this thy flock, Roushan-beg?" "It is." "Let us, then, commence our bargain. We must first agree for the price, and examine afterwards which of the sheep are fat and healthy, and which are lean and maimed." "Then let it be so. Do as thou pleasest." "How many sheep hast thou got?" "I told you this morning I had nine hundred." "How many of them are fat, and how many lean?" "I never keep lean cattle, male or female; all of them are healthy and fat. None of

them are older than two years, and no ewe has as yet lambed*." "Well, hast thou purchased thy sheep; or are they of home breed?" "A liar is worse than a dog, and I will tell thee the truth; one half of them I have purchased, and the other half of home-breed." "What wilt thou sell one sheep for?" "I will sell them to thee wholesale." "At what price?" "Cursed be he that lies. I will tell thee the plain truth. I have bought them myself at five piastres each, and thou shalt have them for six piastres each. I must have at least one piastre in the bargain; I do not wish to have a greater profit from thee!"

Whilst they were bargaining, Ayvaz's ear followed every word they uttered. He whispered to his father, "I have treated him with wine; he is drunk, and knows not himself what he prattles. A sheep now cannot be purchased for less than five tumans each. Count the money without delay, father, and after he shall have once received it he will not be able to retract, even if he should regain his reason."

Mir Ibrahim opened the bag with money, which he counted and poured into the flap of Kurroglou's coat. The latter seeing that more than one-half

* The languages of the pastoral nations of Asia are very rich in words expressing different variations, age, species, &c., of cattle. The words in the original, *oghej*, *dizman*, *ozman*, can only be paraphrased in the translation.

has been already paid, and that the counting advanced rapidly, said in his heart, "How shall I get rid of this swindling knavish Turk*?" He possessed such an extraordinary strength in his hand that he could squeeze a piece of money between his fingers so as to obliterate the cyphers coined on it. Having thus effaced a piastre, he threw it angrily before the butcher, and exclaimed, "This is false coin!" But the trick did not escape the sharp eye of Ayvaz, who said, "Roushan-beg! we are not rich; we have borrowed half of this money, why dost thou falsify it purposely?" Kurroglou replied, "Ayvaz, my child! I have neither hammer nor anvil with me; the rascally workmen of the mint forgot to coin the cyphers of the Sultan on the piastre, and I must lose by it." Saying these words he stood up, threw the money on the ground, and said, in an angry voice, "There are a hundred butchers in Orfah; I shall sell a portion of the sheep to them, and a portion to you." He then went away. The butcher's prayers were of no avail; and Kurroglou was on the point of departing when Mir Ibrahim, in despair, said to his son, "Mayst thou die young, Ayvaz†, go, run,

* *The knavish Turk*, in the original *Kavookdar*, "the turbaned head;" a term of contempt with which the Persians call the subjects of the Sultan. So in England the Puritans were called *roundheads*.

† *Die in thy young age*, "*djevan merg shavi*," and also "*merghi tu*," upon thy death, are two strange caressing expres-

my boy, after him, and ask him to come back and close the bargain; may be he will listen to thee."

Ayvaz came up with Kurroglou in a moment, and, taking him by the hands, entreated him, saying, "I implore, I beseech thee, uncle, be not angry, but come back." Kurroglou, apparently softened, returned, and sate himself on his former seat. When the money had been counted, it appeared that thirty tumans were still wanting. The butcher said, "Roushan-beg, let the shepherd bring the sheep here; we will drive them to town, where I will pay thee the rest of the money. Thou wilt sleep in my house, and return to-morrow." Kurroglou replied, "I shall not go to Orfah, for I have heard that those who pass the night there with money are assassinated. Thou must pay me all on the spot." "I am no robber, Roushan-beg, however, I shall do as thou biddest. Thou must remain here with Ayvaz; and thou, my boy, be merry, amuse our uncle with conversation whilst I run to town for the remainder of the purchase-money." Thus the hair-brained butcher left his son in Kurroglou's hands, and mounting his lean jade, rode away towards Orfah.

Kurroglou pretending that he was going to fetch the four cages he had promised Ayvaz, left the

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sions used by the Persians when they ask for a favour or flatter anybody. The ancient Greeks had an equally mild idea of death.

latter with the servant, whilst he himself went to the shepherd, and put on his armour, as well as his seventeen distinct weapons. He then asked the shepherd, "Where is my horse?" "O may thy house fall in ruins! thy horse is as mad as thyself; I have bound him by his four legs in yonder ravine, and cannot tell whether he is alive or dead." Kurroglou said, "Scoundrel, I shall defile thy father's grave! Thou hast damaged my horse, thou dog's son!" He then hastened, without delay, to the ravine, where he beheld his Kyrat bound in such a manner that he could not stir at all. He unloosed his horse's fetters, saddled him, made fast the girth, and having kissed him on both eyes, he mounted him, and galloped towards Ayvaz. He first took up the bag with the piastres, which he placed behind the saddle, and fastened it with the leathern strings. "Well now, my Ayvaz, get up with me on this horse, and let us start." "Warrior, thou art laughing at me; my uncle Roushan will soon be here, and thou shalt be unsaddled by the single stroke of his club." "Rub thy eyes, Ayvaz, and look, didst thou not recognise thy uncle?" Ayvaz examined him well; yes, it is him, it is Roushan-beg himself, only his dress is not the same. He then began to weep, and exclaimed: "O my mother, O my father! Where are you?" His tears and prayers availed him but little. Kurroglou dragged him on the saddle, placed him behind, and after having tied a shawl

round his own and Ayvaz's body, he fastened the latter to his waist. He then gave a blow with the stirrup to his horse, whipped him, and carried away his booty. The butcher's foolish servant thought all the while that this was only a joke. He ran after, and called out, "Truce with thy jokes, truce with thy jests." At last, he grew angry, unsheathed his dagger, and raising it before Kurroglou, exclaimed, "You must either let him go, or else I will thrust the iron through thy body." Kurroglou said, "Look at this reptile, I must show some mercy to him." He then flung his club at him, and the servant's skull burst like a poppy's head.

The shepherd, who saw this murder, became thoughtful, and stammering from fright, began to repeat the prayers of the dying. Kurroglou bade him approach, and stretch out his lappets. He then untied the purse with piastres, of which he poured a good number, and asked, "Shepherd, hast thou seen a camel?*" The shepherd replied, "I have not even seen a sheep." Kurroglou said, "Shepherd! thou must drive this instant thy flock into the town, meanwhile I shall carry Ayvaz away."

Thus the shepherd went with his sheep towards

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* *Did you see the camel? No!* "*shutur didi? Ne!*" The commonly-known tale in Persia now became a proverb. The origin of that proverb is described in one of the Gulistan tales.

Orfah, whilst Kurroglou carried Ayvaz to Chamlybill. The afflicted boy was crying piteously, "Woe to me! my aunt is left behind, my uncle's wife is left behind; woe to them, woe to me!" His eyes became red and swollen like apples. Kurroglou made the following improvisation:—

Improvisation.—"I tell thee, Ayvaz, thou must not weep; do not torment my heart with grief, do not cry, do not lament, Ayvaz."

The latter, in reply, made the following improvisation:—

Improvisation.—"Thou sayst I must not weep. How can I help my tears, O Kurroglou? Thou tellest me not to torment thee with my grief. How can I help being sad?"

Kurroglou then sang:—

Improvisation.—"I was returning from the field, from the desert, and enquired of the shepherds if they had not seen thee. I have made thee part from thy old father. Ayvaz, do not weep."

Ayvaz then sang as follows:—

Improvisation.—"Thou hast filled the bags with the money. Thou hast plucked the head of my heart. Thou hast bent my father's back with grief. How can I then help crying, Kurroglou?"

Kurroglou sang:—

Improvisation.—"Am I not Beg, am I not Khan; shall I not be a father, a kind parent to thee? Do not cry, do not weep, Ayvaz."

Ayvaz then sang:—

Improvisation.—"My flowers, I have left ye behind in the garden! I have left behind beauties, with a waist worthy of being embraced! I have left behind my name and my family! How can I then help my tears, O Kurroglou?"

Kurroglou then sang:—

Improvisation.—"Let us have no more tears, or thou shalt make me also weep like a fool or an old woman. Thou shalt become a warrior; thou shalt be Kurroglou's glory and pride. Cry no more."

Ayvaz said: "I have heard thou art a warrior; thou must then treat me as becomes a warrior. I cannot tell whether thou art a brave nobleman or a villain: how can I then help crying?" Kurroglou promised to make a son of him, to surround him with plenty, to train him to be a warrior. And thus they pursued their journey to Chamly-bill.

In the mean time Mir Ibrahim, the butcher, came home for money, and said to his wife, "I have met this day a shepherd, who is a great simpleton. I was short of some tumans to pay for the sheep, and have given him Ayvaz as a hostage. Go, and get the money quickly!" His wife hastened to some relations and friends, and, having obtained the requisite sum, she brought it to the butcher. The latter, having mounted in a hurry on his emaciated jade, rode quickly to the flock. But he had scarcely passed the gate when he beheld the shepherd enter-

ing the town with the very same flock. "Shepherd, thou art a rascal! a thief! By whose permission didst thou drive my sheep into the town? I have bought them,—I have paid for them." The shepherd said, "I do not understand thee." Mir Ibrahim inquired, "Why, art thou not the shepherd of Roushan-beg?" "Thou ravest, as if thou hadst a fever. I neither know who thou thyself art, nor can I tell who is thy misnamed Roushan-beg." "Scoundrel! Have you not sold me these sheep a while ago? Have you not taken the money?" "Avaunt with thy lie! The sheep are the property of Reyhan the Arab, and I bring them to town to be milked. The sheep that are milked in a market-place sell at a better price."

At those words the butcher felt a cold shivering come over his skin. He dismounted to feel the teats of the ewes, and perceived that they were all milch ewes. He said, "That swindler, Roushan-beg, told me, whilst he was selling his sheep, that they all have either never borne young, or that they were males. No doubt this was Kurroglou, who, after having deceived me, must have carried Ayvaz away with him. Have you not seen two lads on the mountain?" The shepherd said, "Yes, I have seen two lads playing and wrestling with each other on the hill."

Mir Ibrahim, after having mounted his jade in great haste, galloped away. He found nobody on the hill except his servant's corpse. His tongue

clove to his palate—he began to strike his temples so violently that he fell off the horse. In his despair he flung himself on the ground, and throwing dust on his head, exclaimed, "Woe unto me! he has carried away my son."

In this miserable condition, Mir Ibraham was found by Reyhan the Arab. The latter was a wealthy nobleman, who was riding past to the mountains to hunt, accompanied by one hundred and sixty of his horsemen. When he came near and examined the scene, he recognised in the distracted man his own brother-in-law. "How now! is this you, Mir Ibrahim? Why these tears, and what means thy despair?" The poor father, who was deprived of speech in consequence of his grief, could only utter these words, "He has carried ... he has carried him away! ...." Reyhan the Arab inquired angrily,—"Son of a burnt father, what, by whom, or who is it that has been carried away?" Half an hour elapsed before Mir Ibrahim recovered his senses and said, "I have sold him to Kurroglou, he has carried him away, he is flown." "Speak distinctly. If thou hast sold anything to him, he had a right to take his property." It was not till after numerous questions and surmises that Reyhan the Arab was enabled to learn all, and he said in his heart, "Kurroglou, thou art a scoundrel; thou hast passed thy greasy hand over my head*, and carried away

* Instead of: thou hast deceived and defamed me.

the game from my preserves." Then he called on his horsemen, and said, "Children, I shall ride on—follow me!" They then galloped in pursuit of Kurroglou, guided by his horse's foot-marks.

Reyhan the Arab was mounted on a mare. Kurroglou continued to ride on without being aware of anything, when he saw his Kyrat drop his ears like a donkey. This was a certain sign of the presence of a mare at about a mile's distance. Kurroglou said in his heart, "My Roman Kyrat must scent Reyhan the Arab's mare. He has, no doubt, learned all, and is pursuing me now." He looked up to heaven, and saw a few wild geese pass over his head. Kurroglou thought, "I shall let fly an arrow at the leader of the flock; if the bird fall down, I shall be the winner, but if the arrow come back alone, Ayvaz shall not then be mine." He took an arrow from the quiver, and after having placed it on the bow, shot it forth. In a short time the goose came down, and dropped before the very hoofs of the horse. Kurroglou felt very happy; he plucked a couple of the finest feathers from the goose, and, taking off Ayvaz's cap, fastened them, in semblance of a plume, to his calotte. Ayvaz said: "Thou hast made holes with those feathers in my calotte. I have a beautiful niece who will make me a new one." "O my son," replied Kurroglou, "as long as thou dwellest in my house, thy clothes will be all of gold and silk." On hearing this, Ayvaz

wept bitterly. Kurroglou, to console him, improvised the following song:—

Improvisation.—"How beautiful thy head looks with this plume; it is like the male crane's head. I shall keep it; I shall watch over it carefully*. I sought thee in heaven, and I have found thee on earth; do not weep, my young crane. The arched line of thy eyebrows has been sketched by the pen of the Almighty. Thou art just come of age, thou art fifteen, O my youth. To all these ornaments one only is wanting, and it is that of chivalrous achievements. Thou shalt be the model of a warrior. I shall cover thy head with a calotte of gold. O my young crane, weep no more." After a pause, Kurroglou sang:—

Improvisation.—"I saw thee, and my heart found comfort. Thou shalt find in me a true-born Turkman Tuka. My name is Kurroglou, the ram†. I

* Verbatim, "I'll go round thy head," the expression taken from an Oriental custom. When a misfortune is impending over anybody, in order to prevent it, they walk a black sheep three times round him, and give it afterwards away to the poor, or let it loose. Whenever the Shah of Persia visits a village, the peasants go to meet him, and kiss the skirt of his robe, or his stirrup. They ask, as the greatest favour, for permission to walk round his horse; hence the expression "*douret-be-guerdem*," i. e., I implore, I beseech upon all that is most sacred.

† *Kurroglou, the ram.* The Persians are very fond of ram-fighting; and consider those animals as patterns of courage and strength; this is the reason of the frequent comparison of their warriors to rams.

am well known all over Turkey. Crane-headed Ayvaz, weep no more."

Let us now return to Reyhan Arab. He was thoroughly acquainted with all the by-ways and paths in the neighbourhood of Orfah; he was aware also that Kurroglou came there for the first time, and, consequently, knew nothing about the localities of the country. There was a narrow pass across a precipice, which must be crossed by means somewhat resembling a bridge thrown over it. Before Kurroglou was able to pass that bridge, Reyhan Arab had reached it by a circuitous part, and placed himself at its very entrance. Kurroglou seeing that his road was intercepted, determined to climb the precipitous mountain which overhung the bridge. He spurred Kyrat with his stirrups, and gave him the whip; Kyrat climbed up like a wild goat, and was soon standing on the top. Kurroglou then looking down on all sides, saw nothing but the hoary perpendicular walls of the precipices, no passage was to be seen. Only at the foot of one of the sides of the mountain, there was a ravine twelve yards broad and one hundred yards in length. Kurroglou remained standing, and meditated what was to do.

Reyhan Arab then called out, saying, "Children, my souls! not one step further;—stay where you are. Not one of our men could ascend to the spot where Kurroglou is now; he must either die there or descend." Eventually Kurroglou dwelt

during three days on the top of the mountain: but, what was worse, his Kyrat fell ill there. Kurroglou turned his face to Mecca and prayed: "O God, if the day of my death is arrived, let me not die amongst the Sunnites." He then looked at Kyrat, and his heart was gladdened, when he saw that his horse was grazing and plucking the grass with appetite, an evident sign that he was improving in health—thanks to the intercession of the holy soul of Aly. He then went to examine the ravine twelve yards wide, and thought, "Whatever may be the result, I will try it. If Kyrat clears the ravine we are safe; if he should not clear it, then we must all three perish miserably,—myself, Kyrat, and Ayvaz dashed in pieces at the bottom. I can wait no longer." He then sprung on his horse, fastened Ayvaz to his waist with a shawl, and improvised to his horse the following song: —

Improvisation.—"O my steed, thy father was *Bedow*, thy mother *Kohlan**. On! on! my worthy Kyrat, carry me to Chamly-bill! Leave me not here amongst unbelievers and foes, in the midst of

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* *Thy father is a bedow, thy mother a kohlan.* Bedou (perhaps from *deviden*) signifies a swift horse; *kohlan*, or *koheilan*, is one of the best races of the Arabian horses. In Persia the celebrated Tuka horses are the mixture of the domestic breed with the Arabian. They are very probably the same which the ancient Greeks had known under the name of *nissean*, which were used by the Parthes.

the brown fog*. On! on! my soul, Kyrat, carry me to Chamly-bill!"

As soon as Reyhan the Arab heard Kurroglou's voice, he began to laugh, and called from below, "Well, scoundrel! thou hast spoken at last; but whether thou singest or not, thou must come down and fall into our hands." Kurroglou then improvised for Kyrat:—

Improvisation.—"Alas, my horse! let me not look upon thy shame. I will have thee wrapped in velvet trappings, both on thy left and thy right side. I will shoe thy fore and thy hind legs with pure gold. On! on! my Kyrat, carry me to Chamly-bill; Thy body is as round, as slender, and as smooth as a reed. Show what thou canst do, my horse; let the foe behold it, and be struck blind with envy†. Art thou not of the race of Kohlan? Art thou not the great grandson of Duldul‡? O Kyrat, carry me to Chamly-bill, to my brave ones! I will have satin housings cut out and sewed purposely for thee. We will enjoy ourselves, and the red wine shall gush out in a stream. O my Kyrat, my chosen one of five hundred horses. On! on! carry me to Chamly-bill!"

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* *Brown fog*, "*boz duman*," in Persian, *bor*, black-white, grey.

† *To be blind with envy*, literally, "Thou wilt pull the rascal's eyes out."

‡ *Duldul*, the name of the renowned Arabian horse which belonged to Aly, son-in-law of the Prophet.

Having ended this song, Kurroglou commenced to walk Kyrat about. Reyhan Arab, who saw it from below, and knowing that Kurroglou was preparing his horse to clear the ravine, said to his men: "Will you believe that Kurroglou is daring enough to leap this ravine? His great courage pleases me well. I take you for witnesses, that, if he clears the ravine, I shall forbear from persecuting so brave a man. I will pardon him, let him carry Ayvaz away. If he fails, I shall gather their scattered limbs, and bury them with due honours." Saying these words, he examined the mountain all the time through a telescope. Kurroglou continued to walk Kyrat until the foam appeared in his nostrils. At last he selected a spot where he had room enough for starting, and then, giving the horse the whip, pushed him forward. The brave Kyrat sprang forward, and stood on the very brink of the precipice; the whole of his four legs were gathered together like the leaves of a rosebud: he struggled awhile, then gave a spring, and leaped to the other side of the ravine—nay, he cleared two yards farther than were necessary.

Reyhan Arab exclaimed, "Bravo! blessed be the mother that had weaned and the father who brought up such a youth." As for Kurroglou, even his cap did not move on his head, nor did he even look behind, as if anything extraordinary had happened. He then rode away quietly with Ayvaz.

Reyhan Arab said to his men: "My souls, my children! a wolf that is not scared from his first prey, is sure to grow bolder, and return more greedy than ever. Kurroglou has this day carried away my brother-in-law's son, to-morrow he will come to seize my own wife from my bed. We must show him that our toe is also strong enough to bend a bow."

Upon this they all rode forward in pursuit. As soon as Reyhan Arab had caught sight of Kurroglou, he began to shout: "Thou Haram-zadah, wert thou to escape to Chamly-bill itself, I will catch thee even there." Kurroglou thought, "This brigand will not leave me in peace." He then made Ayvaz get down from the horse, examined the saddle and the stirrups, made fast the girth, and turned round to meet Reyhan Arab, of whom he inquired, "What dost thou want with me, miscreant?" "Hear his pretty question!—what do I want? Thou hast passed thy greasy hand over my head!" Kurroglou asked: "Wilt thou fight with me like a man or like a woman?" "What dost thou mean by fighting like a man or like a woman?" If thou bidst thy horsemen to fall on me, thou shalt then fight like a woman. If, on the other hand, thou givest them a signal to stand off, and be willing to accept battle singly with me, it will be a combat fought in a manly way." "Agreed; let us then fight like men."

Kurroglou, who perceived that the horsemen of Reyhan Arab waited quietly drawn up in a line, said in his heart: "Notwithstanding these promises, I cannot rely on the word of the Sunnites; let me then begin by removing from hence a portion at least of his horsemen. Listen to me, Reyhan Arab, I am in the habit of singing before the battle. Here is my song:—

Improvisation.—"Warrior Reyhan! thou art come with an army against me alone. Where is thy honour, where thy boasted valour? Why dost thou seek to destroy my soul? Warrior Reyhan, thou must be mad!"

The sound of his voice, as well as the song, were so terrible, that the horsemen of Reyhan Arab were struck with fear. Kurroglou sang on:—

Improvisation.—"Show me a man that can bend my bow, find me a warrior, who, like a battering-ram, could butt at my shield with his head. I can grind steel between my teeth, and then in scorn spit it towards heaven. Oh, why do we not fight to-day?"

Reyhan Arab's horsemen, horror-struck, whispered to each other, "By the glory of Osman's race, not one of us will escape the edge of Kurroglou's sword." Several of them took to flight. Kurroglou said in his heart, "Is it so? Fire away then." He then improvised:—

Improvisation.—"Give an order for thy army to

be divided into troops. Ah! have they so much confidence in their numbers! I am alone, let five hundred or six hundred of ye stand forward! Reyhan is come, he must be mad indeed!"

This song put to flight the remnants of Reyhan Arab's horsemen. The latter alone remained, and did not stir from the spot. Kurroglou improvised:—

Improvisation.—"A warrior does not hunt his brother warriors in the covert. He threatens with his sharp Egyptian sword raised aloft. Think of thyself, Reyhan, before it be too late. Art thou mad? Thou hast never yet tasted the strength of the ram—Kurroglou's forehead, thou hast never seen before an arm so mighty. Thou art standing still, Reyhan, art thou mad?"

Reyhan Arab was a lord of great courage; his glory and his deeds were much spoken about in all Turkey. Kurroglou exclaimed, "Go home, Reyhan! look at the flight of thy horsemen." His answer was, "These are all crows, they cannot withstand an owl like thee." This said, Reyhan pushed forward his Arabian mare on the head of the scoffer. Kurroglou, on his part, gave a stirrup to Kyrat. The onset was terrible. All the seventeen weapons, which he carried with him, were used in turn, and yet no advantage was gained on either side. Kurroglou saw that Reyhan Arab was a man of superior courage and skill. They both closed

several times on horseback, breast to breast and back to back. They caught each other by the girdle. Reyhan was dragging Kurroglou in order to unsaddle him, and shouted, "I shall not let thee carry Ayvaz away." Kurroglou was also dragging him from the saddle, and exclaimed, "I will carry Ayvaz away." They both dropped from their horses at the same time, and commenced wrestling on foot. Neck was twisted with neck, arm with arm, leg with leg. You would have said, that two male camels were fighting together*. The sun was already going down. Kurroglou felt wearied with the powerful resistance of his adversary, and exclaimed in his heart: "O God! preserve me from this woe, O Ali!" This said, he raised Reyhan Arab high in the air, and then flung him on the ground. He seated himself on his chest, and draw-

* The fights of camels are much more ferocious than those of bulls, rams, bull-dogs, or cocks. The rich idlers in Persia very often bet on them. It is almost impossible not to feel a sort of wild pleasure in witnessing these fights. The two huge bodies, while engaging each other, stand almost without any motion. Their longs necks entwined with one another, give signs of life only by convulsive contortions. Two heads with eyes nearly out of their sockets, foaming jaws, and dreadful roarings, complete the picture. I have little doubt that anybody who would undertake the introduction of these fights to Europe, and particularly in England, would soon make his fortune.

ing a knife, prepared to cut off his head. But he said in his heart: "If he should ask for mercy, I will kill him; if he should not, it would be a pity to kill so gallant a youth." He gazed on his face, but it was red, tranquil, and showed no change. He then detached the truss fastened behind his saddle, and manacled Reyhan's legs and hands. The latter said: "At the moment when thou didst launch thy horse to clear the ravine, I made thee a present of Ayvaz. I was unfaithful to my word, and for so stubborn a sin, the brunt falls on my guilty head. No man except myself will dare to follow thee." Kurroglou replied: "Indeed I pity thee, as I do not wish to kill thee. I have only manacled thy hands and thy legs. If an army should pursue me, they will not be bold enough to proceed, after they have found thee here thus bound."

Kurroglou then fastened Reyhan with a rope upon his mare, and mounting on Kyrat, led the mare after him on a string. He placed Ayvaz behind, and thus they arrived before Chamly-bill. Kurroglou's sentinels saw his approach from afar and informed the banditti of their master's arrival; seven hundred and seventy-seven horsemen rode out to meet him. Kurroglou directed a rich gown of honour (*Khálat*) to be fetched for Ayvaz. Ayvaz then put it on. Kurroglou ordered Khoja Yakub to be brought before him, who, during all

the time of Kurroglou's absence, had been chained and confined in a dark prison. He received him kindly, took off his fetters and sent him to a bath. As soon as Khoja Yakub returned, he had him clad in a superb dress and invited him to sit by his side, in the place of honour. The banditti inquired eagerly for the details of Ayvaz's capture, and Kurroglou told them all about it from beginning to end, sparing no praises of Reyhan's courage and strength. He told his tale in verse and in prose—faithful to his habit of speaking truth in one's face, and saying to a coward, that he was a coward; to the brave, that he was a man. Here is one of Kurroglou's improvisations made in honour of Reyhan.

Improvisation.—"Brethern Aghas! a man must be a man like Reyhan. He has drawn tears of admiration from my eyes. His shield is of silver; he spills copiously the blood of the foe. He has united my soul to his. He has engraven on my breast both respect and attachment. A righteous man ought to be like Reyhan. May any father have five sons like him. May we have warriors like him for our companions. He deserves to be Kurroglou's brother. A righteous man must be a man like Reyhan*."

* The text of this beautiful piece of poetry serves for an example of the force of the Turkish *participles*, which cannot be equalled in any European language.

Kurroglou directed a repast to be served. Ayvaz was made the chief cupbearer. The wine flowed, the meals came down like rain, and the whole band feasted together.

Meeting IV.

In the province of Nakhchevan there lived a youth renowned for his uncommon courage, his name was *Demurchy-Oglou*, the son of a blacksmith. Passing one day through the town bazaar, he stopped to listen to the conversation of two Turks, who were extolling the liberality with which Kurroglou used to reward every brave man that entered his service. He said to himself, "My heart is bursting for want of action in this town. I must go and serve that warrior, who knows the value of men." He then got up, saddled his horse, and putting on his armour, rode towards Chamly-bill.

Kurroglou at that time was hunting with the whole of band. He looked before him, and thinking that he saw a gazelle, or some other game, put his horse into a gallop in the direction of an object which appeared like a dark spot at a distance. It was Demurchy-Oglou. "Who art thou, young man, and whence dost thou come?" "I go to Chamly-

bill. I have heard that Kurroglou, who lives there, is a liberal master, and knows the value of men. I desire to serve under him." Kurroglou said in his heart: "Fine lad this!" he then gave him this reply: "My soul! I am Kurroglou. Thou hast heard I was liberal and always ready to give bread away, but thou must also know that I only give it to the brave, the cowards get nothing from me."

By that time Kurroglou's cavalry had joined him, he then said: "My children, my souls! Here have I hunted down my game." Saying these words, he took an apple from his pocket and a ring from his finger. He fixed the ring into the apple, and said to Demurchy-Oglou: "Sit down in the Persian mode*," Then turning to his servants, he ordered them to take off the cap from the head of the new-comer. He then placed the apple on the latter's bare head and rode aside. He bent his bow and continued to pass one arrow after the other through the ring. Out of the sixty arrows that were shot, not one went astray.

Kurroglou was glad to see that Demurchy did not even once wink or change his countenance. He said, "My soul, my children! whoever loves me let him contribute towards Demurchy-Oglou's dress

* Literally: "Sit down on your four knees," because the Persians, in their manner of sitting imitate the camel lying on his four legs.

and saddle." In an instant the stranger found himself rich, so many things were given him. Kurroglou said: "It is not often that one can get into his service a youth like him. I remember a song fit for the occasion, and shall sing it to you:—

Improvisation.—"Above all the gardens of the world I prefer my valley of Chamly-bill, and I like the walks in the bowers there. It is there that, together with my Esmarah, we shall arrange the bottles and the tumblers in a long line. What cheer, my Ayvaz? —fill the goblets full, full, and carry them round. I have conquered*, a crowd of pashas took to their heels before me. Eighty arrows have I passed without failure through the ring; I am now envious of no bowman on earth."

He then turned towards Ayvaz, who stood before him with his head leaning on his shoulder, and sang as follows:—

Improvisation.—"O my eye! cupbearer, reach me a bowl. Ayvaz is the candle of Kurroglou's eyes. I envy not the riches of all the merchants of the world as long as I dwell at Chamly-bill, as long as I ride on Kyrat. Kurroglou tells you, if he did not improvise his pretty songs, no man on earth would know of his deeds. Yes, whatever

* In the original: "I cry *daw*," a metaphorical expression drawn from the game of back-gammon (takht-u-nerd), where *daw* means the same as the *checkmate* in chess.

I have done, I did it for friendship's sake. The passion of base gain has never arisen in my soul."

Having concluded these verses, Kurroglou rode away to Chamly-bill with his horsemen, and with Demurchy-Oglou. During fifteen days his only occupation was the instruction of his new followers, and thus both Ayvaz and Demurchy became excellent warriors, and were amongst the best of the band.

But listen now to the tale about the Princess Nighara, daughter of the Turkish Sultan Murad. In the neighbourhood of Constantinople, lived a man who was known there under the name of Belly-Ahmed. One day Princess Nighara went out for a walk through the bazaars of Constantinople. At the same time Kurroglou's fame spread over all Turkey; everybody was telling stories about him, and all were struck with wonder. The Princess Nighara's fond heart particularly, was filled with an ardent wish of seeing this extraordinary hero; and she often thought in her mind: "O my God, when will you allow me to behold Kurroglou?" It happened that whilst Belly-Ahmed was taking a walk in the bazaar of Istambul, he looked and beheld on the platform of the building, daroghs beating drums, whilst all the inmates of the bazaar, the workmen as well as the merchants, were flying in great hurry after having left their shops ajar. "Why are they thus running?" inquired Belly-Almed, of a Turk. "Dost thou know nothing then

listen: Our king, Sultan Murad, is gone on a pilgrimage to Mecca. His son, Burji Sultan, reigns temporarily until his father's return. He has a sister, whose name is the Princess Nighara. Every Friday she goes to pray at the great mosque. The Sultan's will is, that during the princess's passage through the bazaars, no man should remain there, but that all the shops be left open. This is the reason of this panic and flight. As soon as Nighara has passed, the merchants and workmen will return to their shops again."

Belly-Ahmed said in his heart: "Thy name is Belly-Ahmed, and shalt thou not see this beautiful Princess Nighara? If not, then thou art unworthy the name of Belly-Ahmed!" He then looked right and left, and entered stealthily into a green-grocer's shop inclosed with a few boards. The princess's train now approached. First passed with their whips, ferrashes and yassauls, who opened the procession; they were followed by eunuchs with canes of office (*chogan*) in their hands. At last appeared the Princess Nighara, surrounded by a score of waiting women; she walked with a downcast countenance in their front, and lowering her eyes on the ground, said to herself: "O thou earth on which my foot is treading, I beseech thee, receive my prayer." Belly-Ahmed saw and heard her through the chinks of the boards behind which he sat concealed. When Nighara saw the shop with

vegetables, she wondered why this should be the only shop inclosed with boards, whilst all the other shops were standing open. She then said to her waiting women, "What is the reason of this? whilst goldsmiths, who possess a capital of one hundred thousand tumans, have left their shops open; how is that this petty merchant of vegetables, whose poor shop used always to be open, had shut it up to-day. There must be something extraordinary in all this. Break down the inclosure, my girls, and throw the boards aside."

Belly-Ahmed heard it, and his soul was on the point of making an exit. He threw himself with his face downwards, as if he was laid down with severe illness. When her orders had been executed, Nighara entered the shop. Perceiving a fellow stretched out in his whole length, and embracing the floor with both hands, she kicked him with her foot, exclaiming: "Who art thou that wallowest in the dirt?" Belly-Ahmed sprang up on his feet, and bowing to the princess, said: "Lady! I am a stranger here, God preserve you from being in a strange land anywhere. I saw that the merchants of the bazaar were beaten and driven away, and I was frightened. But what was I to do? If I should hide myself in some rich shop, I might be taken for a thief. I have therefore chosen this miserable hovel, where nothing can be found except greens, onions, and rotten biscuits. And even if there was

in it a few copper pieces, the owner at his departure must have taken them away. Pardon me, princess, my soul was at stake, and I hid myself." Nighara inquired, "Stranger, what countryman art thou?" "I am a native of Erzeroum." "Hast thou seen in those parts, the valley of Chamly-bill?" "Yes, lady, I have seen it." "In that valley lives a man named Kurroglou, didst thou see him?" "O my fair princess, I am one of his servants, I am a slave purchased with his gold." "Canst thou then deliver him a letter from me?"

"And wherefore not, fairest! thou hast only to write, and entrust it to me."

The Princess Nighara immediately wrote a letter to Kurroglou with her own hand. And what did she write? Here it is: "O thou who art called Kurroglou! The glory of thy name has thrown a spell on all the countries of Turkey. I have heard that thou hast carried away Ayvaz from the town of Orfah. My name is Princess Nighara, Sultan Murad's daughter. I tell thee, that thou mayest learn, if thou dost not know it, that, for a long time, I have felt an ardent desire of seeing thee. If thou art distinguished by courage, come to Istambul and carry me away."

Having sealed the note, she gave it to Belly-Ahmed; the latter could read, and contrived to peruse the last words she had written,—"come and carry me away." He therefore grew bolder, and

said, "O princess! If thou desirest to see Chamly-bill, I can serve thee, and accompany thee in thy journey." Nighara was offended, and said, "Thou must not eat dirt. How didst thou presume to think that thou art worthy of the honour of carrying me to Chamly-bill?" Belly-Ahmed said, "Kurroglou will not trust a scrawl of paper like this." "Then what is to be done?" "If thou speakest in earnest, give me thy miniature, and I shall carry it to him." The princess took a medallion from her bosom, and, giving it to him, enquired—"What is thy name?" "Thy servant, Belly-Ahmed." "The name *Ahmed* I comprehend well, but what is the meaning of that surname of *Belly?*"* "Thanks to your bounty, princess, I have got a piece of old chibouque with a notched bowl, a jug of cold water, and a bit of bread and cheese; all I possess I am in the habit of sharing with those who are poorer than me, and this is why I am specially called Belly-Ahmed." Nighara commanded him to hold up his skirt, in which she threw two handfuls of gold. "Take care to carry this letter speedily to Chamly-bill." This said, she left him.

Belly-Ahmed went to the caravansary, saddled his horse, and, whilst he was getting on it, he said in his heart, "It would be ungenerous in me not to deliver this letter to Kurroglou:"—and he acted as

* *Belly*, famous, virtuous, notorious.

he thought. As soon as Kurroglou's scouts perceived him, they seized Belly-Ahmed and brought him before their master. Belly-Ahmed made a low bow. Kurroglou, who was pleased with his appearance, allowed him to be seated in his presence, and directed Ayvaz to fetch some wine. Belly-Ahmed drank freely, and became jolly; he then told his name, and added, that he had come from Constantinople. Kurroglou gave orders that Kyrat should be brought, and, after showing him to his guest, he said, "Belly-Ahmed, if thou hast seen a finer horse than this at Istambul, say it?" "I have not, hero Kurroglou." "Hast thou seen a handsomer warrior than Ayvaz is?" "I have not, hero Kurroglou." "Hast thou seen there a feast more gay than mine?" "Never.—But, O Kurroglou! I have seen, at Istambul, the Princess Nighara; and if she had been present to adorn such a feast, Noushirvan himself could not then boast of a more complete entertainment."

Kurroglou had heard before this of the Princess Nighara, and had planned certain designs on her. However, he was ashamed to confess it now, and sat with his head down, rapt in thoughts. This did not escape the penetration of Belly-Ahmed. He took from his bosom Nighara's letter, and handed it to Kurroglou. Kurroglou having perused such a delightful billet-doux, was very indignant, and exclaimed, "Thou miscreant; thou art styled learned Ahmed, and thou hadst not brains enough in thy

head to pay the painter for her likeness." In answer, Belly-Ahmed showed him the medallion with the miniature in it. At the first glance Kurroglou felt enamoured of the princess with a thousand hearts. "Daly Hassan! Fetch us the lock and the chain here!" Belly-Ahmed said in his heart,—"How now! if I am not mistaken, these fetters will be given to me as a reward for my trouble." Indeed, he did not deceive himself, for he was treated precisely as Khoja Yakub had been before him.

To saddle Kyrat,—to arm himself with sevenfold weapons, was, for Kurroglou, the work of a few minutes. Having collected his band together, he enjoined them not to pass their time in debauchery and drunkenness until his return. He appointed Ayvaz to be his lieutenant; and, after taking leave of every one, not forgetting his belles, he rode away, and journeyed on from one menzill to another until he arrived at Constantinople.

Having entered the city-gate, he dismounted from Kyrat, and led him through the streets. [That wonderful horse possessed also this peculiarity, that whenever he came to any strange city, he dropped his ears like an ass, made his bristles stand up on end, and with his mane dishevelled, his tail thrust between his legs, walked along like a jade, in order that none of the passers-by might covet him, or throw a spell on him.] Kurroglou looked, and

beheld a decrepit old woman, with her back bent in the shape of a new moon, who was coming limping along. At one glance of the eye Kurroglou found out that she was a witch, skilful enough to twist and untwist seventy-two plots, and as many Satanic tricks. Kurroglou bowed, and said, "Welcome mother." "I thank thee, my son!" "Mother, let me be thy guest to-night." "My son, I have been begging all the morning, but I got no alms from anybody. Thou hadst better be a guest of some one richer than myself." Kurroglou threw her some small silver and gold coins. The old woman's eyes brightened up at the sight of money. "Come my son, and follow me," said she.

Kurroglou followed her step by step, leading Kyrat after him. They came to the old woman's house, but the door was so small that it was found impossible to get in the horse. "Wait here a minute, my son, I shall go to fetch the spade, in order to dig the lower part of the door and widen it for thy horse." Kurroglou waited and waited, until at last he lost all patience, and drawing his sword, with which he struck so powerfully, that, at the first blow, the wall was cut in halves. He then led Kyrat into the court-yard. The old woman comes: "My son, may thy own house fall in ruins; thou hast pulled down one of the walls, and broken open the door of my court-yard;" here she commenced striking her bosom and head, crying and

wailing. "Do not despond, mother, I will call a mason here, and have a wide fine gate built for thee." Kurroglou, having thus soothed the old woman, led the horse into the stable. "Mother, thou hast told me thou wast poor, and yet the stable has mangers, and stalls, and all requisite appurtenances; and what sayest thou of these fine apartments?" "O my son, I am a widow; my husband was a merchant; from the day of his death the house has been deserted." "Give me a bundle of hay, mother." The old woman gathered here and there a small quantity of hay, straw, and dry brambles, which she brought and threw into the manger. Kyrat was by no means fastidious, and, like his master, ate of everything, provided it was a trifle softer than stone. "Well, my son, let us now go in." Kurroglou having examined all, saw that the room was neat and well lighted, but the carpets were very old. He took from his pocket a handful of money, and exclaimed, "Come here, mother, go to the bazaar and buy a suite* of carpets. Let the felt-carpet be of the manufacture of Jam, and the

* *A suite of carpets.* The carpeting required for a respectable room in Persia must consist of the following articles: first, a woven carpet (*kály*), which is laid in the middle of the room; second, two *kenáras*, or narrow pieces of felt-cloth, running on both sides of the former, in the direction of its length; and lastly, a *serendaz*, or a small felt-cloth carpet, placed across the three above-mentioned pieces at either end of the room.

middle carpet (*Kály*) of the workmanship of Khorassan. Go, buy and fetch them speedily, and then lay out this room with them." The old woman soon returned, followed by a porter, who brought beautiful carpets, with which she laid out two snug rooms for her guest. "My son, it is time to take off thy armour, and to put aside thy weapons, they must be heavy." And as Kurroglou was taking off the different articles of his dress, she suspended them one after the other on the walls. "My little mother, thy gown is so old and dirty, that I cannot look on it; here, take this small handful of money, and buy new clothes, to be clad decently. "This is a true son to me," thought the old woman to herself, "O God, send me a dozen more such offspring." She then went to a tailor's shop, and having selected some clothes ready made, put them on. She bound a white kerchief round her mouth; the reason of her doing so was, that she had no teeth.

"Well, mother, it is high time to think of supper. I have as many as twelve servants, who will be here before evening. You must not forget them; let there be plenty of everything, rice, butter, meat, and spices." The old woman went to the bazaar, and having bought provisions and liquors for thirteen, she brought them home, and kept them ready.

Kurroglou was also busying himself; he rubbed down his Kyrat, then watered him, and, after giving

him some barley, left the stable, washed his hands and feet, in order to repeat the namaz.

"Old woman!" called Kurroglou. "Look at him—Old woman! what means this nickname? I am neither so old, nor so ugly; what a rude man." Kurroglou began to laugh and to make apologies: "Don't be angry, I shall call thee bride, maiden, all thou likest, only let us make peace. But it grows late, my servants are not likely to come; bring and put down here all that thou hast got in the kitchen. Pour the rice in one heap on the large tray, and put all the meat over the rice." The old woman said in her heart, "May I fall a sacrifice to my son. He must be very rich; he desires to have a supper served before him for thirteen persons, and yet he is alone. No doubt he is a lordling, and a delicate one. He will eat two or three mouthfuls, and be satisfied; the remnants will afford me food for twenty days."

The old woman then heaped up on an immense salver an entire mountain of rice, which she afterwards covered with a thick layer of meat. She spread before Kurroglou, who was sitting on the floor, a table-cloth, and on the table-cloth a napkin made of leather; but when the time came to bring the salver with the meal into the room, she was not able to raise it. "My son, I have not strength enough to carry so much food." Kurroglou got up, went to the kitchen, and fetching his meal himself

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he said, "My little old—I mean young woman, be seated, and let us eat, in God's name." "Eat, and please yourself, my darling son; while the supper was cooking, I satisfied my hunger with the odour of the meats alone." "Just as you please; as for me, I have warned you, that you may not regret it too late, when the harm is done. I fear, lest in the desert of thy belly the blast of destruction should riot; the sin would lie on my soul, and on doomsday, I should have to answer for it before our prophet; as it is, thou shalt be alone responsible to God."

The old gossip thought that it was but a jest,—that Kurroglou, having taken a few morsels, would leave the rest for her; that she would eat it afterwards comfortably at her leisure, and should be able to treat, besides, the old gossips her neighbours.

Kurroglou extended his hand, and opened it like a lion's paw; he then continued snatching from the tray one handful after another and flung them into his mouth. The old woman's eyes were on Kurroglou's lips. She saw that there wanted but five or six more such snatches, and and not one grain of rice would be left on the tray. Kurroglou observed that the old woman, crouching and watchful as a squatting kitten, was looking greedily on him, and already seemed to regret that she had not accepted the invitation. She said in her heart, "My God, inspire him with the thought of asking me again to supper."

Kurroglou said, "Sit down, dear old soul, and take your supper." This time she availed herself duly of the opportunity. She rushed towards the tray, seated herself close to it, and ate away. She felt much displeasure at Kurroglou's swallowing too large pieces. She filled hastily her old meagre hand with as much rice and meat as it could grasp, and stuffed her mouth withal. A grain of rice was driven from the mouth into the nose, and now she kept coughing, sneezing, and choking. In the mean time Kurroglou cleared the remnants, and said, "Old—I mean young woman, I have now filled but one half of my stomach, the other half yawns to be filled; take the tray away." The old woman rubbed her hand on the floor as in the act of searching. "Old woman, why dost thou rub thy hand?" She replied, "Mayst thou die young, my son; the leathern napkin that was left me by my mother as a keepsake, I laid it before thee, but I cannot find it now." "Was it thy napkin, then? mayhap I have stuffed it, by inadvertence, into my mouth; the last morsel was somewhat hard and bitter, I had some difficulty in swallowing it; why didst thou not caution me?" The old woman said in her heart, "My guest must be no other than Famine personified; if he should feel hungry again, he will swallow up my own poor self."

Kurroglou, after chatting with her for some time longer, directed his bed to be made. "Where wilt thou have thy bed made, my son?" "Make me a

bed in the hall close to the door, because I must rise in the night to have a peep into the stable." The old woman said in her heart, "As he has eaten so much he may have some bad designs; he wishes to lay at the threshold that I may not escape from the house;" she then said, "I am old, my son, my sleep is broken, and I must often go out in the night." "No matter, I allow thee to trample over my bed; fear nothing."

At midnight Kurroglou coughed and awoke. He hears that the old woman lies sleepless. "Dost thou watch, mother?" he inquired. "Yes, I cannot fall asleep." The old woman was possessed of uncommon penetration, and was thinking all the time what sort of a man her guest was; at last she asked him. "My darling son, thou must surely be Nazar Djellaly, from the wandering tribe of the Terdjumans. I conjure thee by God the creator, tell me the truth." "No." "Thou art then Gurizoglou?" "No." "Perchance thou art Reyhan Arab, from the town of Orfah?" "Wrong." "Then surely thou art no other than the chief of the band of Seven Hundred and Seventy-seven, the renowned Kurroglou. It is from Chamly-bill thou art come here?" "This time you have guessed right, mother. To-morrow morning, thou shouldst go into the streets of the bazaar and proclaim as loud as thy lungs can bawl, that Kurroglou has arrived here from Chamly-bill, to carry away the

Princess Nighara, daughter of Sultan Murad, the Turkish Monarch." The tongue of the poor old woman stiffened in her mouth when she had heard these words; she was in a great fright. "Be not afraid, old body." "How can I help not being afraid. The reports that circulate here about thee are so dreadful, that if a child cries and the mother desires to silence it, she tells it, Be quiet, for the wolf is come and is sure to devour thee if thou shouldest shriek any longer; the child cries on. The leopard is come; the child continues to cry. But no sooner is it told, Kurroglou is come to fetch it to Chamly-bill, than the child leaves off crying immediately, and being frightened, hides its face in the pillow and falls asleep. See, then, my son, and be rather surprised that I am bold enough not to have fled from the room after I had heard thy confession." Kurroglou said, "I swear to thee by the most pure spirit of the Creator of the earth and heaven, that I shall deal with thee as if thou wert my own mother. But woe to thee if thou shouldst reveal this secret to any man. Then wert thou even seated in the seventh heaven I would throw a noose over thee to drag thee down, or if thou wert to turn into a jinn and hide thyself in the depths of the earth, there also I would plunge the tongs and drag thee up to the surface, in order to have thy wretched body torn in pieces." The old woman said, "Thou mayst trust me, my son, my lips shall

never open as long as I live." "Tell me, dear old, I mean, young soul, where is now Sultan Murad, for whose daughter I came here in reality." "The Sultan, O my son, is gone on a pilgrimage to Mecca. His son Burji Sultan is his lieutenant." "Where is the residence of the Princess Nighara?" "In a palace surrounded with seven walls built of stone; on each of these walls guards are stationed."

When morning came, Kurroglou repeated his name, and having paid a visit to Kyrat in the stable, he took his breakfast and said to the old woman, "I go now to the bazaar; fasten the door, and let nobody enter the house." In the bazaar he ordered a white dress to be prepared for him, similar to that worn by the Mollahs; he then bought some yards of white linen, and got a cornelian stone, on which he ordered an engraver to cut the name of Sultan Murad. He said in his heart, "Princess Nighara is sure to ask me to play on the guitar for her; I have not brought my guitar with me, but there is an instrument-maker here whose name is Yakub, every year he sends me a guitar, for which he receives yearly, a remuneration of one hundred tumans." Having found out the shop of the artificer Yakub, he repaired to it covered with a peasant's cloak. "Master, give me a guitar." Yakub motioned with his hand to one of his boys to fetch the instrument. Kurroglou did not like it, and requested that a more costly guitar, inlaid with

mosaic (hatemi), should be shown him, and that it should have a screwed handle, so adapted as to be easily taken out from the guitar, or put in again according to the circumstances. The artificer Yakub was not a little offended: "Go along, wretch: art thou a Kurroglou to ask for a guitar worth a hundred tumans?" Kurroglou looked him in the face and smiled, "I tell thee, boor, be off! if not, I shall pass this awl through thy foolish head" Kurroglou thought, "This scoundrel does not know me, he will not give me a good guitar unless I show him what my fingers can do." He then took one of the guitars that had been brought, placed it on his bosom, and improvised for master Yakub the following song:—

Improvisation.—"I came to thee from Chamlybill, singing all the way. O master, may I be thy slave, let me depart. My guitar has been broken and I am at a loss what to do. Master, I am thy slave, let me depart. My guitar was mute, suspended on the wall. I got up, I took the guitar and placed it on my bosom. Ayvaz was drunk, the guitar was broken. Master, I am thy slave, let me depart."

The artificer Yakub had a man servant, this man having examined Kurroglou's face when the latter pronounced the name of Ayvaz, had recognised him and whispered into the merchant's ear, "Master, may thy house fall in ruins, this is

Kurroglou." "Hold your tongue, fool," replied Yakub, giving the boy at the same time a box in the ear; "no power will ever drag Kurroglou to Istambul." Kurroglou then improvised another song.

Improvisation.—"Oh! why am I not walking in the valley of Chamly-bill! I must fall a victim to beauty's eyes. There my little darling Khurde-Khanum* is wont to balance her diminutive limbs to the music of my guitar. Master, I am thy slave, only let me proceed on my journey."

But the foolish merchant would not take the hint, and began again to scold Kurroglou. "Impudent liar, I send every year one guitar to Kurroglou, for which he gives me a hundred tumans reward; now, thou hast hardly as much as a hundred lice on thy skin." Kurroglou gave a song.

Improvisation.—"O my curved sword, where art thou, that I may rip this braggadocio through the middle of his body. Workman, do not refuse me a guitar, and let me depart."

Saying this he fell into a great fit of passion, and had already snatched the handle of a knife, but said in his heart, "If I should slay this dog's son, a workman like him is nowhere to be found." He sang again.

Improvisation.—"At Chamly-bill they say, 'Make

* The name of one of Kurroglou's mistresses.

way for Beg, Beg!' I am that Beg. I will pardon the workman's guilt, I will not touch him. I would not bend my neck for five hundred tumans. Master, I am thy slave, only let me proceed on my journey speedily."

At last Yakub recognised Kurroglou and fell down at his feet. "Pardon, my lord, I am a blockhead, I did not know thee." "Arise, I forgive thee provided thou makest me a guitar with a handle that may be removed as I directed." The merchant immediately ran himself for the instrument in question and fetched it. Kurroglou tried it and approved of it. He then took off the handle and put the guitar into his pocket. He gave fifty tumans to the merchant, and twenty-five tumans to the boy who had recognised him, then said: "Yakub, thou hast been earning from me as much as one hundred tumans every year, and thou didst not know me; this lad had never eaten of my bread, and yet he recognised me. If thou takest from him one farthing after my departure, I will punish thee most severely." Then he asked, "Hast thou seen the camel?" "I have not seen so much as its footmarks."

Kurroglou on his return to the old woman's house encountered a Turkish Fakky*, and greeting him courteously said, "My mother is on her death-

* Fakky, in Turkey, is a devotee who gains his bread by reading, for money, passages from the Koran.

bed, I beg of you to read over the sick woman one chapter of the Koran." "Pay me for my trouble first." Kurroglou gave him a ducat and they continued to walk together. When they had entered the court-yard, Kurroglou let the fakky in before him and fastened the door after him. The fakky saw an old woman walking in the court-yard, and enquired, "Didst thou not tell me thy mother was on her death-bed? I perceive now that she is well and able to walk." Kurroglou answered, "A miracle! When I left the house she was on the point of death, now she is come to life again." "Then I may go?" "Stay, fakky! take a piece of paper and write down what I shall dictate to thee." The fakky then reached an inkstand from under his girdle, took a leaf of paper, and was ready. Kurroglou said, "Thou must write a letter from Sultan Murad to his daughter Princess Nighara." "Slay me rather, for I will write no such thing." "How now? Thou canst not write then." "I cannot." Kurroglou caught him by the throat and squeezed it so that the fakky's eyes were forced from their sockets, and his blackened tongue protruded from his mouth; he was scarcely able to stammer out, "My lord, do not strangle me, I will write all thou pleasest." "That is another thing; now write fakky, 'My daughter, I send this chavush*, Roushan by name, to thee from Mecca. All the caresses,

* The conductor of pilgrims to Mecca.

services, and esteem which thou wouldst show to me in person, show unto him. A man so pious, so deeply skilled in theological lore, by night or by day, so true a servant of Allah as he is, does not exist on the surface of the earth.' . . . . The fakky thought, This man is an ass and cannot read, I must write something else. Eventually, what he wrote was this, 'Nighara Khanum, a chavush, Roushan by name, the bearer of this letter is the greatest scoundrel, swindler, and brigand, that the world ever saw; whip him well, but let him not enter the town lest he should disturb my capital.' "I have written it, sir, give me a seal that I may apply it now." Kurroglou said, "Let me see how thou didst write it." Fakky whispered to himself, "Woe to me, this man can read;" and he added aloud, "I have still a few words to add, allow me to finish it." Kurroglou snatched the paper from his hands; he read and saw what absurdities the rascal had been scribbling. "What does this mean?" he enquired. The fakky replied, "Thou hast squeezed my throat so badly that the blood has drowned my brains, I am frightened and cannot tell myself what I have written. My lord, my benefactor, may I fall a victim to thee, only pardon me, I shall now write so well that thou wilt thyself approve it." Kurroglou trampled on him and exclaimed, "Then write now, miscreant!" To joke any longer was out of question, the fakky was obliged to write as

he was led by his master; he even added from himself, 'You will ride four farsukhs out of town to meet this phœnix of sanctity.'

Kurroglou perused the letter and sealed it with the seal on which he had previously ordered the name of Sultan Murad to be engraved. "And now, fakky, thou must write a separate order to the watchmen of the five ramparts of the Princess' palace. 'I have sent to you my chavush Roushan; he is honoured by me with entire confidence and trust; do not hinder him from visiting the Princess Nighara, and let him remain with her as long as he pleases.'" Kurroglou read the paper, and saw that all was properly written. He sealed it with Sultan Murad's seal; he moreover ordered the fakky to prepare a number of blanks, with the sultan's seal, and put them in his pocket. "Well, aga, let me depart now." Kurroglou replied, "I feel some compassion for thee; thou hast executed the writing well, but the ducat I gave thee is a false one; give it back to me that I may exchange it for a good ducat." Having placed the ducat, which the fakky returned to him, in his purse, he thought in himself: "The head that is chopped off cannot tell tales." He then took the fakky aside, and dealt him such a blow on the head with his club, that the poor fellow's skull was flattened like a closed book. The fakky was dispatched to hell. Kurroglou then flung the corpse against the wall, which he afterwards struck

with so much strength with his foot that it fell down covering the dead man with its ruins.

The old woman saw all that passed from a distance, and commenced to cry, striking her bosom, and exclaiming, "May thy father be burnt, my son! on the soil of my house no innocent blood has ever before been shed. Why didst thou defile it?" Kurroglou replied and said, "Shouldst thou like me to slay thee also, thou infidel Sunnite, and to pull down the remainder of this wall upon thy withered body?" "I am guilty, my son, pardon me, and do as thou pleasest." Kurroglou covered his dress with the white gown of a mollah, which he had bought in the bazaar; he then put on white trousers, and throwing over all a pilgrim's mantle (*aubah*), wrapped his head in a white turban. He concealed a poniard in his bosom; in one hand he held a walking-stick, and in the other a rosary. With half-closed eyes, and his head piously lowered, he proceeded, with slow and grave steps, towards the palace of Princess Nighara.

At the gate he was stopped by the guards, who asked, "Haji, whither art thou going? this is the sultan's harem, which no man is permitted to enter." "I can enter it, ye cursed giaours!" "May God in heaven accept thy pilgrimage, but our orders are strict, and we cannot let in even thee." Kurroglou said, "My name is Chavush Roushan; I come from Mecca, sent here by the sultan. Surely Nighara would not have caught cold in the head if she had ridden

out, as properly she should, to meet me herself." "Dost thou hold in thy hand an order from the sultan?" Kurroglou gave them the order addressed to the wardens of the palace. When they had perused it they all fell down at his feet, and respectfully kissed the skirt of his mantle. "May God accept thy pilgrimage!—pardon us, for we were not aware of it." "May God likewise procure you the blessing of beholding Mecca."

In this manner, this scoundrel of scoundrels was permitted to enter the harem—a man capable of cutting out the breast of a mother nursing her child. Having cleared the gates of all the seven walls, he reached Nighara's apartments. On all sides appeared gardens abounding with flowers; there were four ponds of running water, and fountains were playing. Kurroglou, folding his mantle in four, spread it on the banks of one of the pieces of water, and sitting upon it, looked on the gardens, in the midst of which stood Nighara's palace, surrounded with magnificent kiosks. In one of those he perceived the princess herself, who sat in a room whose windows were open. She was drinking wine in the company of some beautiful girls. One of the waiting-maids came to the edge of the pond to fetch water, and saw a mollah sitting there in a white turban, with his eyes half closed, holding a rosary in his hand, upon which he counted his prayers. "What wouldst thou here, man?" she inquired;

"this is the sultan's harem." "Man! what name is this? Nasty girl—is not thy mouth large enough to pronounce the word 'Haji?' Couldst thou not as well congratulate me upon my return from Mecca? And that mistress of yours, Nighara, could she not afford to wear out half her slipper to go out and meet me?" "Who art thou, then?" "I am the royal Chavush Roushan; I come from Mecca, sent here by the sultan."

Hearing these words, the maid forgot, in her joy, to fill her jug with water, and hastened with the news to her mistress. Entering the room, she snatched the shawl of the princess's turban, as well as her jewels that lay on the carpet*. "What is that?" inquired Nighara, "art thou drunk, to appropriate thus, with a familiarity far above thy station, the shawl and jewels belonging to me?" The maid replied, "It is thyself that art drunk, not I. All I take is now my property, as a reward for my good tidings. A chavush has arrived from Mecca, sent by the sultan." "So soon; impossible!" "I swear by thy head, my lady; and such a holy man is he, a heavenly fire breathes from his eyes, and his countenance shoots its ray towards the sun." "Get

* In the East, a person bringing good news always gets a *muzhdegani*, (in Arabic, *besharet,*) or reward. A khan receiving such news, very often unfastens his own girdle, and presents it to the bearer.

up, my girls, and let us run to meet the chavush. I have read it in the sacred traditions, that whoever shall hasten to meet those that return from Mecca, so that the dust from their horse's hoof may fall upon him, the fires of hell shall have no power to consume him."

Kurroglou looked, and saw a great movement in the princess's room: all the women were getting ready to go out and meet him. He tore quickly the turban from his head, and flung it from him; he then took a cap from his pocket, which he put on sideways in the fashion of the Kajjars*. He threw off the white mollah's gown, and adjusted the folds of his dress, made of dark olive-coloured cloth, cut in the Persian fashion. He tied in a more graceful manner the shawl that served him for a girdle, from under which protruded the handle of a poniard, richly set with brilliants, worth four hundred tumans. He took the guitar from his pocket, whose handle he fastened, and after having stretched its strings, tuned it, and placing it on his knees, com-

* Feteh Aly Shah has introduced more than one fashion into his dominions, and was considered there as *Roi des modes* of Persia. To him is also attributed the amelioration of the shape of the national cap, made of the black-sheep fur, the far-renowned *Kulahi-Kajari*, or the cap à la Kajarienne. The costume now described is considered as the *ne plus ultra* of Persian elegance.

menced striking it with the *mezraub**. The guitar resounded like a nightingale.

Princess Nighara came soon after with her maidens. No Haji was to be seen, but instead of him, she beheld a manly face, with mustachios protruding beyond the ears, a true pattern and compendium of a perfect Looty. "Thou mischievous story-teller," said she, turning towards the maid-servant, "where is the chavush?" "I swear by Allah that this very man was the Haji, and had a turban on his head." "Thou must then ask this musician what is become of the Haji?" The maid ran to Kurroglou, and said, "The Haji has been here before thee, where is he now?" Kurroglou answered angrily, "Avaunt, and vanish, nasty girl! no living soul was seen here, except myself." The poor maid came back to the princess, and swore by everything, that the Haji whom she had seen had been transformed. "Go along, ruffian, thou hast introduced me to a pretty Haji indeed. He had, no doubt, given thee a kiss or so. Quick, my girls, fetch the rods here!" In a glance the feet of the innocent maid were attached to the *falaka*, and innumerable blows came down on her heels. Kurroglou was moved with compassion when he saw the poor girl thus unjustly whipped.

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* *Mezraub*, the same as Grecian and Roman *plectrum*, a piece of bark, or very thinly-cut piece of wood, with which they strike the strings of the instrument.

He rose from his seat, and, placing himself before Nighara, was going to salute her, but he said in his heart: She is the sultan's daughter, and, moreover, dissimulation is sanctioned by our creed*. He therefore exclaimed, at the top of his voice, "*Salam Auleikum!*" The Princess Nighara fell into a great passion, and, from spite, gave him no answer. Kurroglou was sorely afflicted; one would say that a knife had been plunged in his breast. He thought in his mind: She did not answer me, and he added aloud: "Princess, give an order that the whipping of the servant-maid be stopped, the poor girl is innocent." Upon this he took the guitar, and sang:—

Improvisation.—"I said to her 'Welcome!' but she would not accept the greeting. I am a pennyless lover; I am without gold. I am not rich enough to purchase such a jewel as thou art."

Nighara came nearer to him, and said: "Thou brigand, miscreant, if thou hadst even a hundred thousand tumans in thy possession, who would think of placing so much as my corpse upon thy shoulders?" Having said these words, she gave him a kick with her feet in the bosom. One of the

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* The Sheah theology approves of a necessary hypocrisy, *takïe;* for instance, it allows to Sheahs, during their pilgrimage to Mecca, as long as they are on the Turkish territory, to pray, and to perform their ablutions according to the rites used by the Sunnites, in order not to be persecuted by the latter.

maids then exclaimed: "Princess, it is a pity thou shouldst profane thy slender foot against the unwashed breast of this dirty wretch." Kurroglou said to the girl, "How dost thou know, foolish girl, that my breast is not more precious than thy mistress's heel?" Then turning to the princess, he sang as follows:—

Improvisation.—"In thy breath there is the fragrance of the violet and hyacinth; like them thou art blooming in solitude. Thou art an arrow in my heart's core; Heaven will take vengeance on thee, because thou wouldst not listen to my complaints."

Nighara listened to this answer with angry looks, whilst her breasts, not larger than an orange, heaved, as their whiteness put to shame the virgin snow on the top of the mountain Savalan*. Kurroglou said in his heart; Whatever may happen, let us proceed. It would be a pity to compare the whiteness of this breast to silver: silver, like a courtezan, passes from one hand to another, and soon is worn out. I should likewise be sorry to compare it to snow, because the snow will be melted and disappear before the very first sun. I should rather compare it to white paper; yes, paper will last long, and, even if placed on the breast, will not lose its whiteness. Upon this he sang as follows:—

Improvisation.—"Thou art a garden full of violets

* A snowy mountain near Ardebil.

and of hyacinths. Why dost thou wound my bosom? Those breasts of thine are white paper. Why is it then that they hinder my pen from tracing on them a tale of love?"

The Princess Nighara listened to the lay, and did not move. Kurroglou said in his heart, Let us proceed, and tell her our name. He then sang:—

Improvisation.—"Thou art the freshest fruit in the gardens of the spring. Thou art the scented quince and the pomegranate. O, Nighara!—thou beloved of Kurroglou. Think not that the world is ignorant of thy worth."

At the time when Kurroglou received from Belly-Ahmed's hands the letter and the miniature he was drunk, and had no recollection of them, as well as of all that happened with the Princess Nighara and with Belly-Ahmed in the shop of the merchant of vegetables. Before he was able to recal it to his mind, Nighara directed her maid-servants to give a thrashing to the impudent fellow. (God preserve any man from being placed under the nails or the fingers of an angry woman!) The girls continued to pour a hail of blows upon Kurroglou. His olive-coloured dress of cloth soon fell to pieces on his body. The scourged man called out, "O Princess, if thou hast no pity for me, be merciful to thy own servant maids; their hands and feet grow callous from beating me." The princess said, "Come girls, let us take some wine, after which we will

return to thrash again this mustachioed impostor." They then departed. Nighara, walking, threw some glances behind on Kurroglou's tall figure and his manly beauty. When the latter perceived it, he forgot the pain caused by the whips, seized his guitar, and improvised a song on Nighara's eyes.

Improvisation.—"O Nighara, thou gazelle-eyed princess, shall I see thy bosom turn into stone? Thou hast thrown me down upon my face, may thy eyes be filled with tears."

The princess listened, and examined Kurroglou with increasing attention. He saw it, and sang again:—

Improvisation.—"Command, deliver me rather to the executioners, but do not betray the secret to strangers' ears. If thou shouldst ride on horseback, ride no other than a Kohlan steed. Whoever mounts him will be filled with delight."

Nighara exclaimed, "Girls, get me a glass of wine here!" While she was drinking, Kurroglou gazed on her, and improvised as follows:—

Improvisation.—"Give an order that I may be put to death! Let the tears be quenched in my eyes, their source. Let the goblets be filled. Drink my blood,—a bumper toast to thy good health!"

Kurroglou said in his heart, "Thou hast undergone so many troubles. Thou camest to Stambul,—What then? If it were possible at least to find, as a compensation, some fourteen or fifteen girls as

beautiful as she is, what a valuable addition to my stock at Chamly-bill. I would carry away every one of them to console myself after my failure of this day." He then sang:—

Improvisation.—"I wandered about that I might find her;—I wandered through the alleys, through the bazaars. Oh, let fifteen girls as beautiful as Nighara appear before Kurroglou's face!"

Nighara proceeded to the kiosk, and took some wine. Since his departure from Chamly-bill, Kurroglou had had no opportunity of drinking. His heart was gnawing with a desire for wine. He saw Nighara's eyes fixed on his, and began to lick and bite his lips. The princess said, "Girls! go and dissolve in butter some balm, *mumiah**, and fetch it to him, that he may drink, lest he should die, for he has been very much frightened. Tell him also that the princess desires not his death. Let him drink, and depart afterwards, otherwise I will kill him." Kurroglou was delighted when he saw the girls carrying a basin filled with liquid; he thought it was wine, and asked, "What is that?" "It is the extract of mumiah. My mistress told me to give thee one

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* *Mumiah*, a kind of mineral rosin flowing from a certain grotto in Southern Persia. When anybody breaks his bones, or is frightened, they give him mumiah to drink dissolved in hot melted butter; and the fact is, that faith in the remedy often proves most efficacious.

tumbler only;—I have filled an entire basin. My mistress directed me to tell thee to go away when thou hadst drunk it, or else she will have thee killed." Kurroglou was offended; he drove away the girl, whom he ordered to tell Nighara to send him the same beverage which she was drinking herself.

"Hów now! Does the holy Haji take prohibited liquor?—bravo!" rèplied the princess, when she had heard the message. By her orders carpets were spread on the back of the piece of water, bottles and dainties were placed upon them; and then all the women, following the example of the princess, seated themselves on the lawn.

"At the request of my lord Haji we shall give him wine, but he must dance for us, after which, let us whip the swindler again, and drive him away from the harem."

Kurroglou examined with his eyes the approaching train. The princess's gait was full of loveliness and grace. She halted from time to time, and took from her numerous waiting-women such dainties as a piece of roast meat, or something of that kind. The carpets were spread before Kurroglou. He thought in his heart, "If thou shouldst now play no air in honour of her arrival, thyself, as well as thy talent, are not worth a farthing." He then played a tune, and began as follows:—

Improvisation.—"O Aghas, my brethren! Ni-

ghara is come again. Tears of joy are flowing from my eyes;—the Princess Nighara is come. The Armenian is fond of his cross, although his prophet has suffered on it. I shall snatch one kiss from her white face. Look how she has adorned her black hair, which she had allowed to fall on her slender neck.—She is come!"

Nighara's body, whilst she walked, was swinging luxuriously, and her eyes were turned towards Kurroglou. He was delighted, and improvised as follows:—

Improvisation.—"Am I then allowed to hope still? Oh! the thought of thee has planted a camp in my breast. I look on my Nighara. From one of her hands she eats dainties; in the other hand is a crystal cup full of wine. She is come to teach me her beauty; she is come that she may pour out, —that she may exhaust to the very bottom, the source of my tears. The Princess Nighara is come again that she may kill Kurroglou."

As soon as Kurroglou had ended his song, Nighara called on her waiting women, "Now crush the ruffian!" The blows poured down on him in torrents again. Kurroglou, who was wallowing on the earth from great pain, approached gradually the piece of water, until at last he plunged into it, and, holding the guitar over his head, swam with one hand to the middle where the fountain was playing from a column of marble, upon which he then placed himself.

The girls, by their mistress's order, commenced pelting him with stones. Thus persecuted, he thought in his heart, "If it pleases God to conduct me safely from this place, I will burn thy father, O Belly-Ahmed. She has never loved me, and thou hast deceived me." He then turned to the princess, and exclaimed, "Lady! give me leave to sing an air which comes to my memory; when I have done, thou art at liberty to command again that I should be beaten.

Improvisation.—"O Aghas! I fell in love with a young beauty; I became mad,—raving-mad. The passion had seized me suddenly, and I was whirled by it towards the gazelle-eyed maiden.—If I had known her cruelty I would have avoided love. I should not now feed upon grief and lamentations as on my daily bread. I should not call, as I do now, upon treacherous fortune: spare me—spare me thy cruelties; be merciful to me!"

Here Nighara's bosom panted from under her robe. Kurroglou's heart fluttered, and he sang again:—

Improvisation.—"The sun is risen above the eastern hill*. She is the garden of flowers. Roses are bursting from the buds upon her cheeks. Let no foe dare to peep into the lover's garden. Whose lot will it be to pluck those roses?"

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* Alluding to the breasts of Nighara.

Nighara listened, evidently with growing pleasure. Kurroglou continued to sing:—

Improvisation.—"Forbid no longer Kurroglou to suck the freshness of thy lips. The man who shall touch thy waist but once, will become immortal. O Nighara! I am thy slave in good and bad fortune."

Meeting V.

The evening approached. The coolness of the water, and the blows of the viragoes of waiting-women, had by this time refreshed Kurroglou. He felt the necessity of mentioning Belly-Ahmed. On the other hand, the Princess Nighara grew more and more pensive, and she said in her heart: "In his songs he repeats continually Kurroglou's name, what if it is Kurroglou himself?" She then inquired, "Hear me, young man, tell the truth, art thou Kurroglou?" "God bless thee! thy waiting womens' whips have tanned my skin like that of an obstinate buffalo, and thou hast never thought till now of asking me whether I am Kurroglou. If thou didst not desire to see me, what was the use of writing that letter through Belly-Ahmed?" "Then thou art him, indeed, pardon me, my Kurroglou! if I have offended thee, it was because I did not know who thou wert. If I have chid thee, thou art at liberty to cut out my tongue; if I have struck

thee, I allow thee to cut off my hand, only pardon me." "I have pardoned thee before this." "My father, Sultan Murad, is as tall as thyself, I will fetch one of his royal gowns; if it should be too long for thee, I will direct a nail to be driven into each of thy heels, that thou mayest grow taller; if it should be too short, I shall have thy legs chopped off just at the place to which the gown will reach. If it is too wide, I will have thy belly cut open, thy skin taken off and stuffed with straw, according to the measure. Only be quick, get out of the water and the matter will be soon settled." Kurroglou said, "Thou art punishing me according to Abou-Horeyra's code. But never mind that, I shall obey thee in everything." But he thought in his heart, "A woman is easily deceived. If the gown should be too long, I will raise myself on tiptoe; if too short, I will bend my knees; if too wide, I shall swell my belly; if too tight, I will draw it in." He then said, "Princess, let the gown be brought."

When he was getting out of the water, Nighara assisted him with her own hand. The mantle was soon brought, and it seemed to have been made expressly for Kurroglou's use, it fitted him so nicely.

The princess and Kurroglou threw their hands round each other's neck and went to the kiosk. According to Turkish custom, they drank from the same vessel, he first emptied a cup of wine, and then she emptied it in turn.

The princess inquired, "Tell me, Kurroglou, hast thou got here with thee, thy famous horse Kyrat?" "Yes, I have." "Thou must find out another horse like him, and buy it for me."— "Princess, for a horse of this sort you must pay at least five thousand tumans*. I have not got so much money." Nighara ordered immediately the requisite sum to be brought and counted over to him. Kurroglou was delighted to perceive the increasing influence of wine and love on the princess, he then sang in a manner suited to her condition.

Improvisation.—"Moist, moist is the snow that is seen on the top of high mountains. Thy dazzling eyes are breathing freshness upon my maddened heart. My dear love is clad in rosy garments. She is all over of a roseate hue. The water she drinks is pure as the azure of heaven; her eyes are drunk with love and wine."

Nighara reclined upon a pillow and looked on him with her moist and beautiful eyes. Her bosom appeared under the transparent robe that covered it, like the pomegranates from Arabistan, or the lemons from Fars. The reins of patience escaped from Kurroglou's hands, he struck the strings of the guitar and sang:—

Improvisation.—"I see the native village of my beloved. Her lips are made for sucking. Her

* About two thousand five hundred pounds.

breasts escape impatiently from under the gauze that binds them, her breasts like pomegranates!"

Kurroglou regained his self-possession in some degree, and said in his heart: "But art thou not in the very heart of Constantinople? Art thou not in the middle of the seven walls of the Sultan's harem, and thou darest thus sing from the depth of thy heart! All the inhabitants of Turkey are thy deadly enemies. Some wise ear might be found, thou must be more cautious for the future." He therefore began to play on the guitar less loudly, and then sang in a more subdued voice:—

Improvisation.—"I am Kurroglou. Am I not free to enjoy a walk in this bower, nor can I show myself here in my own dress? I could not walk at pleasure over the wide world, the world appears too narrow for me."

Princess Nighara having heard these words, was confirmed in her opinion that this was the true Kurroglou, and said, "Be not disheartened. Thou canst not move one step from hence, without exciting suspicion. Put on the mollah's gown as before, go and buy me a horse. Then thou must return here in the same manner as thou hast entered first. I shall issue strict orders next morning that no one should dare to stir out of the town. I shall alone take a drive. If thou art young and gallant, thou shalt have an opportunity of distinguishing thyself."

Having made the above arrangement, Kurro-

glou took leave of the princess, returned to the bank of the piece of water to collect the articles of the mollah's dress, which had been scattered about, and having arranged in due order the turban, the rosary, the kaba, and the mantle, he left the harem. At the gate he was surrounded by the guards, who inquired how much money he had received from the princess for the news he brought her from the sultan. Kurroglou in reply, gave a ducat to each of the wardens: "Whither now, Haji? doest thou go back to Mecca?" "Yes, I must visit Mecca every year." "Do not forget to tell the Sultan, that since his departure we have not received one farthing's pay from the Princess Nighara *."

Kurroglou, feigning surprise, inquired, "Indeed, have you not received the pay that is due to you?—if so, I shall be here again to-morrow, at the same hour, to command the princess to pay you." But he said in his heart: I shall come here to-morrow to elope with the Princess Nighara. He then added: "In order to show you are dissatisfied, you must on your part abandon your stations." "We shall fall victims to thee, holy man!"

Kurroglou then went to the old woman's house.

* This is quite in the Oriental spirit. The princes of the blood and the grand dignitaries of the court, whenever they can, never hesitate to increase their income, by converting to their own use the pay of magistrates, troops, servants, &c., intrusted to their care.

He concealed in it the five thousand tumans, and went to the bazaar where horses were sold. Having purchased a colt three years old, he brought and tied it in the stable; he likewise prepared the saddle, and all other things requisite for the journey. Kurroglou having undergone so much fatigue, slept soundly, and when he awoke the sun had already risen. He heard the drums beating in the bazaars. "Old woman, what means this drumming?" "My son, the daughter of the Sultan Murad goes out once a week to take a walk. These drums are beating, that no one may dare to walk in the streets, lest he should unconsciously see the princess's face." Kurroglou now repeated his namaz. He then armed himself, led both his horses out of the stable, and having given the old woman so much gold, that her eyes brightened at the sight, he said: "Now, mother, thou hadst best hide thyself in a corner and sit still. I shall create a great deal of noise in the town, they will be sure to look for me at this house, and shouldst thou not hide thyself until the storm be over, thou art likely to suffer for it." "I thank thee, my son, farewell to thee."

Kurroglou soon found himself at a farsakh's distance from Constantinople; he rode on Kyrat, dragging after him the colt, whose bridle he had attached to his stirrup. At last he made a halt and looked towards the road, from which the Princess Nighara was to appear. He listened, and lo! the

noise of the wheels of the princess's carriage struck his ears. He galloped on his Kyrat towards her. Transported with joy, she stepped out of the carriage and stood in the road. Kurroglou rode at full speed in that direction, and without stopping, seized Nighara from the troop of her waiting women, and placed her behind him on the saddle. Having untied the shawl of his girdle, he bound round with it the princess and himself, and having fastened it, tied it in a knot. "Warrior Kurroglou, why dost thou not give me a separate horse?" "Fear nothing, Thy horse attached to my stirrup, will be sure to reach Chamly-bill. Clasp me now with both thy arms." He then directed his course to the full speed of his horse along the byeways, in order to leave no trace behind, and to mislead his pursuers. He did not stop to take breath before he found himself at twenty farsakhs' distance from Constantinople.

Listen now what became of Nighara's waiting-women. They all returned to town to the palace of the Prince Burji Sultan, crying, shrieking, and tearing their hair. "Whilst thou art sitting here, thy sister has been seized and carried away by a brigand. Poor soul, she was so unwilling to go, she cried so piteously! But she could not resist. He placed her behind him and carried her away."

Burji Sultan lost his senses. He jumped on a horse, rushed onwards in pursuit. Every Turk who

had heard this extraordinary news hastened to follow the prince.

In the mean time, Kurroglou dismounted from his horse in a lovely meadow situated in the mountains. "Be seated, dear lady, let us take rest, and in the mean time our horses must be fed. I had no sleep all night. Lose not the horses from thy sight; I shall take a nap." "Dost thou intend to have a long sleep or a short one?" Kurroglou placing his face close to Nighara's cheek, replied, "Dear young darling, my sleep is of a double nature, one is but three days, and the other seven days long." "What a pretty lover! May thy house fall in ruins! Not content to have brought me from Stambul into this desert, he must needs frighten me with so long a sleep. A rescue may arrive from the city. This is not the place for joking." "Young lady, should the pursuing army find us in this place, so much the better. The meadow is smooth, just fit for a field of battle. My Kyrat possesses this virtue, that whenever my enemy sets out from any place against me, he neighs; when the foe has made half its distance, Kyrat grows restless and sneezes; and when at last the enemy is on the point of showing himself, Kyrat digs the ground with his hoof, and foams at the mouth. Mark well all those signs, and when the last is given, thou must awake me." This said, he placed her head under his own, and cheek by cheek, he fell asleep.

Nighara observed Kyrat with great attention. Soon after the fine horse neighed. After a few hours, he began to walk about restlessly to and fro and at the same time he sneezed. At last she looked and beheld Kyrat scratching the ground with his hoof, and foaming at the mouth. She then awoke Kurroglou. "What is the matter?" he inquired: "Get up, get up, Kyrat is digging the earth and grows restless."

Kurroglou then rose, tightened the girths of Kyrat's saddle, and placing Nighara on the colt, got on his own horse. Leaning upon his lance he stood quietly. "Why dost thou not fly? The pursuing party will soon be here," asked Nighara. "If they should not find us, they will be sure to pursue us to the very gates of Chamly-bill, and to annoy us on our progress. Let me rather wash their heads well on the spot, and show them what I can do. In the contrary case they would give us no respite."

He looked towards the town and saw a horseman coming towards him with the velocity of the wind. "Who can it be?"

In the first burst of fury, Burji Sultan set off alone to his sister's rescue. The troops remained behind him at some distance. The prince flies on and sees from afar, a giant standing on horseback and leaning upon a lance; by his side stood the Princess Nighara mounted on another horse. He said

in his heart: "I cannot fight in single combat with a warrior like this. A tiger like him, who was daring enough to seize the Sultan's daughter in the very heart of Constantinople, can be no other than Kurroglou of Chamly-bill himself. I had, therefore, better ride up to him and try to protract the time by various subterfuges, until the entire army may arrive." He then called from a distance: "Hallo! warrior, I should like to fight a duel with thee in the Persian fashion. I have had lessons from Kurroglou himself. But thou must have patience enough first to hear me sing an air. We will fight after I have finished it." "Thou art," replied Kurroglou, "a swindler and a miscreant, thou wishest to sell me the merchandise which thou hast bought from me before! As for thee, princess—be not afraid. This lad intends to keep me here by treason, till the time when the troops shall have come up. I could easily settle my account with him by a single blow, but I shall not break thy heart, princess. He is thy brother, and for that reason alone I shall await the arrival of the pursuing party."

Then turning to the prince: "Well, lordling, thou mayest sing now, let us see if thou canst do so." Burji Sultan sang the following air in reply:—

Improvisation.—"Whither art thou bound, Kurroglou? We shall see, whether Nighara is to be thine or mine."

His eyes then were directed to his sister. He

saw that she stood pale gazing on them, his eyes bristled like a poniard's edge. He sang as follows:

Improvisation.—"How beautiful she looks! Her bosom is overshadowed by a half-diaphanous robe, with one opening. Her palace stands in the midst of gardens covered with flowers of various hue. From the centre of the pure whites of her eyes, two black pupils are shedding their light. She must either be thine or mine."

Kurroglou exclaimed, "Son of a burnt father! This woman, with the dark hair, with eye-brows arched like a bow, belongs to me. Of what use is she to thee? in every case thou wouldst be obliged to give her to somebody." Kurroglou seeing that the pursuing party was coming nearer and nearer, said to Nighara, "See what a treacherous man thy brother is. His army is arrived." Burji Sultan then sang the following air which had been composed by Kurroglou:—

Improvisation.—"When the Khans are closing on the field of battle, sweet souls must fall a sacrifice to thee. Torrents of gore are gushing on earth in succession. Nighara must either be thine or mine."

Kurroglou exclaimed, "She is thine, prince, only come and take her." Burji Sultan then sang on:—

Improvisation.—"I am the sultan's son; my name is Burji. I twist the heads of my enemies*. Let us

* *I twist the heads:* it is a pun; in the original, *burjamak* signifies to wring off, to pull off; and *Burji Sultan* is the appellation of the royal prince.

cross our curved swords. She is either thine or mine."

Kurroglou shouted, "Listen to me, thou sultan's puppy. The airs of warlike challenges are the heirloom that shall be left after me to future ages. My songs are more beautiful than thine. Listen, and learn." Upon this he took the guitar, tuned it, and supporting it on the stirrup, he struck an air, and sang:—

Improvisation.—"I have told thee my *Yes*!* My name is Kurroglou. I am Kurroglou; my horse is mad, I am a madman too. I am the ram, the leader of the human flock; I am Kurroglou!"

The commander of a troop of horse, who stood behind the prince, said to his horsemen: "Children, my souls, this is Kurroglou himself. When a mountain covered with snow hears his voice, she trembles from fear, and shakes off all the snow from her head. When a pregnant woman hears it, she miscarries. I swear, by the first four khalifs, that he will exterminate us all to a man. I am going back, and whoever is not a fool, let him follow me."

Kurroglou, seeing that an entire troop of horse was in retreat, said to Nighara: "Princess, be of good cheer. I think that the whole of thy brother's army will turn back without drawing a sword;" and in his heart he said: Bravo, Kurroglou! thou must

* It means, "I act and sing in my own way, and no man can either resist me, or act and sing in the same manner."

again fall on them vigorously with a song, and they will all be put to flight. He sang as follows:—

Improvisation—"I know well the soul of a true man. I laugh in the face of a base cowardly villain. I can chew iron to atoms, and spit it out towards heaven. I am Kurroglou—hear, ye miscreants—Kurroglou!"

The horsemen of another troop of Turkish horse began to whisper to each other, "Who can resist a man that is able to chew iron into atoms, and spit it towards heaven?" They also gave way. But the rest of the army kept standing bravely close behind Burji Sultan. Kurroglou said in his heart: May I defile your turbans! You do not run away! He then sang:—

Improvisation.—"It is my guitar that is sonorous. It is I who shall suck Nighara's lips. My sword is Egyptian. My lance is of bamboo. Kurroglou—yes, I am Kurroglou!"

Even Burji Sultan himself looked behind on those who stood at his back. But they all remained firm in their places. Kurroglou sang:—

"I am Kurroglou! I drag the corpses on the sand. I shall sow barley where you stand now.* I shall pour an army upon you. I, Kurroglou, the ram Kurroglou!"

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* An allusion to Timourleng's and Jengiskhan's custom of destroying towns. They used to put all the inhabitants to

With his last word he pushed his horse into the centre of Burji Sultan's troops. Thou wouldst say that a single hungry wolf had rushed in the midst of a numerous flock of sheep. Seventeen Turkish corpses dropped from their horses. The remainder dispersed over the meadow as a flock of frightened gazelles. The prince alone still held out, and was now turning his horse to attack Kurroglou. "What is to be done?" thought Kurroglou; "if I were to kill him, his sister will never pardon me; she would fill my days with bitterness." He looked on her, and saw she was crying. "Wherefore dost thou weep?" "O, Kurroglou! I have but one brother. Do not kill him!" "My soul, be not afraid." Meanwhile the prince had rushed on him, sword in hand, and exclaimed, "Here is my gift, take it!..." Kurroglou warded off the blow, and said, "Thy master of the horse does not deserve the bread he eats from thy bounty. He did not tie fast enough the girth of thy horse, and, in consequence of this, thou art wavering in the saddle. I advise thee to dismount, and shorten the girths; then come and fight with me."

The stupid Turk believed these words, and lowered himself to fasten the girth. Kurroglou

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the sword, to level the houses, and, after ploughing the ground, sow corn on it. One of these melancholy scenes of desolation is yet to be seen in the environs of Teheran,—the site of the ruins of the once famous Arabian city, Rey.

attacked him at that moment, and, pushing him cautiously with his club, brought him to the ground. He then sprang from Kyrat, seated himself on the prostrated man, and drew a knife, apparently intending to cut off his head. The prince wept, and invoked his sister's aid. "How is this! Didst thou not say she must be either thine or mine. Why dost thou shed tears now?" Burji Sultan said, "Sultan Murad has but one son and one daughter in the world: the one thou wilt slay, the other thou wilt carry away, and the entire family will be extinct." "Wilt thou now give me thy sister in marriage? If so, I shall grant thee thy life." "I am as learned as a mollah. I have perused all the seven volumes of the Arabian commentaries of the Koran. I know by heart all the formulas used at weddings." Thus, being afraid of losing his life, the prince pronounced the nuptial orison, according to the Koran, and gave him Nighara for a wife*. Kurroglou raised him from the earth, kissed his forehead, and said, "From this moment thou mayst reckon me amongst the number of the most faithful of Sultan Murad's servants. In his name, and by his authority, I shall reign in Chamly-bill. Where

* Among the Mussulmans the presence of a clergyman in such a case is, by no means, indispensable. Every true believer can lawfully officiate at a marriage, as soon as he is able to pronounce, in good Arabic, the due formulas.

could the Sultan find a better husband for his daughter than I am myself?"

Kurroglou then rode away, taking the princess with him. Poor Burji Sultan stood, and gazed on his sister, until at last she disappeared in the distance. It was not till then that he turned his horse's head in the direction of Constantinople.

But listen now to the news about Kurroglou. He journeyed on from one menzil to another, and came at last to the borders of a meadow on which upwards of forty tents had been pitched. It was the son of a first minister of an European monarch, with his attendants and suite. We cannot tell by what chance that young man had happened to see somewhere a portrait of the Princess Nighara. When he had heard that she was a daughter of the Turkish Sultan, he undertook a journey for the purpose of embracing the Mussulman faith, and entering the service of that potentate, in order to become worthy, by this means, of the name of his son-in-law.

When Nighara saw a camp on the meadow, she said, "Warrior Kurroglou, I beg of thee, let us make a turn to avoid this camp; let us ride the other way." "If thou wouldst give me leave, princess, I shall soon turn all these tents upside down. Some hundred thousand tumans, of which I can make a spoil here, will enable me to provide for the ceremonies of our wedding, and to make a dowry

for thee. I neither plough nor trade; I must consequently avail myself of an opportunity like the present to provide myself with money." "I want no expensive ceremonies at the wedding, nor do I want a rich dowry, all I desire from thee is to conduct me to Chamly-bill. What necessity is there for us to expose ourselves to fresh fatigues and dangers on the road? Thou hast already proved, by thy courage, to be worthy of my esteem, and I am satisfied."

Kurroglou then began to ramble about the camp. The son of the European minister was standing at the doors of his tent, and saw a woman pass on horseback that way, accompanied by a man, who sat, himself like a mountain, upon another mountain—his horse. His curiosity was excited to know who they were, and he told his equerry to have a pair of horses saddled. He also ordered the master of his household to have a tray filled with a variety of delicacies, both for eating and drinking, and to send it to the princess with a request that she would accept and eat of them; and, also, that she would leave there the horses, which were tired, and take a couple of fresher and finer ones.

Nighara seeing that a servant was coming with the dainties in their direction, said, "See my Kurroglou, would it be proper to treat so rudely, as thou hast intended, so polite a gentleman as this?" Kurroglou was too cunning not to understand the

object for which the dainties had been sent, and said, "If thou couldst but see what is at the bottom of this full glass, thou wouldst not approach it to thy lips." Here the servant with the tray called out, "Warrior! the European sends thee this tray with dainties." Kurroglou said to Nighara, "Get thee down from thy horse." They then both placed themselves on the ground, and commenced eating the things that had been sent. The tray was soon empty. When the servant was to take it away, he was frightened with the sight of Kurroglou's enormous mustachios, but the latter thought: This lad looks like a man that has the gift of speech. I suppose one can talk with him. "Servant, as we are going away immediately, if thou hast anything to tell, say it now." "No, warrior, I have nothing to tell." Kurroglou first placed Nighara, and then got up himself on horseback. The servant stood by and said at last, "Warrior, I have one prayer." "Say, what it is." "The European sends thee a greeting, and begs that thou wouldst accept a couple of his horses in exchange for thine own." "But who is that European of thine?" "The son of the first vizier of the court of the European monarch." "Then I shall not accept horses of thy master, but would be glad to present him with mine gratis. We are nomades, our camp is but on the other side of yonder mountain, and we can as well reach it on

foot." This said he turned Kyrat towards the tents. "I shall not ride thither," said Nighara. Kurroglou became angry, and shouted to her, "Daughter of a burnt father, what means the word, I shall not ride?" There was no disobeying him.

Korroglou having reached the European's tent, lowered himself to take a peep into the interior. He looked and beheld that the European was a youth,—but what a youth! all resplendent like a sun. "Salam!" said Kurroglou. The salam was politely returned by the European who asked, "Warrior, what is thy profession?" "I am an Aushik*." Nighara stood behind him. "Will you then play or sing for me a little?" enquired the European.

Kurroglou took the guitar and improvised as the circumstances required.

Improvisation.—"Arise, thou son of Europe, let us fight a battle, young man! Whatever language thou mayst choose to use, my sword is sure to give thee a clear answer, European youth!"

The young man's eyes were on the Princess

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* A travelling bard or musician. This name has been mentioned before; great numbers are continually traversing all over Persia, either by themselves or in company with other musicians, dancers, etc. The main quality of an Aushik is to know by heart many songs. Sir Alexander Burnes met with some of them in Turkmania.

Nighara, he saw that her eyelashes were standing up like the point of a poniard and pierced through the veil. After a closer examination he could soon distinguish the eyes, and found them exactly similar to those of the portrait in his possession. The reins of the European's self-possession escaped from his hand; he could do nothing but look on her. Kurroglou was not a little displeased, seeing that the European did not listen to him, and that his song past the unheeding ears of the stranger like wind: he therefore thought, "Ha! villain dost thou stare at Nighara!" He then sang:

Improvisation.—"A thorn was appointed to guard the rose. He tore her heart in a thousand pieces. Young European, why dost thou gaze on Nighara thus?"

The young man said, "Warrior, what Nighara dost thou speak of?" "The daughter of the Turkish Sultan." The European said in his heart, "God! thou hast placed her in my way at last! I shall forthwith proceed to wrest her from this beggar's hand, and shall marry her this evening." He motioned his servants to surround both Kurroglou and Nighara. The attendants were in great numbers, but they were all mere dwarfs, the tallest of them was of the size of his master. Kurroglou thought, "Fox of a giaour! Dost thou think of hunting down a mastiff forty years' old, with puppies like these?" He sang:

Improvisation.—"I know the man whom I shall burn with fire. I shall be the cause of thy mother's tears. Arise, O European youth and direct thy goods to be loaded on the mules, they must all go to Chamly-bill."

The European then exclaimed, "Who art thou, scoundrel, thus to command me to load my property on the mules?" "Ha! ha, who am I? Listen!" He then sang again.

Improvisation.—"For the traveller, I am a son of the way-layer travelling. For the brave I am a servant, nay, a worshipper. Verily, I tell thee, O European youth! I am Kurroglou. Be reasonable, young man."

The European replied, "Kurroglou, hear me, thou hast but as yet fought with lambs alone, hitherto thou hast never met a ram."

He then drew the sword and rushed upon Kurroglou. The latter with one blow of his club, struck the sword from the European's hand, whilst at the same time with the other hand he gave him such a tremendous box of the ear, that the young man, like one drunk and senseless, dropped in the middle of his tent, where he lay as if he had been dead for three years. His servants rushed upon the victor. Kurroglou slew a dozen of them, the others he put to flight.

Having manacled the European's arms, he bound him on the first horse that fell in his way, and

ordered the servants that remained to strike their tents. In an instant the entire camp was laid down, and after being packed up, was loaded on the mules' backs. Kurroglou drove them before him, with his naked sword. At the end of a few farsakhs, the European came to his senses. He then began to implore the Princess Nighara to intercede in his favour. "Lady, thou must hear all the truth. Thy portrait had fallen in my hands. I came from Europe for thy sake alone. I was not aware that thou hadst fallen into the hands of a dragon like this. I conjure thee, in God's name! free me from his hands at all risk; take the manacles off my legs." "If I were to unbind thee and to betray Kurroglou, thou wouldst make thy escape?" "Yes, I would escape, under the condition that thou shouldst prevent him from pursuing me." "Agreed: I shall not let him go in any case. Be of good cheer."

Nighara approached Kurroglou. "Warrior, I have one humble request to make." "What is it, my dear?" "Give an order that the European's fetters be taken off. He is so unhappy." "I shall do as thou biddest, my beloved" He then went, and after having unbound the young man, allowed him to get on horseback. Nighara inquired, "My dear, what hast thou paid for my horse?" He replied, "One or two hundred tumans." "I am as good a horseman as thyself; let us try which of us can run the faster." In the mean time she had given

a hint to the European, that he should avail himself of their absence and try to escape. Kurroglou saw clearly what was the matter, and said, "I must confess, my Nighara, that I am not inclined, after so many fatigues, to have a gallop. I feel weary." "Do my dear, I pray thee, if thou lovest me."

Kurroglou not wishing to afflict her, started at full speed, and they both were soon lost to the eye in the dust and the distance. The European began to fly away in a contrary direction.

Kurroglou having on his return found that the European was gone, said, "Well, Nighara, he is fled, but I shall catch him again." "No, my love, do no such thing, I have purposely sent him away from hence." How! wouldst thou that I should allow my game to escape from my hands?" "Listen, Kurroglou! seest thou this ring on my finger? Under this precious stone there is a grain of poison. If thou shouldst pursue the European, thou must expect to find my corpse here on thy return. I swear it by God's name."

Kurroglou hesitated no longer and came back.

They then pursued their journey from one menzill to another. When they had arrived in the neighbourhood of Chamly-bill, Kurroglou perceived that a rich merchant lay encamped with his caravan, upon a delightful meadow. They were enjoying themselves drinking wine, eating kebabs and

playing the game of backgammon*. He then said to Nighara, "If we could succeed in seizing this caravan, I should get money enough to purchase some wedding dresses for thee." "Oh no, warrior, we have had enough of it. From this place to Chamly-bill I shall not suffer even an ant to complain against thee under thy feet."

They had by this time arrived close to the caravan. The merchant seeing the princess who rode with Kurroglou, felt an ardent desire of possessing her. The more so that none of his wives accompanied him. He called on his servant, in whose hand he slipped ten tumans, saying, "Run quickly and give this money to the man who is riding with this veiled female. Tell him that the master of the caravan is desirous of having her for a wife, and invites the man himself to a wedding supper. He will be at liberty to depart next morning, and I shall give him fifty tumans besides, with the woman into the bargain, if he likes."

Kurroglou, having heard what the slave said, coloured up, and whispered to Nighara, "See now, thou wouldst not allow me to destroy this caravan; the consequence is, that the miscreant presumes to lay his hand on my wife. Those rich men are all alike." He took out his guitar, and after tuning it, sang as follows:—

* *Takht-u-nard*, tric-trac.

Improvisation.—"A mist is descending upon the tops of the high mountains. Darkness, fog, and humidity dwell on them. The snow is coming down, the ravines and mountain passes become inaccessible for a caravan. Bitter and cold blasts are blowing."

Here he motioned Nighara not to quit his side, and sang on:—

Improvisation.—"Winter, winter is come. Wild ducks are flocking on the lakes. The antelopes have descended in herds into the valleys. Thou art alone, foreign warrior, in the midst of men who are strangers to thee; their language is unknown to thee; thou art indeed to be pitied."

As soon as the merchants had heard Kurroglou's voice, they said to the master of the caravan, "O may not thy house fall in ruins!—this man is the robber Kurroglou; thou hast not only given him no haratch, but moreover wishest to take his wife from him. Let us make haste to mend the fault and collect a sum of money; let every tent furnish one purse, and then let our gift be sent to him. If he takes it, we must thank him for the mercy he deigns to show us; if he rejects it and should slay us, he has a right to do it."

They all left the camp and fell down at Kurroglou's feet. "Renowned warrior, we beg of thee to pardon us our folly and ignorance." Kurroglou exclaimed, "Let the master of the caravan be

brought here." "O warrior! the master of the caravan is dead." "Let then the wares be packed on the camels, and let the caravan follow me." The merchants with bags of money in their hands, continued to implore his mercy. Kurroglou sang as follows:—

*Improvisation**.—"Dost thou recollect the day, thou battering ram, Kurroglou! When thou hast bound my heart with the knot of gratitude. Thou art vigorous, thy horse is swift. Where is the hand more powerful than thine?"

The merchants began to implore the princess, "We conjure thee, for God's sake, speak in our favour." Nighara then said, "They have committed a fault, but I pray thee make me a present of their guilt."

Kurroglou ordered one thousand five hundred tumans to be paid down as a haratch, pocketed it carefully, and proceeded on his journey, accompanied by Nighara.

The advanced guards from Chamly-bill recognised their lord riding at a good distance. Ayvaz then set out to meet him at the head of seven hundred and seventy-seven horsemen. Whilst one

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* The original is somewhat unintelligible: we give here a verbatim translation, "Do not boast Kurroglou; thou hast put a knot on my breast. I am alert and my horse is swift. There is an arm which can outdo thine."

was galloping at the full speed of his horse, another played with the jarid; another again, after launching his horse in a full gallop, turned round and fired over his shoulder. Thus in the midst of shouts of joy, laughter, and firing, they made a triumphal entry into Chamly-bill. Nighara was delighted and asked, "Warrior, which of these is Ayvaz? let me see him." Kurroglou sang as follows:—

Improvisation.—"Look there, my dear love! That horseman is Ayvaz.—Look at him, and stretch my soul on the bed of the fire of jealousy.—See, this is Ayvaz, but do not fall in love with him. In his hand appears a hezzara* shield; the sugar of eloquence is on his tongue, and the outline of the pencil of the Almighty's hand is on his eye-brows; on his left and right appear warriors on horseback. Look, but thou must not fall in love with him; he is but a lad fourteen years' old; a crane's plume is on his head. This rider is Ayvaz,—yes, Ayvaz himself."

Before Kurroglou had time to dismount from his horse, his seven hundred and seventy-seven warriors were already standing drawn up in a line, and saluting him with a low bow. Kurroglou said, "Go,

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* *Hezzara*, the name of a powerful tribe in Northern Affghanistan. Their encampments lie in the mountainous country between Herat, Kabul, and Balkh, and contain about fifty thousand families.

and make a bow to the Princess Nighara. We are bound to honour her; she is the Turkish Sultan's daughter." And he was rejoiced to see the seven hundred and seventy-seven armed men standing humbly in a line before Nighara, who sat in the gate of Chamly-bill. He exclaimed, "O God! let us thank Thee, and glorify Thy name. I owe it to Thy bounty alone, that I have been able to reach the goal of my most sanguine hopes." He then struck the strings of his guitar, and sang.

Improvisation.—"The mists of adversity have been dispelled by Kurroglou's faith, and by his trust in God. They have vanished as the dusk of the morning. Here is my Ayvaz! Ayvaz, listen to me!"

He ordered him, without delay, to send for a palanquin, and to conduct in it the princess into the fortress. Soon after, all Kurroglou's wives and female slaves came out of the fort. Nighara, placed upon the luxurious pillows of the palanquin, was introduced with joy, splendour, and esteem into the apartments that had been prepared for her use in the harem.

Belly-Ahmed was liberated from his prison. Kurroglou covered him with a splendid khelat; and, after heaping favours and gifts upon him, made him one of the principal commanders of his troops. He afterwards said to the chiefs, "This is the day of my wedding: I wish to add joy to joy by giving a wife

to Ayvaz." The double festivity was celebrated during forty days and nights. Musicians, singers, dancers, and jugglers came in crowds, collected from the surrounding country, to amuse the guests. The wine continued flowing in torrents; and it flows to this very hour!

Meeting VI.

In one of the districts of Anatolia lives a great tribe of wandering nomades, known by the name of *Hatiss*. It is composed of thirty thousand families, who are all rich, and reside in a beautiful country. Every one of its elders devotes his life to some favourite object: one of them is fond of fine clothes, another prefers women, and another, again, is fond of greyhounds or hawks. Their chief, Hassan Pasha, was fond of horses beyond anything in the world. Whenever he heard of a fine horse he spared neither money nor trouble to procure it.

One day Hassan Pasha went to his stable, and, after having examined several of his horses, he said to his vizier, "Surely no king of any of the five climates of the world can boast of a stable like this." The vizier replied, "True, no king has a stable like this, but Kurroglou has a horse at Chamly-bill, of the name of Kyrat, the like to which is not possessed by Keyvan himself, the ruler of the seven heavens."

"O, my vizier, I am ready to give all I have to possess this jewel." "Pasha, it is not an easy task. Kurroglou is not in want of money, and there is no possibility of taking it from him by force." "My vizier, to the man who shall bring this horse to me I will give half my power If he should say, it is not enough, I will give him half my riches; and, should even this appear too insignificant to him, I have seven daughters, he shall be at liberty to choose the most beautiful of them for a wife. Go, and let this order be trumpeted, in the direction of all the four winds, to all the encampments of our tribe. Be he a Beg or a beggar, old or young, he shall be my son-in-law if he only brings Kyrat to me."

There was amongst the tribe of Haniss a certain scullion, Hamza by name, whose head and eyebrows were bald, and he was marked with the small-pox. This man having heard the proclamation, hastened to the vizier, barefooted, and having no trousers on. "What proclamation is it, vizier?" he inquired. "What is that to thee, thou bald-headed ugly cur?" "I only ask to know what it is about?" The vizier then informed him of all the details, and added, "The man who will be successful will be rich." "What need have I of money?" replied Hamza, "a dozen pounds or so of the water melon's peel, which is given me in the kitchen to masticate every day, is sufficient to gratify my palate." "The pasha promises to divide his power and riches, and to give

one of his seven daughters as a wife to the man who will bring Kyrat to him." As soon as Hamza had heard this last proposition, he stood erect and raised his ears. "Vizier, I have seen all the seven daughters of the pasha, but if he should consent to give me the youngest of them . . . . ." "Whoever brings the horse will be allowed to choose amongst the seven the one he likes best." Hamza struck his breast with both hands, and said: "Look upon me, look upon me; I am the man to do it." "Indeed? tell me how for instance." "The pasha shall have Kyrat, but thou must first conduct me to his presence." The vizier thought: "We have been proclaiming it for so many days, no one has been found as yet willing to undertake this expedition. He is the first and the last. I must let the pasha see him."

Hamza was introduced to the presence of the pasha. "Is it thee, thou bald-pated one, that hast promised to bring Kyrat to me?" "Myself, but what wilt thou give me for it, pasha?" "I shall give thee half my riches." "I want no riches." "I will present thee with half of the pasha's power." "I want not that power of thine; what should I do with it?" "Thou shalt have whichsoever of my seven daughters thou pleasest." "Pasha, I cannot believe those words." "What else am I to do to convince you of my sincerity?" "Swear, by kissing the Koran, that, in case of breaking thy word, thou

mayest divorce every one of thy seven wives." The pasha took the oath. Hamza then said, "I have been long enamoured of thy youngest daughter; if I forfeit my life in this expedition, I shall not regret it at all: if on the other hand, I should bring the horse with me, I shall then have thy youngest daughter for myself." The pasha said, "Thou shalt have her;" and kissed the Koran.

Hamza set out for Chamly-bill without loss of time; and the arrival of such a poor wretch could hardly attract any attention. After a month's residence at that place, he thought in his heart: "Let me fish for Daly Ahmed with the bait of acquaintance and friendship. I shall thus, perhaps, contrive to creep into the stable." He then entered the stable-yard cautiously, with a slow pace; and after having torn the shirt off his breast, he gathered in one heap the horse-dung that lay scattered about, and having seated himself upon it, he began to weep and wail aloud. Tears were pouring from his eyes like rain from a cloud. Daly-Mehter, Kurroglou's equerry, was just passing that way; he saw a naked wretch in tears, sitting on a heap of horse dung. His heart was impressed with pity. It is well known that madmen* are much given to pity. "Bald-pate, why dost thou cry so?" Hamza answered,

* In allusion to the literal meaning of the word *Daly*, mad, crazed.

"May I fall a victim to thee! I am an orphan and a foreigner; thanks to the ugliness of my bald forehead, no man will take me to be his servant. I should like to find a master who may give me a piece of bread." Daly-Mehter thought: "All the world lives on Kurroglou's bread; I will take this man to the stable and give him food." He then raised the weeping man by his hands, and took him into the stable. Daly-Mehter pulled his sleeves up to the elbows, and filling a can made of brass with warm water, he washed the bald man's head, and after cleansing him all over, gave him his old clothes to put on.

The bald Hamza showed so much zeal and practice in his service about Kurroglou's horses, that Daly-Mehter's reason escaped from his head from astonishment. One of the two best horses that were in this stable was Kyrat, who was attached by one of his legs with a chain, the lock of which Kurroglou himself always carried in his pocket. The other horse usually mounted by Ayvaz, was called Durrat. This horse was also locked separately, and the key of its lock was in Daly-Mehter's pocket.

All the above circumstances were soon known to Hamza, who began to despair of the possibility of getting at Kyrat at any time. Kurroglou came one day to the stable and found Daly-Mehter fast asleep. He looked, and beheld a ragged and bald-pated fellow,

who was currying Kyrat with a currycomb, and a piece of horse-cloth in his hand. Kurroglou as well as Hamza had never seen each other before that time. Kyrat was bent like in a bow under the pressure of Hamza's powerful hand, and his skin was all shining from excellent grooming. Kurroglou trembled in all his limbs, and thought in his heart: "The man under whose arm Kyrat is bent in this manner, cannot be an ordinary man." He then called out, "Thou bald-pated cur, thou wilt make the horse's skin come off. Is this the way to curry him?" Hamza snatched a large iron hammer from the niche, and raising it on Kurroglou, exclaimed, "What is thy business in this stable? begone, thou vagabond." For he had been enjoined long before by Daly-Mehter not to allow anybody to enter the stable. Kurroglou said, "Fool, how darest thou to raise thy hand upon me?"

Daly-Mehter was aroused from his sleep by this noise. He sprang up from the ground, and saluted his master. "Who is this man whom thou hast engaged in the stable?" "May I fall a victim to thee! Thousands of people are living upon thy bread. This bald pate is very clever and active, he might as well as others be fed by thy bounty." "I grudge my bread to no one. Give it to him as thou hast given before, let him eat of it as much as he likes; but judging from his limbs and movements I cannot expect anything good from him; he looks

like a thief of horses." "Oh! no, my lord, if he were of iron one could not make as much as five needles of him. Such a poor devil!"

Hamza then became aware that this was Kurroglou himself; he dropped the hammer on the floor, and in his great fear, ran to hide himself under a mule's pack-saddle*. Kurroglou before he left the stable said to Daly-Mehter, "Keep a sharp eye on the horse and trust no man too far." He made no further inquiries.

The longer Hamza remained attached to the stable, the more he was convinced that it would be impossible for him to carry Kyrat away. He therefore said in his heart, "If not Kyrat, it must then be Durrat at least. The former is the father of the latter, and his mother was an Arabian mare. Hassan Pasha has never seen either of them before. He will believe me, he will give me his youngest daughter for a wife. And if even he should ever know the truth, he will not take away his daughter when she is once married."

During the night he got ready Durrat's saddle as well as all the trappings belonging it. Daly-Mehter was drunk when he returned from Kurroglou's palace, and seeing Hamza was crying with bitter tears, with his face leaning upon both his

* *Paulan*, a great pack-saddle, used for mules to carry burdens upon.

palms, as if he were a widower, he inquired, "What is that, Hamza?" "My lord, how can I help weeping? Every night thou goest to Kurroglou to drink red wine, and yet thou hast never said to thyself, 'Let me take a few drops for the poor orphan.' What stuff is this wine? I have never seen it. Is it sour or sweet?"

Daly-Mehter rose from his place, took the stable can with him and went to Kurroglou's wine-cellar. After having filled the can, he brought it back and placed it before Hamza. He then said, "Drink, bald-pate." Hamza filled a basin to the brim and handed it to Daly-Mehter, "My lord, thou must try it first; let me see how thou drinkest." Daly-Mehter emptied the basin at a draught and giving it to Hamza, said, "This is the way to drink it." Hamza then filled the basin to drink in his turn and having approached it to his lips, he shook it so cleverly that all the beverage was thrown by the movement over his shoulder, without Daly-Mehter seeing it. In this manner he made the equerry so completely drunk, that the latter, at last, dropped senseless on the floor.

Hamza said in his heart, "It is not becoming for me to show myself in these rags." He therefore pulled off his old clothes and having unrobed Daly-Mehter, put on the latter's dress, and arrayed the drunken sleeper in his cast-off clothes. He then took from the pocket the key belonging to Durrat's

stall, led the horse out of the stable, put a saddle upon its back, and flew like a shooting star along the road that led to the camps of the tribe of Haniss.

Kurroglou came to the stable early in the morning, having no girdle on, as he had just left the harem. He looked and saw Kyrat standing in his place, but Durrat had disappeared. He thought, at once, that bald-pate must have stolen him. He then called for the equerry. Daly-Mehter jumped up from his place, rubbed his eyes and made a bow. "Villain! what is the meaning of these rags I see upon thee; what juggling trick is this?"

The poor equerry looked on his dress and could not believe his eyes. "Where is Durrat?" "My lord, Hamza must have taken him for a walk, or to water him." "Well, villain, did I not tell thee he was a thiever of horses. Quick, let Kyrat be saddled."

Kurroglou, duly armed, rode to the top of the nearest mountain upon which his outposts were stationed. He examined the country all round through a telescope, until at last he caught sight of the runaway. He saw him flying along like an arrow to its goal.

He was transported with terrible rage, and roared from the mountain, "Cowardly ruffian, whither fliest thou, whither? Thou mayst run as far as Stambul itself, but I shall follow and seize

thee even there." Kurroglou's voice, when he was angry, could be heard at a farsakh's distance. He then galloped on in pursuit of the runaway. Hamza recognized Kurroglou's voice from afar, and said, "O! heavenly father, life is sweet; woe! woe to me!" He looked before him and saw a village that lay at a short distance. He said in his heart, "If I could reach this village my soul may still be saved." A deep ravine was seen in front of the village. "Who can tell," thought Hamza, "before I reach the village Kurroglou may burn my father."

At the bottom of the ravine stood a water-mill, but the miller himself was absent, and the wheels remained idle. Hamza rode to the mill, fastened Durrat's bridle to the door, and rushed into the deserted building; there he found the miller's fur, which he immediately put on, and rubbed himself from head to foot with flour.

It is well known that when a man has a rapid ride of a dozen farsakhs his eyes become as it were covered with mist, and his sight is not very clear for some time. Kurroglou did not recognize Hamza, and inquired, "Miller, where is the rider of the horse that stands fastened here? "O my Agha! the rider rushed into this place, and whether from fear or for some other reason, he ran to hide himself under the wheel."

Kurroglou all trembling with rage dismounted from his horse; "Hold my horse!" He then drew

his poniard and hastened in search of the runaway. Kyrat had this quality, that he was obedient in all things to the man to whose hands he happened to be entrusted by Kurroglou. Having been this time given over by his master's own hand, he allowed himself to be guided like a child. Hamza, who was not a fool, threw the miller's fur off his back, jumped on the stirrup, and then on Kyrat's saddle. He tried him at a gallop and came back again to wait quietly and in perfect safety. Kurroglou having turned upside-down all that the mill contained, and finding not a soul in it, came out and saw Durrat standing by himself at the door. At Durrat's feet the miller's fur was thrown on the ground; a little further the victorious Hamza was seen in his own shape sitting on Kyrat; he thought in his heart, "I have made a capital bargain, would to God that I may not regret it when too late." Kurroglou then exclaimed, "Hamza-beg!" "What is thy pleasure, noble warrior?" "We shall go home, but let us ride apace, the horses are fatigued." "Whither wouldst thou go?" "We shall ride to Chamly-bill. Thou hast taken offence at me without any reason, and therefore, I came here to thee in person." "No more of thy witticisms, Kurroglou. I have been seeking the horse in the heaven, but thank God I have found him on earth. Thou hast deigned to make a present to me of Kyrat with thine own hand. Mayst thou enjoy life

and happiness for ever and ever! only thou must not desire me to go with thee." "I conjure, I pray thee, Hamza-beg, I shall fall a victim to thee! Say, is it riches, a horse, or a girl, that thou covetest; in a word, warrior, I swear to thee that thou shalt have plenty of every thing. Thou hast the choice; all I possess is thine." "I shall not be deceived by thy cunning. What I desire to have does not belong to thee. I shall let thee know the truth. I am in love with Hassan Pasha's youngest daughter, who has promised to give her to me to wife in exchange for thy Kyrat. For the last six months and upwards I was withering from despair in Chamly-bill. Now look, I have carried Kyrat away and thou art thyself the cause of my happiness. Mayst thou live long and happily! I am going away to take a wife." "Hamza-beg! give but the horse back to me and I shall bring to thee on my sword the head of Hassan Pasha." "It would be base conduct on my part. What proof of courage shall I show before the eyes of my bride?"

Kurroglou's prayers and promises were of no avail. Hamza swore by the most pure essence of God that he would not give back the horse. Kurroglou heaved a sigh from the depth of his breast, and said, "Hamza-beg! allow me to sing an air that comes to my memory."

Improvisation.—"Without Kyrat, life and the world is but a sin to me. Poor Kurroglou! Now,

when Kyrat has left thy hands, thou must strike with sorrow thy head, Kurroglou!"

Hamza-beg looked on, whilst Kurroglou continued to sing as follows:—

Improvisation.—"Thou must demand Kyrat of God himself. Kyrat's tail was a nosegay of flowers. To ride on him was to bestride happiness in person. O Kurroglou! may God restore him to thee. I am drowning in a deep sea; grief for Kyrat's loss lies like a stone on my soul and drags me down. I am a clown, a miller, away with the sword. Kurroglou, thou must now call wheat, wheat*."

Kurroglou looked like a madman and said, "Without Kyrat I do not deserve to be a warrior, I shall now turn miller. He then sang:—

Improvisation.—"I started from Chamly-bill. I came here. I have given Kyrat away. I have taken Durrat. Go home, Kurroglou, and do not regret when it is too late."

Hamza said, "O Kurroglou! thy words have burnt through my liver†. Go to Chamly-bill and

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* In the original *den!* it is an exclamation by which the millers, standing on the platform of their mills, intimate that they have nothing to grind, and are waiting for corn.

† The Persians, as well as the ancient Romans, often attach to the word *liver* the same meaning as we do to the word *heart*, namely, they consider it as the seat of human affections. The very sound of their respective words is nearly the same, *jecur* and *jegher*.

keep thyself quiet during six months. At the end of that time thou must assume the Aushik's dress and come to the camp of the tribe of Haniss. During that time I shall lead Kyrat thither, and then marry the Pasha's daughter. But I swear to thee, that as I have just now received Kyrat from thy hands, even so shall I return with my own hands the reins and the horse to thee." "How can I understand, Hamza-beg, whether thou art sincere in thy speech or not." "I swear by God's most pure being. I have a noble soul, and I repeat it again, I will lead Kyrat by the bridle with mine own hand and restore him to thee."

This said, he turned Kyrat's head and rode away towards the camp of the tribe of Haniss. Kurroglou gazed on his beloved horse until the latter disappeared from his sight in the distance. Sad, and with his head downcast, he retraced his steps, mounted on Durrat. The whole of the banditti had issued from Chamly-bill in order to see how Hamza would look upon his being brought home by Kurroglou, and they felt great astonishment when they perceived that their chief was not mounted on Kyrat. They said amongst themselves, Kurroglou must surely have been taken-in by the cunning baldpate. They were afraid of Kurroglou's anger, and dispersed in every direction. Every one of them, like a rat, hid himself in some hole or other. Ayvaz alone was bold enough to speak, and said, "Agha,

thou hast made a capital bargain, Durrat for Kyrat. Thou hast taken the scoundrel?" "Away with thee, fool, stripling!" The boy was frightened, and ran away.

Kurroglou then went to the harem, and during the entire six months that followed did not stir from Nighara's room. After that time had elapsed he said, "Nighara, Hamza has made me a promise: I must go, and either die there, or return with Kyrat. He got up, put on an aushik's dress, and after taking leave of his wife, proceeded on the journey.

Nothing remarkable happened to Kurroglou on the road, until he reached the camp of the tribe of Haniss. When he prepared himself to cross a large river, he remarked on its sandy shore the footmarks of a horse who had jumped at one leap from one side to the other. He said in his heart: No horse in the world, except my Kyrat, is able to accomplish such a task. Hamza must have been here with him. Having entered the camp, he took a long time in going round its numerous tents and the outstretched ropes that belonged to them. Faithful to his assumed character, he was singing all the time with the best of his voice, exciting the hilarity of every person he met with; and all his songs were in praise of the horse.

The news soon reached Hassan Pasha's ears. This nobleman was in a bad humour, because from the day in which Kyrat had been brought by

Hamza, the pasha had not once been able to ride on that horse, who was kept fastened in the stable, and suffered no one to come near him except Hamza-beg. The Pasha ordered Kurroglou to be brought into his presence. He gave Kurroglou a gracious reception, and allowed him to be seated in his tent. "I have been told thou art well skilled in the art of praising horses. Thou hast just arrived at a place where thou canst see my stable, the equal of which does not exist in the whole world." Kurroglou was afraid lest Hamza-beg should betray him. He looked round, and seeing that the latter was absent, sang an eulogium as follows:—

Improvisation.—"Let me sing the praise of an Arabian horse. His mane ought to be as if made of silken thread. His feet which must not be fleshy ought to be highly compassed with skin; his hoofs must look as if they were turned; his shoes must not weigh more than one okka of silver. He ought to be stout and of moderate size (*mahmudy*). His neck should be long, slender, and smooth like a ribbon. When he is led out of the stable, he should be playful in a thousand ways. He must eat like a hungry wolf. His belly should fill the girth exactly." "Bravo, aushik," exclaimed the pasha. "I have never before heard the horse praised with so much lore. The celebrated Kyrat whom Hamza-beg had brought for me, possesses all the qualities thou hast just mentioned. But what is the use of him, he is

mad and wicked, I cannot even now get on his back myself." Kurroglou said, "Long life to the pasha! a mad horse is the best to ride upon." "For what reason?" Kurroglou sang as follows:—

Improvisation.—"A noble horse walks boldly, as if he were anxious to overthrow his rider*. He stirs his ears, and pulls so hard on the reins that the rider must hold him tightly, and let his hand have no rest. The horse of a ram-warrior ought to be as mad as his master."

The pasha called to his servants, "Go, and let Hamza-beg come to me. I wish him to listen to these beautiful praises of horses."

Hamza-beg, after he had brought Kyrat from Chamly-bill, immediately married the pasha's youngest daughter, and was named to the post of grand vizier. He now appeared in the pasha's presence, clad in a rich coat of sable, his turban consisted of the finest cashmire, and he was followed by three hundred attendants. He entered, and, scarcely bowing his head before the pasha, took his seat in a chair without being asked to do so, and stretched himself comfortably in it.

Kurroglou was greatly surprised to see so much splendour and gravity in a man who, but six months ago, was nothing more than a scullion. He rose

* This improvisation is not correctly given in the original, and can hardly be made out.

humbly from his place, and made him a low obeisance. A cold shiver ran over his skin, and in bowing, he placed his hand on his heart. The meaning of this gesture was, "Hamza-beg! be merciful, and do not betray me!" Hamza-beg in reply, placed his hand over his eyes, by which he meant to say, "Fear nothing, and have patience*."

* Conversation by signs is brought to great perfection in Persia; and it happens very often that persons, particularly foreigners, present at such conversations, do not understand one of the signs. I recollect once, during my visit to a certain Beglerbeg, some people brought in a culprit, who would not confess the offence he was accused of. The Beglerbeg ordered the lashes and *falaka* to be brought. "I swear that I am innocent!" exclaimed the accused, crossing upon his breast his two clenched fists, with only one finger projecting forward. The executioners were ready, looking on the Beglerbeg, who, on his part, fixed his eyes on the breast of the accused. "Thou art guilty, rascal!" exclaimed he. "Upon thy blessed head, I am innocent," answered the culprit, crossing his fists as before, with the only difference, that two fingers were protruding forward. Thus they proceeded on, the accused, after every threat of the Beglerbeg, crossing his hands upon his breast with more and more loose fingers. At last, when, after a new denial, he put his hands upon his breast with all fingers stretched out, the Beglerbeg said, "Well! let him loose. Perhaps thou art really innocent. Go home, and mind that I hear no more complaints against thee!" When I left the Beglerbeg's house, I remarked my servants laughing and whispering, and I got from them the following explanation of the scene I had just witnessed. The accused at first intimated to the Beglerbeg, that he would give him a tuman if he would dismiss him; then he promised

The pasha then said, "Aushik, make a praise of the horse; let Hamza-beg hear thee also." Kurroglou improvised as follows:—

Improvisation.—"Kurroglou says, 'When a man has a good horse under him, and a jarid of the King of the Brave* in his hand, let him raise the sword above his head, and let him on! Mohammed and Ali will assist him.'"

The pasha said, "Vizier, canst thou tell me why the aushik has made mention of Kurroglou at the beginning of his song?" Hamza-beg replied quickly: "It is because he intended to praise the horse I have brought for thee, and which, as thou art aware, belonged once to Kurroglou." The pasha said, "No doubt the aushik himself must be a good horseman." He then turned towards Kurroglou, and said, "Aushik, wilt thou be able to mount my horse?" Kurroglou began to weep and complain, that they wished perhaps to give him some mad horse, who might kill him and make his children orphans. The pasha said, "Be not afraid. Thou shalt have two hundred tumans from me. If the horse should kill thee, the money will be forwarded to thy widow and orphans, as a remu-

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him two, three, and so on, but he did not obtain his pardon till he promised to pay ten tumans. The sum was soon given.

* *Shahi-Merdaun*, one of the surnames of Ali, the son-in-law of the Prophet. It is the Greek ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν, and was probably one of the titles of the kings of ancient Persia.

neration for thy blood. If thou shalt be able to get off his back alive, I will give thee the money as thy reward. Kurroglou said, "May the pasha wallow in happiness, and may his reign be long! I am content. If I should die, mayst thou live long, my lord!" The pasha then gave orders to the vizier to fetch Kyrat.

The cunning Hamza-beg had provided everything necessary, being aware that Kurroglou had no weapons with him; he contrived, at the time of saddling Kyrat, to conceal a club under the housings, and had a sword suspended from the knob fixed in the front part of the saddle. When he had prepared everything, he then bridled Kyrat, and had his tail tied in a knot. Six men were scarcely sufficient to lead Kyrat out from the stable, so fat and wild had he become, after six months' repose. Foam was sparkling from the corners of both his nostrils. Kurroglou saw it all, and sang:—

Improvisation.—"O thou whom I got first into my hands in Turkestan, come Kyrat, come, darling of my life! Thou hast fallen into the hands of a villain; come Kyrat, thou dearest to me of all things in life, come! I had a bit made for thee of fifteen pounds of iron. When thou art angry, thou wilt not touch food for three days. Thou wilt not stumble once in a race of forty farsakhs. O! Kyrat, thou dearest of all things to me in life, come!"

The pasha said, "I am out of patience, aushik,

I command thee to mount the horse this minute." Kurroglou said, "I am confident the horse will kill me. Bless the salt thou gavest me, and be a protector to my poor orphans!" "Thy mind may be easy, he will not kill thee. I recommend thee to the protection of the first four khalifs." With these words the pasha placed in Kurroglou's bosom the promised purse with two hundred tumans. The latter said, "Long life to the pasha!" and then went up to Kyrat. Hamza-beg reached him the reins with his own hands, and whispered, "Warrior, a warrior's word is a word, the promise I made thee six months ago has been fulfilled to the letter." Kurroglou whispered in reply, "For this generous conduct on thy part, I swear that as long as I have a piece of bread I will divide it with thee to the last." Hamza-beg whispered, "Take the sword suspended at the saddle and tie it on to thy girdle, thou wilt also find a club under the housings."

Kurroglou jumped on Kyrat's back, tied the sword on, and, drawing the club, whirled it above his head. Hamza-beg fell back, as if he were frightened, and hid himself in the crowd of the spectators. When Kurroglou felt that Kyrat was under him, he was so overjoyed that he lost his reason and presence of mind. He made the horse trot in all directions. The pasha then called out, "Aushik, give me the horse, he appears very mild to-day, let me try to mount him." Kurroglou said in

his heart, "I will sooner let thee mount on my own neck," and added aloud, "Pasha, allow me to sing an air first, and I will get down afterwards."

Improvisation.—"This horse can run in one day from Ardebil to Kashan*. What cares he for the sultan, who is mounted on this horse, what cares he for any pasha? This horse who stops but once in every thirty farsakhs! O thou darling of my life, thou art mine again."

Kurroglou thought of Kyrat's foot-marks which he saw on the bank of the river, which had been cleared by Hamza six months ago. He determined to describe it, to tell Hamza-beg of it, and sang as follows:—

Improvisation.—"He has cleared a broad river, I have recognized his foot-marks. Oh! I shall kiss every one of his hoofs, I shall kiss each of his burning eyes. I would thank God that I snatch one glance of thee; O my Kyrat, darling of my life, thou art my own again."

The pasha said, "Aushik, make him gallop once more, I like to look upon a skilful horseman." Kurroglou passed twice in a gallop, close to where the pasha was standing. "Well done! Now give him to me, I must try him myself." "Pasha, thou shalt not ride on him."

The pasha turned to Hamza-beg, and said, "This

* Not less than 350 English miles!

madman will not give me the horse. What if it should be Kurroglou himself?" Hamza-beg answered, "How can I tell?" "Didst thou not see the robber during thy stay at Chamly-bill?" "I did not see him. My eyes as well as my mind were occupied all the time in finding some means of stealing Kyrat. That man Kurroglou has many thousands of brave warriors like himself; who would be able to know them all?" The pasha turning his face towards Kurroglou's, said, "Halloa! come here with the horse, I will mount him now." Kurroglou said, "Health to the pasha! An air has come into my head; listen to me."

Improvisation.—"A ride on a bay horse is sure to bring good luck. The rider's heart takes delight in him. His knees are black, his neck puts you in mind of the neck of the camel- *baggar**. The heart takes delight in him. When he walks, his step is like the step of the camel *koshak*†. When he is high in flesh, his back ought to be of the same breadth with his breast, and the distance between his hind legs is such that a bowman can sit between them on the ground, when bending his bow. The heart takes delight in him."

The pasha said, "Thou art growing too familiar, aushik. I told thee already we had had enough of

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* A distinct sort of camel much valued in Persia.

† Another sort of camel.

this; get thee down. I wish to mount Kyrat myself?" Kurroglou laughed scornfully, and said, "Thou hair-brained pasha! I shall bespatter thy turban with mud! How canst thou think of climbing upon this steed. He has more wit than thyself." The pasha said, "Hamza-beg, tell him to get down. I have told him, but he refuses to obey. I am afraid this man is Kurroglou, in good sooth. Why didst thou give the horse to him?" The pasha said, "Quick, Aushik, get down, art thou deaf?" Kurroglou said, "Pasha, I recollect an air, listen to me:"—

Improvisation.—"Mine is the horse! I will have his precious back clothed with silken housings. I will let him have a bath in a whole river of red wine. He is the chosen one of Kurroglou's from amongst five hundred horses. The heart takes delight in him."

The pasha said, "No more of this. Get down immediately!" "He will not allow thee to mount on his back unless I hold him by the head." "What is that to thee? the horse is mine." "Pasha, I recollect some verses, listen to me:—"

Improvisation.—Let me sing the praises of an Arabian horse. In his third year, all the external features of the horse can be distinctly traced. The skin is drawn tightly over his legs. The hoofs look as if they were polished on purpose. The ribs are like the ribs of a bullock; the fore legs like the stag's. When he is between four and five years old,

a man standing at the saddle will not be able to reach his head with his hand. In the day of battle his head is turned towards the troops, his eyes are raised to heaven, and he scents the wind with his wide-open nostrils."

The pasha now saw clearly that Kurroglou would not dismount. He motioned to his servants, and the latter immediately surrounded Kurroglou, who looked like a small stone set in a ring. Kurroglou seeing himself surrounded on every side was greatly rejoiced, and exclaimed, "Thou heretic! How canst thou think of hunting down a mastiff a hundred years old, with a pack of spaniel puppies? Let me finish my lecture to thee upon the qualities of a truly noble horse." He then sang as follows:—

Improvisation.—"When the horse is between seven and ten years old, his coat becomes smoother and smoother; at last, in his tenth year, the proper colour of the horse appears, to remain for ever*. Whenever the head groom, Daly-Mehter, comes near him he rears himself up on his hind legs, and the groom, to manage him, must strike him on the mouth with a club."

The pasha said, "Aushik, thou hast confiscated my horse! This is my horse, not thine. Have I insulted thy mother, thou scoundrel? Because thou

* There is a proverbial locution amongst the nomade Turkomans in the north of Persia: *Onunda donunda*, viz.: a horse ten years old is in his true coat.

hast been able to ride on him, does it follow that the horse belongs to thee?" "Well, pasha, if you like, let us go to the Mufti's court, that he may judge between us two; I can prove that the horse is mine." He sang again:—

Improvisation.—"I started from Chamly-bill and arrived here. I had heard that Kyrat was here. Kurroglou is not a liar; he tells thee, this horse is his own. I was able to mount him. This is the way to take in a fool."

"Then thou art Kurroglou," exclaimed the pasha; "I thank God for it! I sought thee in heaven, I have found thee on earth. I shall have thee quartered in pieces here, so that no trace may remain of thee on earth."

Hamza-beg seeing that the quarrel was growing too hot, and that matters were likely to become still worse, drew aside to see from a distance what would be the result. The pasha shouted, "Hamza-beg, come here, this is Kurroglou!" Hamza-beg replied, "Yes, it is as you say, but what can I do against him? did I not advise thee not to give the horse into his hands?" The pasha was frightened, but he continued calling to Kurroglou, commanding the latter to dismount. "A song is just come into my head, listen, pasha!" He then sang as follows:—

Improvisation.—"Hassan Pasha, rely not too much on thy power. I have many a servant who is as good as thee. What will it avail thee to climb

up mountains and stones? Believe me, thy horse's foot cannot pass over my roads. Aghas, sultans! look upon the vast desert. I will have your bodies clothed in blood's own scarlet, from head to foot; I will kill all of you before I see Ayvaz again. Ponderous jezzaïrs* are carried on my servants' shoulders. Show me the hero who can bend my bow. Come forward, battering-ram heroes, let us see whether you can batter a shield with your heads. I can chew iron and then spit it towards heaven. I am a lord of Chamly-bill and of its mountains covered on their crests with variegated snow."

The pasha said, "Give me back the horse. I will give thee another in exchange, and let thee go! In the contrary case I will slay thee, which would be a pity indeed." Kurroglou replied with the following song:—

Improvisation.—"Kurroglou says to you, My army has started from its place. Men, like rams, are animated with fresh vigour on the day of battle. I reckon one thousand men of every tribe under my banner. I can show alone a hundred thousand cunning devices." The pasha then commanded his men to seize him. Kurroglou upon this called out, "O

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* A long rifle arquebuse, called also *shamkhal*, or *shakhmal*, with a matchlock. It carries to a great distance. The same weapon is alluded to in one of the Turkman songs of this collection: it is yet a favourite weapon in Affghanistan

Aly!" and, drawing the sword from the scabbard, rushed on the nomades as a hungry wolf on a flock. Here and there heaps were soon raised of their dead bodies, and the pasha took to flight. Kurroglou said in his heart, "Hamza-beg has rendered me such services, that I ought to show him my gratitude in a substantial manner. I will kill Hassan Pasha, and invest Hamza with the dead man's office. Let him henceforth reign over the Haniss tribe. Then, giving a spur to Kyrat, he soon came up with the runaway, and, at one stroke of his sword, crushed his skull like a poppy-head.

Hamza-beg saw his master's fate, and taking off his turban, he threw it under Kyrat's feet. The meaning of it was,—we surrender; we are thy prisoners. Kurroglou said, "Hamza-beg, if I have killed the pasha it was only to make thee his successor. If in thy heart thou hast some other wish besides, tell it, that I may fulfil it."

Kurroglou having firmly established his friend's authority over the Haniss tribes, left him to return to Chamly-bill. In his passage through the outermost encampment he peeped into the interior of some of the tents. The eunuchs rushed from them, and upbraided him for the boldness with which he presumed to examine the interior of the tents which formed the harem of Hassan Pasha. Kurroglou asked whether Hamza-beg's wife was there. "She is here," was the reply. "How many daughters had

Hassan Pasha?" "Seven;—one is married to Hamza, the other six are spinsters." "Let them all be brought here, and placed in a row, I wish to look at them." When his orders had been fulfilled, he said, "This one can depart; she is Hamza-beg's wife, and, therefore, she is a daughter—a sister to me." And he thought in his heart, "I have but lately wounded Daly-Mehter's heart on account of the loss of Kyrat. I cannot console him with money or gifts, for he is rich enough, and wants for nothing. The only, and the surest way for me to do it, is to select the handsomest of the pasha's daughters, and carry her to him as a present, that I may thereby conciliate his affection*.

He therefore made choice of the prettiest of the seven sisters, and placed her behind him on the saddle. He then said to the eunuch, "If Hamza-beg should inquire what has become of the pasha's daughter, thou must say, that Kurroglou has taken her to Chamly-bill for a former master of his, Daly-Mehter."

And thus he rode, from one menzill to the other, until at last he arrived at home. All the banditti went out to meet him. Kurroglou told Ayvaz to summon Daly-Mehter to him, and sent the pasha's daughter to his own harem. As soon as Daly-Mehter appeared, Kurroglou said, "Hear me,

* Literally, "That I may take his heart into my hands."

equerry. I have been angry with thee because of Kyrat. Let us now make our peace. I have brought Hassan Pasha's daughter for thee." Then, turning to Ayvaz, he said, "Let no expense be spared. Thou must prepare a splendid wedding, for she is a daughter of a man of rank, and ought, therefore, to be duly honoured."

The ceremonies and the illuminations lasted for seven days in Chamly-bill. At the end of the seventh day, Daly-Mehter's new wife was conducted to his residence, and given over to him.

MEETING VII.

ONE day, Muhammed-beg, of the tribe of the Kajars, came on a visit to Kurroglou, with twelve thousand of his cavalry. They went on, drinking and feasting, until Kurroglou's wine-cellar, as well as his kitchen, were both empty. The butler and the cook came together to announce it to Kurroglou, and said, "thy guests have eaten and drunk everything to the bottom, leaving not as much as the lees and crumbs."

Kurroglou despatched his guards to scour the roads in the neighbourhood, and to see whether they could not find some caravan, or some wealthy travellers passing near Chamly-bill. It was soon

after reported that an immense caravan had stopped for rest on a meadow belonging to Chamly-bill Its riches and wares were great beyond all measure or number. Kurroglou directed Kyrat to be saddled for him, and, armed cap-a-pie, he set out towards the meadow.

He looked, and saw an immense caravan encamped on his pasture grounds. All appearances denoted that the merchant was a man of wealth. And in a tent pitched for the purpose, two Turks were seen, seated, and playing at backgammon. Kurroglou rode up to them and said, "Salam!" One of the Turks perceived him and said, "Get off thy horse, man!" "No, I will not dismount." "What place dost thou come from?" "What! have you not been able as yet to recognise Kurroglou?" "Well, that is quite different. Kurroglou is a great man; we must pay him a haratch for the stay we have made upon his ground." Kurroglou saw that the merchant intended to get rid of him with a joke; neither did he rise to show him respect when Kurroglou's name was mentioned. The inference was natural,—that they would not give him a farthing. He rode aside, and aiming with his lance at the Turk, who continued sitting, made his horse rear up. The Turk then said coldly, "Hold back thy arm, Kurroglou!" The point of the lance had already glanced on the Turk's bosom, but Kurroglou backed his horse and stood

still. The Turk said, "Thou shouldst throw a woman's veil over thy face, it is not fit for men to act thus. I have heard a great deal about thee, but I have seen thee now, and thou dost not deserve thy fame. A brave man gives a timely warning to his enemy; it is a woman's part to fight without warning, and to kill by stealth. Give me at least time enough to finish my backgammon party, and then to take my weapons and get on my horse. We will then fight a duel. If I should kill thee, and free the world's collar from thy rapacious grasp, let prayers be said for thy soul. If, on the contrary, thou shouldst succeed in killing me, all the riches and goods thou seest collected in this place shall be thine."

Kurroglou listened all the time patiently, and acknowledged the justice of all that the Turk had said. He waited, therefore, until the latter should be pleased to arm himself and get on horseback. When this was done, the Turk said, "Kurroglou, thou must begin; thou art at liberty to attack me in any way and with any weapons thou pleasest."

Kurroglou had seventeen different weapons on him, and he made as many different attacks, but they were all avoided or warded off by the merchant.

The Turk called out and said, "Come nearer, take me by the belt, and see whether thou canst drag me from the horse. I should like to try thy

strength." Kurroglou took hold of the merchant's belt, and then attempted to drag him down or to shake him, but the Turk kept firm in the saddle, as if he had been stitched to it.

The Turk said, "It is thy turn now; let me show thee my strength and vigour." He seized Kurroglou's belt, and shook him so that the latter was on the point of falling down from Kyrat; even one of his feet had already lost the stirrup.

The Turk, as if disdaining to avail himself of this chance, let go Kurroglou's belt, took off his armour, and dismounting, invited the latter into his tent to be his guest.

Kurroglou obediently got off from Kyrat, creeped into the tent like a rat, and humbly took a seat. He felt so much ashamed that he could hardly draw his breath.

The Turk lowered his head as before, and continued to play at backgammon with his companion. Kurroglou saw that the Turk was a most noble and high-spirited man. Faithful to his habit of telling the brave man in his face that he was brave, and the coward that he was a coward, he tuned his guitar, and sang to the merchant the following air:—

Improvisation.—"I have asked his slaves and attendants who he was. They all answered, 'He is the lord of lords! a warrior-merchant. He possesses more gold than is to be found in Aleppo or Damascus. He is the lion of the jungle. His

*ghedek** is led covered with leopard's hide.' He deigns not to throw a glance either on the foe or on the friend. I have pushed my horse against him. I have raised the club over his head. The merchant then shouted and sprang up from his place."

The Turk smiled, and looked the gambler significantly in the face. Kurroglou said in his heart, "The rascal scoffs at me." He then sang on:—

Improvisation.—"O my God! thou hast created him without a blemish. He is servant to thee alone; but to all the world besides, he is proud and self-willed. He has gathered heaps of wares, and has sat down. He threw a glance on his companion, and smiled. He has lowered his head, and is playing backgammon."

The Turk said, "Warrior Kurroglou, for thy poetry I shall pay thee a haratch of five hundred tumans." Kurroglou, having tried on his own person the strength of the merchant's fists, was afraid that the latter would not give him a farthing; but as soon as the five hundred tumans were mentioned, his brain regained its former health. He was transported with joy, and improvised thus:—

Improvisation.—"He pulled over his ears a Bektash's cap†. On his shoulders is a cloak of ermine.

* The name given in Persia to a spare horse led before a nobleman during his journey, with embroidered housings, and richly caparisoned.

† Bektash is the name of a famous dervish, a great favourite

I was Kurroglou. I sang him an air. The merchant gave me five hundred tumans for a reward."

At a glance the Turk poured the money before the singer, and having counted five hundred tumans, he said, "Here is my haratch of five hundred tumans for thee*. If thou wilt accept my invitation, thank God we shall not be in lack of wine or of kabab. All sorts of eatables are ready. If thou shouldst not come and art willing to depart, thou art the master of thine own choice." Kurroglou said, "No, I had rather depart if thou deignest to allow me."

Kurroglou having placed the money in his pocket took his leave of his guest and returned to Chamly-bill. When the banditti saw the money they wished him joy of his victory. Kurroglou said, "Do not insult me, ye bastards. These are not tumans, they are as many drops of my own blood. This man has vanquished, but he would not slay me, and has moreover redeemed my blood with this money." He ordered his guards to watch for the moment of the merchant's departure and report it to him.

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at the court of the Shah Abbas II. This witty and mystical character used to dress himself very whimsically, and wore a cap with a top, or rather a tail, so long that it reached his shoulders.

* This scene is a faithful picture of the conduct of any two real gentlemen of Asia. We see Kurroglou condescending to sing the merchant's praises, whilst the latter, anxious to show that he is not inferior to him in politeness, gives a reward in the name of a *haratch*, viz. a duty paid by a subject to his lord.

After the lapse of a few days, the guards reported that the first merchant was gone, but that another still richer than the former, had planted his camp on the same meadow. Kurroglou fell into a rage and exclaimed, "Away with ye, fools! The first merchant was a wise man and would not slay me, but this one may be mad and kill me." Ayvaz replied, "Why wilt thou not ride, my Lord? We are at the end of the autumn; if snow should encumber the roads to-morrow we shall have no more travellers. Both thy pantry and thy money box are empty. I am afraid we have no means to provide our band with food even for five days." "Hear me well, Ayvaz, I shall go but under the condition that four of my band should go with me, Demurchy-oglou, Kimchy-oglou, Belly-Ahmed, and Daly-Hassan." Ayvaz said, "My Lord, the whole band is thy property, thou hast but to command and we will all go with thee." "No, these four will do for me." He then ordered Kyrat to be saddled for him.

The five brigands then set out together. When they came to the meadow, Kurroglou left his four horsemen in ambush, that they might come to his assistance in case of need, as soon as he should call. He then rode alone to the caravan. He perceived that they were all Turks. They were taking rest and playing at backgammon. He then came nearer and saluted them: his salute was returned by them. "What man art thou?" "I am an Aushik." "Is

it true that Kurroglou is an arch-thief? We must have a look at him here." "Kurroglou possesses all the properties of a demon; he always shows himself unexpectedly, and he must either be amongst you, my lords, or else is sure to be here soon." "Kurroglou imposes a haratch on all that pass this way. If he should come, he will take his due and depart. As for thee, Aushik, take out thy guitar and play us a tune."

Kurroglou, without dismounting from his horse, took out the guitar from his pocket, and sang:—

Improvisation.—"Khoja*! I came at your call. I found you were enjoying yourselves. I have no more silver or gold left to me. I came to you who are rich and happy."

One of the merchants that were present looked into Kurroglou's face and was frightened by his mustachios. He took some money from the heap of money that lay before the players, and filling Kurroglou's hand with silver, said to him, "Sing no more, that will do." "Wilt thou hear no more songs? well, I will have no more of them too." This said, Kurroglou put the silver in his pocket and remained silent. The merchant, who was playing backgammon, grew angry, and inquired, "Why dost thou not sing, Aushik?" "Thy companion

* A title of honour given in Persia to every rich, elderly, or learned man, nearly corresponding to that of Sheikh used by the Arabs.

will not let me sing." "Take no notice of him and sing on." "Do you imagine that a handful of silver you gave me is sufficient pay for me? I am entitled to a more liberal reward." The merchant said, "Thou hast neither lent us money, nor didst thou sell merchandize to us; as to thy songs, I have already paid thee for them." He then grew frantic, and ordered Kurroglou to leave the tent. The latter sang the following stanza:—

Improvisation.—"My bow is suspended in the town of Cesarea. God will not suffer that my designs should not be fulfilled. I have five hundred warriors clad in scarlet, Khoja! I am glad to see thee."

The merchant took another handful of money that lay in front of the backgammon-board, and giving it to Kurroglou, said, "Take this and depart hence." Kurroglou put the money in his pocket. The man who played inquired again, "Why dost thou not sing?" "Thy companion will not allow me." "He is eating dirt; sing for me alone." Kurroglou then improvised:—

Improvisation.—"Do not allow thy money and thy goods to be counted. Thou must neither drop them nor throw them about over the field. Take care that Daly-Hassan should not hear of them: Khoja! I am glad to see thee."

At the mention of Daly-Hassan's name, the merchant became aware that this was Kurroglou.

He started from his place, fell at Kurroglou's feet, and kissing them, exclaimed, "The guilt is mine, I am a sinner, have mercy upon me." In the mean time, the man who had continued to play backgammon, took no notice of what was passing, and urged Kurroglou to sing on, wondering that his companion should kiss the horseman's stirrup, and feet. "What is the meaning of it? surely this Aushik must be a prophet that so much respect is shown to him." At last he understood what was the matter, and quitting the tent he began likewise to implore Kurroglou's mercy. "Warrior, thy haratch is five hundred tumans; we will give thee six hundred tumans provided we see not Daly-Hassan's face." Kurroglou then sang:—

Improvisation.—"The cries of man have been raised. Kurroglou's word can inflict deeper cuts than his sword. You are all of you Kurroglou's game! Khoja, I am glad to see thee!"

The merchant brought his strong box, and after counting over to Kurroglou six hundred tumans, inquired whether he should like to have more of them. Kurroglou replied, "Oh, no! this is enough," and rode away.

When he came to the spot where his banditti were lying in ambush, he called them to him. Demurchy-Oglou and Daly-Hassan both asked him for leave to try their luck once more in order to get from the merchants, at least, the price of a few

barrels of wine. Kurroglou said, "You know the Arabian proverb, 'Justice constitutes one-half of religion*.' Carry this money to Chamly-bill. I shall ride on to settle another affair of mine."

Kurroglou was loath to confess before his men, that he was continually tormented by the idea of the superiority of the Turk, who had vanquished him. He determined to see the happy antagonist once more. After many inquiries, he was able at last, to ascertain on what day the merchant was to leave Erzroum. He therefore arrived there before him, and stationed himself in a mountain-pass on the other side of the town, through which the road passed. The Turk was riding by himself, having left his caravan behind at a good distance. Kurroglou felt himself transported with fury; he pushed his horse upon the merchant, threw him out of the saddle and cut off the head of the fallen man. He soon began to cool from his rage, and being sorry for what he had done, he sang as follows:—

Improvisation.—"Begs, listen to me! On my way from Aleppo, I met a merchant. I met a hungry lion in armour of steel. He was riding in his armour, on an Arabian horse. I met an hungry lion. I blew like the morning blast; I placed myself in ambush upon his road, not far from Erz-

* This saying is attributed to Aly, son-in-law of Mohammed.

roum. I cut off his head in Erzengan. I met a merchant."

Having stripped him, Kurroglou saw he was not a Turk but an Armenian. He then sang.

Improvisation.—"His death has cured me of a thousand griefs. I have accepted it with delight like a nosegay of roses. I stripped the corpse and saw he was an Armenian. Oh! let the mountains be clad in mist, let torrents rush from their tops*. Kurroglou may thy arm be withered! I met a merchant."

He mounted Kyrat again and ordered the whole caravan to turn back and to direct its course towards Chamly-bill. He then conducted it to a secluded spot and had all the bags opened. He put aside the money and every thing that was most valuable in them for his own use. He gave a dozen mules to the men who accompanied the caravan, and having loaded his spoil upon the remaining mules and camels, he drove them to Chamly-bill.

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* Viz.: To wash down the dishonour of having treacherously assailed the unarmed man. The Persians hate, on account of religious differences, the Sunnite Turks, even more than Christians. So Kurroglou seeks for a consolation in the thought that the man whom he found his superior in every respect was not a Sunnite, but an Armenian.

MEETING VIII.

IN the province of Kars there lived a ruler, Ahmed-Pasha by name. He had a daughter of great beauty, whose name was Parizadda*. Kurroglou became enamoured of her solely from the flattering accounts given of her by other people. The lady on her part, lost no opportunity of making him understand that he would not be rejected. The messenger between the two lovers was a certain peasant, whose business was to trade in red-apples from Kars to Chamly-bill. It was from this man that Kurroglou received the accounts of Parizadda's beauty, and the latter drew from the same source the news of Kurroglou's valour. Whenever the peasant came with his apples to Chamly-bill, he invariably brought Kurroglou a letter or a message from the pasha's daughter, and then returned to Kars with an answer from him.

One day Kurroglou took his weapons, and went out hunting. He looked and saw a horseman galloping down the road from Kars. The horseman was no other than the above-mentioned peasant with apples. "Peasant, for whom dost thou carry

* Verbatim: the daughter of a Peri, *i. e.* a fairy.

these apples?" The peasant, who did not recognize Kurroglou, said, "I am carrying them for Kurroglou." "What will he give thee for thy trouble?" "May my soul fall a sacrifice to him! For an ass's burden of them, he gives me so much money, that I have enough to support myself and my family during a whole year." Kurroglou was well pleased to hear this disinterested praise; he said, "Look again, apple-monger. Well, dost thou recognize thy Agha?" The peasant after having examined his face, recognized Kurroglou, and falling down before his horse's feet, he kissed the ground. "Hast thou no news from Parizadda?" "She told me that I should verbally command her services to thee." Kurroglou said, "As she has sent me no letter, I must now go myself to see her in Kars." The peasant said, "All the elders are absent from the town just now." "So much the better; carry these apples to Chamly-bill and take the usual remuneration for them from Ayvaz."

This said he turned his horse's head and rode towards Kars, whilst the peasant hastened to Chamly-bill.

Having gone over a small distance the peasant thought in his heart, "Fool, may thy house fall in ruins! Does not thy family, as well as thyself live upon Kurroglou's bread, and shouldst thou not be with him now when he is most likely to want thy services?"

The peasant had a little sabre of common iron, all rusty and notched. With this sabre he sawed through the ropes, with which the sack that contained apples was attached to the horse; he then tied the sabre to his waist and hastened in pursuit of his master. "What dost thou come here for?" inquired Kurroglou. "O my benefactor, May I fall a victim to thee! Thou art now going to my native town and hast no one there who would serve thee, and take the bridle of thy horse." Kurroglou said, "I find every where my bread; firstly, upon the edge of my sabre; secondly, upon the head of my club; thirdly, if the above two means should fail, I have at my command the talent of an aushik. I will accept thy services; but remember not to prattle before anybody in Kars who I am. All the inhabitants of that town are my enemies." "My Lord, am I not a man? How could I betray thee?"

Thus they rode on from one menzill to another, until they arrived in Kars. Kurroglou told the apple-monger to keep Kyrat in some comfortable stable. Having examined the place selected for the above purpose, he again enjoined the peasant that Kyrat should want for nothing, and that for God's sake he should not betray his secret. "Hast thou seen the camel?" "I have not seen as much as his dung."

Kurroglou had this precautionary habit, that

whenever he came to a strange place, the first thing he did was to examine all the neighbourhood, and to mark well in his memory those spots which might afford him a retreat in case of any emergency. He then walked all over Kars, and noticed particularly the situation of an old church, from which a single good bowman would be able to repel a hundred thousand besiegers. Leaving this place, he proceeded cautiously to the house of the pasha's daughter; he gave a rap on the door. "Who is there?" "A falchi*;—and I can likewise conjure spirits." The maid-servant hastened to announce it to her mistress, and then opened the door by the latter's order.

Kurroglou entered the court-yard and saw Parizadda, seated on the bank of a piece of water, and amusing herself with sprinkling water about. She inquired, "What wilt thou tell the *fal* from?" Kurroglou said, "From a shoulder-blade (spatula) of mutton†." "Canst thou tell my fortune indeed?"

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* *Falchi*, a soothsayer who tells fortunes (*fal*) by means of the Koran, Hafiz's poetry, &c. The belief in the existence of spirits (*jinn*) is very common in Persia to this day.

† This way of telling fortunes, called *ilmi-shaune*, is in great repute in Persia. The fortune-teller cuts, from the freshly killed sheep, the shoulder blade, which has a great number of little red veins, and draws his prognostications from the direction they happen to take towards the middle part of the bone. It is said that a dervish foretold to Fetch Aly Shah the exact year, month

"I can describe most minutely all that will happen to thee, from the beginning to the end." "Dost thou drink wine?" "Why not, provided it be given to me?" He said this, because he had had no wine for some time, and his heart beat with delight at the very mention of its name.

"Girls, fetch some wine for the falchi here!" The Turks usually take wine in a tea-cup. An immense leathern sack of the forbidden liquor was soon brought in. Kurroglou continued to swallow one cup after another without even wetting his mustachios. He was soon tired of this sort of retail drinking; and, taking the sack in his hands, he poured it, at one draught, without breathing, into his throat, and then threw it from him as a mere empty bag. Parizadda called out, "Bring some wine!" Another leathern bag of wine was brought, and its contents disappeared so rapidly that Parizadda had no time to remark it; she, therefore, began to scold the maid-servant for the delay in bringing the wine. "Lady, in the last sack there were about thirty pounds of wine; I allowed no one to drink of it, and I do not know what has become of it, unless the falchi has drunk it himself." Parizadda inquired, "Falchi, didst thou drink it all?" Kurroglou, who was a little the worse for drinking, replied,

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and day of his death, in consequence of which he prepared a tomb for himself, in the mosque of Imaum-Riza in the city of Koum.

"By my Ayvaz's soul, I did!" He took the guitar from his pocket, and began to play a tune. All the women present were delighted. "Canst thou give us a song?" inquired the pasha's daughter. Kurroglou, in answer, improvised as follows:—

Improvisation.—"I came in a falchi's garb. I approached with silent and modest steps. A sincere faith, and the protection of the Prophet's family, have given me strength."

Parizadda exclaimed, "This pretended falchi must be an impostor; give him a thrashing, my girls." The waiting-women rushed on him with their fists and nails. What were their blows to him? He fancied he was sleeping luxuriously, but that some one or two fleas were biting him. He went on playing and singing.

"*Improvisation.*—"Thou hast thrown stones upon me. My eye was dimmed with tears. I was forced to fight with fists against thy gipsy waiting-women."

One of the women, Jinn Kardash* by name, who had been absent during the scene we have just described, came and inquired what it was all about. Her fellow-servants told her that an Oguz† had

* Literally, "the devil's sister."

† The name of one of the Mongolian nations. It is, at this day, synonymous, in Persia, with a vampire, or a ghost. On the plain of Ujan a place is shown where the Oguzes used to hold their assemblies. It is surrounded with large quadrangular stones, some of which were used, as the Persian *ciceroni* pretend,

come to the harem. Jinn Kardash was so silly as to believe it. She attempted to give him a slap in the face, but she could not reach it with her little hand. She then thought, "Let me give him a bite in the leg, that he may be induced to lower himself, and thereby expose his face to be boxed by me." When Kurroglou felt that something was stirring about his feet, he thought it was a lap-dog; he shook one of his legs, and, as the piece of water was close by, Jinn Kardash fell into it. Parizadda was greatly amused by this occurrence. Kurroglou addressed her, saying, "Let me first finish the song, and thou shalt then be at liberty to have me beaten again."

Improvisation.—"A hero ought to thirst for some higher object. He must die, but his name remains after him. Listen to Kurroglou's words, I came here to seize Parizadda, and to elope with her."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Parizadda. "Art thou Kurroglou?" "It is indeed very kind of thee, my dear young lady; thou hast first ordered me to be beaten most unmercifully, and then, forsooth, deignest to inquire whether I am Kurroglou, or not?" "I am not certain of it yet, but I have got thy likeness; let me see whether thou hast told the truth." The copy, being confronted with the origi-

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for sharpening the weapons, others, as resting-places of the leaders of the Oguzes.

nal, removed every doubt on the subject. Parizadda then began to apologize to Kurroglou; she entwined her arms around him, and he also passed his arm round her neck. And in this manner they entered the apartments to sip wine and make love. She felt great sorrow when Kurroglou refused to accept a supper from her, because he had already made a promise to pass the evening elsewhere.

Listen now, whilst I relate what became of the apple-monger. No sooner had Kurroglou enjoined him not to mention anything about his arrival to anybody than the peasant hastened to the bazaar to purchase all the articles requisite for a splendid supper to entertain his benefactor withal. He went to a *baccall** to get some rice and butter, and said to him, "Merchant, take care to furnish me with the best rice and butter thou canst get, worthy of Kurroglou's palate." He then proceeded to the butcher, and said, "Let me have the nicest meat possible; I shall have Kurroglou for supper to-night." He went to the baker to get some bread, and said, "Sell me some loaves, made of the finest flour, that I may have no reason to be ashamed in Kurroglou's eyes." In this manner, all the purchases he made, he made them in Kurroglou's name. There is a proverb devised by learned men, saying, "A wise foe is better than a foolish friend."

* A vendor of corn, vegetables, cheese, and other provisions necessary for the kitchen and stable.

The news of Kurroglou's arrival spread rapidly over the bazaar. Some one hastened with the news to Reyhan-Arab, who at that time was hunting with the pasha of Kars, Ahmed Pasha. During that time, Kurroglou was returning from Parizadda's palace to the house of the peasant. He found a tent pitched in the court-yard for his use, which he entered, and took a seat in it. As he was wont to do, he now placed within his reach Kyrat's saddle, his weapons and armour, as well as a quiver full of arrows, and a bow. Along the four sides of the tent, four bed carpets had been spread by the peasant, one at each separate wall. After Kurroglou had said his namaz, he looked, and lo! a torch appeared at the door leading into the yard. He jumped up from his place, and beheld a crowd of Turks rushing into the yard. "Peasant, what means this noise?" "Faith, my lord, I cannot tell. Armed Turks have surrounded thy tent, but they are afraid of entering it; all they dare to do is to tear with their lances the curtains of which its sides are composed."

Poor Kurroglou was amazed with astonishment; he even forgot his armour and his seven weapons. By mere accident he stumbled over the quiver that lay under the pillow of his bed. He seized the bow. Each arrow shot with his great toe bleated like a calf that seeks the cow, its mother. Reyhan-Arab whispered to his warriors, "O! may your

houses fall in ruins! idlers that you are, you have given him time enough to lay hold of his bow; now woe to us all! Let us fly from the court-yard."

Kurroglou fought his way through, until he reached the church before-mentioned, the platform of which he then climbed. Reyhan-Arab, perceiving that the armies of the whole world could do nothing to the runaway in his stronghold, gave orders that masons should be collected for the purpose of undermining and pulling down the church. He then stationed himself under the arch of the door, and superintended the work, in the hope that, after the building should have fallen, Kurroglou would find his death in the tumbling ruins of the masonry.

Kurroglou sat on the roof of the church, with a bow in his hand, and gazed on wildly, to see how all this would end. In this manner he passed the entire night, until the morning of the following day. The twilight shone, and brought light to the world as a present: the radiant sun-monarch then appeared seated on a throne of gold in the fourth heaven. Kurroglou was following with his eyes the progress of Reyhan-Arab's work; whilst the latter, sheltered by the arch of the door, looked on Kurroglou's huge shade spread on the ground, in a sitting posture, with a bow in his hand. He exclaimed, "I know Kurroglou well! A man who was weaned by his mother as he has been will not

surrender, before he sees the bodies of at least five or six hundred Turks wallowing in gore." The stone-masons continued to work away without stopping.

Hearken now what became of the apple-monger. He came to the church, and saw four stone-masons occupied in breaking and undermining its foundation. He was aware of the existence of a secret passage that led from the caves of the church to its roof. Through this passage he crept up to Kurroglou. His head hung down from his neck, and his hands were crossed upon his breast. "O my lord, my benefactor, may my house fall in ruins!" Kurroglou said to the peasant in an angry voice, "Avaunt! vanish from my eyes. One arrow is still left me, and with that arrow I shall now transfix thee, villain!" "My lord, I myself prefer death to a life like this." Kurroglou was moved by the boor's tears, and said in a whisper, "Take an inkstand and some paper from thy pocket, I am going to sing a song; thou must write it down word for word, and then carry it to Ayvaz at Chamly-bill. He can reach this place in six or seven days, and then we shall be able to manage things well enough. That is just the time they require for pulling down this massive building. If he should come too late, he must look for my corpse somewhere under the ruins of the church." He then sang:—

Improvisation.—"Brave warriors, hear the tidings of my present state. I have been left in the

church; what shall I do now? I have been compassed by Reyhan-Arab, both on my right and my left side. I have been left in this church; what shall I do now?"

Reyhan-Arab heard the air, and said, "Children, Kurroglou is singing already; a sure sign that he fears for his life. Complaint does not provoke laughter, but impotent anger does so."

In the meantime the peasant continued to put down faithfully in writing all the words of Kurroglou's song. The latter went on improvising:—

Improvisation.—"I must, I must see my friends. I am your old companion and servant, yours Demurchy-Oglou and Daly-Hassan, and thine, O my Ayvaz! I am left alone in the church; what shall I do now? My Kyrat's eyes are shedding a tear. Shall I make a sacrifice to you of his soul and of his head? The stones will soon be broken asunder by the masons. I was left in this church; what am I to do now? Kurroglou says: 'we have fallen into the hands of enmity. A piebald* traitor was found amongst us. Both Kyrat and the sword are beyond the reach of my hand. I have been left in this church; what am I to do now?'"

Whilst Kurroglou sang, the peasant wrote, and

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* *Allage*, variegated, the name given by the Persians to a traitor: "a man of many colours," a cameleon.

Reyhan Arab listened. Kurroglou said at last: "Now, apple-monger, thou must make a scroll of this note, thrust it under the lining of thy cap, and then to horse as soon as possible." The peasant crept out of the church through the secret passage, and galloped towards Chamly-bill.

Listen now to the news from Ayvaz. His master's absence soon began to cause him great uneasiness. He gathered the band round him and said, "God knows where Kurroglou may be at this moment? Let each one of you seven hundred and seventy-seven warriors, examine his armour, his weapons, and his saddle, and be ready at a moment's notice. The madcap is gone in the direction of Kars; who can tell if the wind from Parizadda's bower has not blown through his brains?" The whole band then proceeded towards Kars, making inquiries and searching the country as they went.

One morning Ayvaz looked and beheld a man on horseback, riding at full speed like a shooting star. Thinking it was Kurroglou himself, the whole band threw their horses in a gallop towards the horseman. "Ha! is this thee, thou rascally apple-man? we have mistaken thee for our chief." In reply, the peasant took out the note from his cap. When Ayvaz had perused it, his face grew yellow. "What a horror! Kurroglou, at this moment, is in an Armenian church, surrounded by a host of Turks. Four masons are occupied in pulling

down the walls, and the building may fall down upon him this very moment!" The brigands began to weep, and implored Ayvaz, as he was the adopted son of their leader, to give them further orders. "Brethren, we shall have time enough to weep if we should dig out his dead body from the ruins; but now, as he is still alive you must follow me."

Every body promised to fight to the last. Demurchy-Oglou said to Ayvaz, "My lord! I shall slay a hundred." Kimchy-Oglou said, "I shall slay at least a hundred." Daly-Hassan said, "If any of you should presume to touch the Turks, I shall defile his wife. Yes, I take all of them upon myself."

Ayvaz said, "It appears then, that old women and children will alone be left for me to slay. Be it as it may, I must wash the rust off my sword with the blood of the Sunnites."

At the time this conversation was taking place, the horses of the seven hundred and seventy-seven banditti were going at a brisk gallop. After a short time Kars presented itself before their eyes. Rapid as their passage was, they managed to plunder one half of the city. When it was reported to Reyhan Arab, that the suburbs had been plundered and set on fire by the brigands, he mounted upon his horse, whose name was Aktcha-Konzy, and hastened to intercept their progress, exclaiming, "Why are you ravaging the town, you had better hasten to rescue

your master, who is now dying of hunger upon the Armenian church. Look there, there!"

The brigands turned their eyes in the direction pointed to them by Reyhan Arab, and in reality saw their chief on the roof of the church. Kurroglou with a bow in his hand, was still seated on the same stone on which he had placed himself the first day. By this time the masons had effected an extensive breach. Kurroglou recognised his men at once.

Reyhan Arab continued to shout, and said, "Leave off the work of plunder and destruction, I am the only man here, you may kill me if you seek for revenge, but do no harm to the innocent citizens Is not the town yours, have you not taken it! Push me not to despair, for if I should be victorious, I will have your leader, as well as every one of you hashed like force-meat."

Ayvaz was sensible that Reyhan Arab's words were full of good sense. He turned to Demurchy-Oglou, and said, "Thou has promised to slay a hundred Turks, kill but one Reyhan Arab now, and the town will be our own." Demurchy-Oglou was well acquainted with the courage of the chief, whom he was now recommended to put to death; he therefore said, "Make no mention of my name at all. It is but lately that I left my bed after seven months' illness. I grow bald and have lost my strength." "Is it really so; bravo, warrior, I

know thee now." He then turned to Kimchy-Oglou saying: "I shall make thee a present of the hundred corpses thou hast promised us, in exchange for this one here." "My lord, make no mention of me. For the last ten months, I have felt continually that some undigested morsel lies at my heart*. Thou hast not forgotten the bravery with which I behaved at Erzroum. But at this moment I have lost the strength of my arm to such a degree that I cannot lift the sword or any other weapon." "Thy face is white—I know who thou art now." "Well. Belly-Ahmed, what sayst thou to it? Thou art one of the elders, and superior in rank to all these men; bring down from Reyhan's neck yonder cabbage, which he is wont to call, emphatically, 'my head.'" "Honoured lieutenant, hast thou not seen with thy own eyes what proofs of valour and courage I gave at Alkhass, as well as at Revanduz? Thou hast seen what numbers were killed by me on those occasions. This cursed fever has been plaguing me for the last twelve months. My former strength and manhood have evaporated from my limbs." Ayvaz said nothing in reply, but turned to Daly-Hassan: "What sayst thou to it?" "O! may I insult thy own as well as Kurroglou's mother!

* We have already observed that the Persians are in the habit of taking the stomach for the heart, and vice versâ. When complaining of a pain in the bowels, they often use the sentimental expression, "*my heart aches.*"

What business had he to creep into a hole like this? Is he an Armenian, that he should go to pray in a church? No, no! an idea of fighting for a madman has never crossed my head." "Thy answer is indeed worthy of a warrior," said Ayvaz; thou hast not refused, but thou hast grown angry, and rather sententious."

The proverb says, "When a girl is grown old, and has no husband, she rushes to hang on her aunt's neck." Ayvaz saw himself brought to the necessity of accepting a duel with Reyhan Arab, although his age was no more than eighteen at that time. He pushed his horse against Reyhan Arab. His adversary recognising him, said, in mild voice, "My child! Kurroglou has many tiger-like warriors; each of them can take upon himself a hundred enemies in a day of battle. Not one of them has stirred; why shouldst thou be the only one to come forward to accept an unequal fight with me?" "I am their inferior, a more humble servant of Kurroglou than they are. I ought, therefore, to fall the first victim upon the road that leads to his rescue. After me, they will all pass in turn under the edge of thy sword."

Reyhan Arab was mightily pleased with this answer, and said, "Blessed be the bread and the salt thou hast eaten in thy master's house. Mayst thou meet with no unfriendly face in all thy life, and may thy face be always white." Whilst Reyhan

Arab was saying these words, Ayvaz had already made an attack against him. Kurroglou looked from the distance, and said in his heart to the crowd of his banditti, who stood motionless, "Base cowards! you have entangled your beards in a thick flock, like so many cows or donkeys, and you suffer this child to fight with Reyhan Arab." He saw that Ayvaz engaged in battle in a manly manner; he said in his heart, "O my son! I wish I was struck blind, rather than to see thee in this dangerous contest. If God would but allow me to free myself from my present captivity, I should burn the fathers of these rascally banditti." He then sang as follows:—

Improvisation.—"Oh, ram-warrior, thou mayst well exclaim, 'Here I am.' Thou hast good reason to boast, and to say, 'Behold I have put on my armour of steel!' Thou mayst well exclaim, 'Behold I have engaged in battle; nor shall I turn my back before fifty men!'"

When Reyhan heard that Kurroglou had commenced singing as soon as Ayvaz had closed with him, he said in his heart, "Old buck, thou shalt soon be taught by me how to cry, instead of singing." Kurroglou went on singing:—

Improvisation.—"I cannot bear those Sunnites*.

* Literally, "I will not put up with your *charyars*, or your four friends." This phrase the Persians ironically apply to the Sunnites, who worship the first four khalifs, as the legal successors of Mohammed.

I shall pull down the walls and the turrets; I shall put to the sword and slay to the last all the living things you possess. You must pay me dearly for this child."

Ayvaz continued to fight as became a man. Kurroglou sang on:—

Improvisation.—"Aly is my help! His faithful servant, Gamber, is my protector. I have found strength in my own spirit; this enabled me to fight in the face of a whole army."

Ayvaz was now retreating before his adversary, continuing to fight and to parry his blows. Reyhan Arab pressed him hard, but Ayvaz's ear was turned towards Kurroglou's song, who went on:—

Improvisation.—"A warrior ought to be inspired with a desire of some exalted object. The hero must die, but he leaves his name immortal. Kurro- says, Parizadda's possession is far sweeter to me than my own soul."

Reyhan Arab was transported with great rage when he heard the name of the pasha's daughter; and let his club descend with so much violence on Ayvaz's head, that the poor lad's eyes grew dim; he was on the point of falling from his horse; however, he contrived to keep in the stirrups. Kurroglou saw from the distance that Ayvaz had been stunned by the blow, and he cursed the Arab in his heart with all his might; he felt the blow as if he had received it in his own head. But when Kurroglou

saw that the blow had inflicted no wound, and that Ayvaz continued to fight as gallantly and dexterously as before; when he saw that he was only deficient in the knowledge of some of the subterfuges of duelling, his joy became great beyond measure. And raising his voice, he began to give him instructions:—

Improvisation.—"Ayvaz, my soul, my eyė! On, on, thou must strike with the sword in the same direction as if thou wouldst whet its edge*. Nothing should quench the thirst for blood in thee. The horse thou bestridest is a noble steed. An astonishing strength is in thy arm. On, on, my lad! Thy comrades are base cowards. Let thy sword be whetted!"

Ayvaz's ear was directed to Kurroglou's song, and he struck such a blow with his club on Reyhan Arab's temple, that the world grew dark in the latter's eyes, like one of the longest nights of autumn; he began to fly. Ayvaz then fastened his club under his waist-belt, and drawing his sword, he rushed in pursuit of his adversary. Kurroglou sang to him in a loud voice:—

Improvisation.—"Our religion is an ancient one;

* The swords of Damascus which the Asiatics use, are too curved to be useful either in thrusting (*coup d'estoc*) or cutting straightforward. The extremity of the handle must be held with the ends of the fingers, and in using the sword, it should rather *carve* than *strike*.

our days follow each other in a strange manner. Thou must threaten him on his left, and then let the sword fall on his right side."

By this time Reyhan Arab had regained his presence of mind. Ayvaz aimed a blow at him on the right, upon which Reyhan inclined his head to the left, but there he met with the edge of his opponent's sword, which came down under his neck with such astonishing force, that it did not stop until it cut through to the very bottom. The two halves of his cleft corpse fell under the horse's feet. Ayvaz then dismounted and cut off Reyhan Arab's head with a knife. He stuck the head on the point of his lance and showed it to the banditti, who were so overcome by fear that they all caught a real ague, which held them bedridden during the next twelvemonths! A panic fell on the souls of the Turks. The brigands now advanced, went on slaying and thrusting without encountering any resistance, just as a butcher slays his sheep. Kurroglou was on the point of fainting from excess of joy. He sang as follows:—

Improvisation.—"Thou must invoke God's assistance, my son. Let Aly be thy refuge. Kurroglou says, Ayvaz-Baly! cut with thy sword right and left, let it be sharpened."

Ayvaz came to the church, and made a low obeisance to Kurroglou, "My Lord, why dost thou not come down to us?" "True, my son, but I am

so happy that I have forgotten whether I am alive or not." Ayvaz hastened to join him. Kurroglou rose from his seat, threw his arms round Ayvaz's neck and kissed both his cheeks, saying, "May God bless my bread and salt which I gave thee. I have seen now that I have a son indeed, and that the fire will never be extinguished on the hearth of my house*. He then ordered the peasant to be summoned to his presence. "Where is my horse?" "He is now in a cave underground, in which I have concealed him." "Go and fetch him to me."

When Kyrat was brought it appeared that both his mouth and his hoofs were covered with blood. It was afterwards ascertained that some Turks having discovered the cave had endeavoured to take the horse with them; but the noble courser killed every one of them. Kurroglou took his weapons, and getting on horseback he ordered all the property of Ahmed Pasha, as well as that of Reyhan Arab, to be confiscated. He then rode alone to see Parizadda, and said in his heart, "If she should consent to go with me of her own accord, I shall then take her, but I will use no violence against her." The first words she spake to Kurroglou were, "Now thou art going away, warrior, and wilt leave me here alone? Poor me! on whom can I place my hopes henceforth.

* An explanation of this metaphorical expression will be found further on.

Oh no, leave me not behind, but take me with thee." Kurroglou then placed her behind him on Kyrat's back. "Whom hast thou got with thee?" inquired Ayvaz. "What is this wench? hast thou not got enough of stuff like this at Chamly-bill? They must all be fed and clothed": "Never mind, son, thou knowest the proverb: 'A great deal of medicine is required to cure a great deal of pain.' We shall not die of hunger, and must be comfortable."

Thus they proceeded on their way home, from one menzill to another. The banditti were equally afraid and ashamed to show their faces before their chief. At a good distance on Kurroglou's rear, with down-cast countenances, they followed the mules loaded with the booty.

The peasant apple-monger dared not remain longer in Kars. Taking his wife and children with him, he rode with the robbers until they arrived happily at Chamly-bill.

Kurroglou immediately sent Parizadda to the harem, but he did not go thither himself. Princess Nighara understood the reason of his reluctance; and having ordered that Ayvaz should be called to her, said, "I guess, my lord Kurroglou has been pleased to take another girl into his household. Truth, we were not at all in want of her. He is ashamed of me now, and will not show his face to me. Go, tell him not to look shy; I am not angry. On the contrary, I recommend thee to prepare, as

soon as possible, all that may be necessary for our master's wedding."

The festivities continued during seven nights and days. Neither wine, nor meat, nor music, nor joy were spared. Chamly-bill resounded with the mirth of its inmates.

Meeting IX.

Now hearers lend an attentive ear to a tale about Mustapha-beg, the son of Gariz. He came on a visit to Chamly-bill and found all the seven hundred and seventy-seven of Kurroglou's brigands, seated before the tablecloths spread close to their knees. They were eating, and drinking wine. There were three cupbearers, Ayvaz, Mussah, and Issah-Bally, busied in filling Kurroglou's cup with wine. The first of them was ever ready to serve Kurroglou with a perfect good grace; but he was much hurt in his soul when the latter commanded him to help also his guest Mustapha-beg to some wine. Kurroglou, who had taken a drop too much, either did not understand, or perhaps only pretended that he did not understand Ayvaz's feelings on the subject. In the course of conversation he asked his guest, "Hast thou seen a banquet more splendid than mine?" The latter replied, "I have not, one thing alone is

wanting here." "What is that?" "I have been on a visit in Tokat, to the pasha of that place. On the other side of the town he has ordered a park to be laid out in which he preserves a great quantity of excellent game. The kabab prepared from the geese, ducks, cranes, and swans, that are fed in that park, is by far more exquisite than any you have ever tasted in all your life. If, in addition to the wine we are now drinking, thy Ayvaz would fetch us but a few spits of such kabab, verily there would then be no other banquet comparable to thine in the world."

Ayvaz grew pale, and then red, but said nothing. He reached Kurroglou a cup full of wine. The latter raised it in the air and exclaimed, "If any of ye, my warriors, should be willing to undertake to fetch from the preserves of the Pasha of Tokat, the game that has just been alluded to, let him approach to take this goblet from my hands, and drink its contents. I should like to taste some kabab made of the pasha's boasted game. Mustapha-beg is my guest, and I shall not suffer him to want for anything in my house."

"Give then the goblet to me," exclaimed Ayvaz. Kurroglou was rather loath to let him. "Thou hast had the opportunity of showing thy valour in Kars, whilst the others had none. Stay at home where thy services are required by myself and my guest." At the mention of the guest, the colour of

Ayvaz's face changed alternately; but he sat down and said nothing. No warrior however rose from his place, for they were all afraid to give offence to Ayvaz. The latter therefore stood up again and said, "I have told thee, my lord, that this was my affair. Look at this knife. If thou wilt not allow me to go to Tokat, I shall this instant plunge it in my breast." Kurroglou, however unwilling, presented the cup to him. Ayvaz emptied it, and rode away without loss of time.

Demurchy-Oglou, Kimchy-Oglou, and Daly-Ahmed, who were seated in a row, began to whisper amongst themselves, and said, "This child is tipsy and does not know what he is prattling. Kurroglou will be sober to-morrow, and he will be sure to punish us, if we should allow Ayvaz to depart alone. He will pluck out from the surface of the earth the root of our existence."

They then rose together, left the banquet, and, having armed themselves, they got on horseback and rode without stopping until they came up with Ayvaz.

On one of the subsequent days they arrived at Tokat; and finding plenty of good grass in the park that has been described by Mustapha-beg, they left their horses to graze. Of course they had been careful not to forget to take with them a bag of wine. They then killed some birds, which they saw in the park, and began to roast the kabab on spits

prepared from the twigs of some fruit-trees which Ayvaz had chopped of for the purpose with his sabre.

The gardener saw all the depredations they had made; he went and reported to Ahmed Pasha as follows:—"Four robbers belonging to Kurroglou's band have made themselves at home in thy park; they are killing birds, and injuring the trees. I asked them what business they had to cut the trees. They answered, that so far from cutting them, they were only grafting them that they might produce an improved sort of fruit." The pasha was indignant, and called for the commander of his troops Bolly-beg, whom he ordered forthwith to take four hundred horsemen with him, and to conduct the robbers alive into the town.

While Ayvaz busied himself about preparing the spits* for the kabab, Demurchy-Oglou said to Daly Ahmed, "Ayvaz has brought us here between four inclosures; we are shut up with trenches as in a cage. The gardener is gone to make a complaint to the pasha, who will be sure to send immediately some troops here, and then our fathers will be burnt." "Thou art right. But Ayvaz's courage will be tried here. If, upon seeing the Turks

* The Asiatic *gourmands* are very particular about the kind of wood used for these spits. That of the pomegranate is the best liked.

approach he should say, Let us fly, I shall then kill the villain; if, on the contrary, he should say, Let us fight, we shall then combat as long as we have a soul left in our bodies. But here he comes." "Well, Ayvaz, thou hast brought us into a cage, as it were for the express purpose of delivering us into the hands of the Turks? They will soon be here from Tokat after us." Ayvaz said, "We will try, I am resolved to shed the last drop of blood in our defence. And in case of my being killed, I should advise you to surrender yourself to Ahmed Pasha, and to remain in Tokat, till Kurroglou may be enabled to come here and avenge us, as soon as he shall have heard of your fate."

Demurchy-Oglou was sincerely rejoiced when he heard the above answer, and exclaimed, "Ayvaz, Let me fall a sacrifice to thy eyes! get up, we must now arm ourselves and be prepared for the worst." The four robbers then mounted on horseback, and took their station on the road to meet Bolly-beg, who was now but a short distance from them. Being determined to wait no longer, they rushed at once upon the centre of the enemy. Bolly-beg soon saw that one half of his soldiers fell under the blows of the four daring brigands; but as his orders were that he should not slay them, he was obliged to have recourse to a subterfuge. He directed ropes to be tied in a noose (*kamend*) and to be thrown over them. Ayvaz was first entangled by this device, but

Demurchy-Oglou cut the noose through with his sword, without remarking that another was thrown round his own neck from behind at the time. Belly-Ahmed cut it through. Bolly-beg who was at a loss what to do, fell in great despair, and exclaimed, "Children! you must now surround them all with ropes on every side, and do your best to entangle the legs of their horses." This time the Turks were successful. All the four robbers were unhorsed, and captured alive. The Turks then having bound their feet and arms, began to drive the brigands before them, being mounted themselves, until they arrived in Tokat.

It happened that the merchant Khoja Yakub, who had once brought from Orfah, Ayvaz's portrait to Kurroglou, was on that day in Tokat. He had placed himself in the town gate, and seeing a great crowd of people on the road which led to the park, he inquired of a Turk: "What are these men I see conducted towards us?" "They are four of Kurroglou's bandits, who had crept into the pasha's park, and whom the latter directed to be captured and brought hither." Khoja Yakub went quickly to the troops, and beheld four men, who were all known to him personally, driven on foot, in front of the horses' towards the town. He made a deep sigh, and inquired: "Is it possible! how did it come to pass?" He then looked beyond the four men and saw that every horseman had one or more Turkish

corpses fastened with straps to the saddle. When Ayvaz was passing near where Khoja Yákub stood, he recognised him and wept. Bolly-beg said, "Thou haram-zadah, thou art afraid to die, and didst thou not alone kill two hundred of our men?—thou art weeping now." Ayvaz replied, "I do not fear to die, but I owe five hundred tumans to this merchant here, and I must now die in the sin of insolvency, as I have not paid my debt. Kurroglou, I know, is as fond of me as if I was his son, and were I even as much as two thousand tumans in debt, I am sure he would pay it. I beg of thee to allow my hands to be untied, that I may write a few lines to Kurroglou, to request him to pay my creditor." Bolly-beg complied with his prayer. Ayvaz's hands were then untied, and paper as well as a pen was placed before him. Ayvaz wrote the following lines:—

"My way lies on the top of high mountains. O help me! help me! Death is pursuing me; it is following me step by step. O help me! help me! I had but one sword, and one horse. I felt great bitterness in parting with them. Where is my country? where are my relatives?" O help me! help me!"

We have seen that Kurroglou did not willingly allow Ayvaz to leave him, but that the latter had himself insisted that he should go. Ayvaz therefore added another stanza, in which Kurroglou is represented as complaining of his conduct:—

"He himself came to me; he poured poison in my sack. Look, what misfortune has fallen upon my head. O my tongue, proclaim my griefs. Help! help!"

His letter was closed with the following words:—

"My Ayvaz rises, then sits down again; he forces his master to speak. Who will now shroud me, and lay me in my grave, when I am dead? Alas! I am dying. Help! help!"

Here he stopped. Khoja-Yakub then took the letter, and hastened to the caravanserai; he brought into his shop the wares that had been exposed for sale, and proceeded without delay towards Chamly-bill. He was in such a hurry, that he would not allow his horse to be saddled, but mounted it with the horse-clothings alone upon its back, and without stirrups.

The four captives were then brought before the pasha. The latter ordered that their heads should be cut off immediately. His vizier said, "May I fall a victim to thee! There is not one amongst thy subjects, but he has a grudge against Kurroglou. One had a son carried away, another had a father killed by him. From this one he has taken the cattle; another again he has kept in prison. I beg of thee, therefore, to give orders that the brigands should be thrown into a dungeon, and that chains should be forced both upon their feet and arms. Let them continue to be scourged there for a fort-

night; and in the mean time, information should be sent round the country, in order that the katkhodas (seniors) of villages and the elders of the different tribes may all meet here together. When this is done, we shall then proceed to brand Kurroglou's heart, by the means of hot iron, with the stamp of grief, in the public square, in the midst of music, and of general joy and illumination." The pasha said, "Thou art right, vizier, let them be thrown into prison."

Listen now to the news of Kurroglou. Four days elapsed before he became sober and to his senses after his excessive drinking. All the banditti and all his servants had hidden themselves in the darkest corners and holes, being afraid lest Kurroglou should punish them, because they had allowed Ayvaz to go to Tokat in search of such trifles as the game of the pasha. Daly-Mehter alone went to him; and, having made a low obeisance, remained standing, without saying one word. Kurroglou told him to call Ayvaz to him. "I have a headache; I wish he would give me a few glasses of wine—that would refresh me." "My lord, art thou only laughing at me, or dost thou speak in earnest?" "What means this question, thou insolent cur?" "O my benefactor! this is the fourth day since thou hast dispatched him to Tokat to fetch some birds from the pasha's park, to cook a kabab for thee." "Is it possible?" Daly-Mehter

swore by his master's head that it was true, and added, that such and such men went with them on that journey. "Woe to me! I am confident something bad will befall my son." He then seized the guitar, and sang as follows:—

Improvisation.—"I have sent him to fetch some game, but he stays away, and does not come back. O my God, in case of need, whom wilt thou send to his assistance? He stays away, and does not come back. I heard the firing of guns and muskets; defeat follows after defeat. My poor boy must have fallen into a stranger's hands, for he stays away, and does not come back."

Kurroglou, whilst singing the above song, was foaming from his mouth like a male camel. He then roared to Daly-Mehter, "Let Kyrat be saddled." He sang again:—

Improvisation.—"I have sent Ayvaz to Syria. O may my heart be overflowed with a rain of blood. He promised to return the same night. It is very unkind of him; he stays away and does not come back."

He ordered his armour to be brought to him, and during the interval sang as follows:—

Improvisation.—"The roses are budding in the garden. The enamoured nightingales have commenced their songs. Thou alone, Kurroglou, must throw ashes upon thy head. Thy son, thy brother, stays away, and does not come back."

He put on his armour, took his weapons, mounted upon Kyrat, and rode to the mountains upon which his outposts were stationed*. He examined the country all around, but the roads were empty; there was but one horseman to be seen in the direction of Tokat, galloping towards Chamly-bill like a shooting star. Kurroglou thought, "No doubt this is a courier with some news." Kurroglou then descended into the valley, and advanced towards the horseman. Khoja-Yakub recognised him, and was sorely frightened, for he was not ignorant of Kurroglou's habit of putting to death all those who happened to bring him any bad news. He therefore advanced a few hundred paces, tied the letter in a handkerchief, and then, throwing it towards Kurroglou, ran away as quick as he could.

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* It is probable that the *watch-houses* (called in Persian *Karaoul-Khana*) have been the origin of our telegraphs. These watch-houses are turrets built upon the summits of mountains commanding the surrounding country. A great number of them can be now seen on the mountains of the Alburz range, in the northern part of Khorassan. The watchmen, on the discovery of a foraging party of Turkomans, give signals from the turrets by means of a fire at night and by smoke in the day; and the news sent in this way from mountain to mountain soon spreads throughout all the country. In the mountainous districts of Mazendera and Ghilan, there is also a great number of those Karaoul-Khanas, but they are not used at the present day, except as shelter for shepherds.

As soon as Kurroglou had perused Ayvaz's letter, the world grew confused and dim before his eyes. Taking one of his feet out of the stirrup, he threw it over the knob on the fore part of his saddle, and taking the guitar from his pocket, he tuned it, and began to sing. His voice was so powerful that the warriors in Chamly-bill could hear every one of his words.

Improvisation.—"Bolly-beg has made Ayvaz a prisoner. His object is, no doubt, that the warriors of the Turkman Tuka* should go to war with him. What is the world to me now after the loss I have suffered? He wishes that brave warriors should arrive from the Turkman Tuka; he will have them."

Every one of Kurroglou's men, as soon as he heard this summons, hastened to arm himself, and mounting his horse, ran to join his lord. He sang on:—

Improvisation.—"My armour and my coat are both adamantine. I can chew steel between my teeth, and then spit it towards heaven. I shall be your advanced guard† myself; I shall go before to scour the country. Tuka's warriors, my Begs, will follow in my steps."

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* Viz., Kurroglou himself.

† In Persian, *cherkhechi*, from *cherkh kerden*, to walk round, to stroll, to whirl.

Mustapha-beg had likewise in his service three thousand horsemen; he ordered them to arm themselves, and led them to Kurroglou's aid: he was the more willing to do it, as he had been the cause of the accident. Kurroglou then sang:—

Improvisation.—"I shall soon leave behind me the tops of the mountains; and then, ye foes, I shall have all the soil of your native country carried away in the foraging bags of my warriors. Your chiefs, I shall bring down from their horses myself. Dost thou wish that Tuka's warriors should come? They are coming!"

All his men requested him to be led to Tokat without delay, being anxious to avenge, before his very eyes, the fate of their comrades. Kurroglou said, "This is the most trying day for me in all my life." He sang as follows:—

Improvisation.—"Bolly-beg has been more prompt than we to-day. Grief lies like a knot on my breast. Kurroglou says, 'Verily this day is the doomsday.' Bolly-beg, as thou hast desired that the Turkman's Begs should come, here they are!"

Having ended his song, Kurroglou proceeded to Tokat with all his horse, as well as with that of Mustapha-beg. On his way Kurroglou continued to converse with the latter chief. He saw a flock of cranes that passed under the sky singing. Kurroglou said, "I shall ask of these birds what is the fate of our men at Tokat." "A crane has no

language to give thee an answer. Hast thou lost thy reason?" "O mayst thou, instead of the kabab thou hast been coveting, eat the serpent's venom! When a man is afflicted by a misfortune like mine, he will ask for tidings even of birds." Disconsolate in his grief, he then sang as follows:—

Improvisation.—"Five cranes are passing in the air. See whether Ayvaz is not amongst them. How beautiful these birds are! See whether Ayvaz is not amongst them? The crane pursues his flight from field to field. He learns his song under the arch of heaven. Oh! sweet is the melody of his strain. See whether Ayvaz is not amongst them?"

They journeyed on from one menzill to another, until they came within a farsakh's distance of Tokat, upon a hill from which they could see the town and country all round. Daly-Ahmed said, "My lord, wisdom and penetration have given way in thy head to grief. If we should descend from this hill upon the field below, with our banners lifted as they are at this moment, we shall be seen by the inhabitants of the town, who will be sure to shut their gates. We have no guns with us to bombard them. But what is still worse, in order to annoy us, they will accelerate the execution of our comrades. You had better direct that the banners be folded, and that the horses should make a halt here. In the mean time we must take hold somewhere of a citizen of Tokat, to learn from him what has become

of the prisoners. If they have already been put to death, we shall avenge their blood, if they are still in life, we must manage this affair in a different manner." "Bravo, Daly-Hassan!" said Kurroglou, "thy words are full of wisdom. If God allows us to rescue our men, I shall give three hundred tumans reward, and if any man should dare from this day forth to call thee mad (*Daly*), I shall burn his father."

In consequence of the orders of the chief, the troops were soon encamped. Kurroglou said to Daly-Ahmed, "Mount quickly upon Kyrat, approach the town, and fetch us a Turk here."

It is customary in all Turkish towns on Fridays, not to open the gates of the ramparts till three hours after sunrise. It must also be worthy of remark that there is a prophecy in some of the Turkish books, which foretells that Turkey will be conquered by the Persians on a Friday, three hours after sunrise.

Daly-Ahmed continued to roam and to examine the country, but without any effect. He could see no living being stirring anywhere. At last a little old man appeared in the field carrying a bag of cotton upon his back. "Whither does God conduct thee?" The foolish and hair-brained Turk replied, "What is that to thee?" "My master is a merchant, he is stopping with his caravan on the other side of yonder hill, and has sent me before

him, that I might ascertain the prices of different wares in this town; if the price is high we shall sell them here; in a contrary case we must proceed to some other town." "Go to the devil with thyself and thy master. Dost thou not perceive that I am carrying a heavy bag of cotton, just in the direction where thy master is resting himself now with his caravan. I am on my way to the market of yonder village." Daly-Ahmed seized the old man by the neck, and with one hand lifted him in the air together with his bag. He then put Kyrat to the gallop, and dragged the prisoner along, so that the latter's feet touched the ground all the time. The old man soon began to choke; Daly-Ahmed, therefore, released his neck, and seizing him by the beard continued to drag the poor fellow as before. During that time, Kurroglou was walking to and fro upon the top of the hill. He saw that his messenger was coming back, and that he carried, moreover, some white object in his hand. This object was the old wretch, whose clothes had become white in consequence of the cotton issuing from the bag and sticking to them. "Mustapha-beg! look at this villain, Daly-Ahmed, I have told him to fetch us a living man, and I see he is bringing us a corpse in its shroud, whom he has most likely dragged out from the burial-ground of some village." Daly-Ahmed, who had heard these last words, rode up to Kurroglou, and said, "My lord, he is not

dead." "If he had a thousand souls in his body he must die, being dragged in the way thou hast conveyed him." "I have released his throat, my lord, to make him breathe freely, it is by the beard that I dragged him." He then placed the old man on his feet before the chiefs, but he dropped down. "Did I not tell thee, rascal, that this was a corpse?" "Upon my faith he is not dead, my lord. He only shuts his eyes intentionally. I shall restore him to life in a minute." Saying these words he squeezed the old man's hand. The latter opened his eyes, but as soon as he perceived Daly-Ahmed he closed them again. "Go away and leave us alone with him," said Kurroglou, for he is afraid of thee." He then ordered the old man's nose to be stuffed with a mixture of clay and straw, and the latter soon came to his senses.

"Tell us what are the prices of different wares in the town?" "My lord, what can I tell thee? A maun* of bread, which could be had before for four shahis, costs now as much as eight shahis."

Kurroglou soon saw that the old man was an idiot, and knew nothing of the things of this world, but prattled all that came to his mouth. "What news from the town, old man?" he said, "Didst thou hear anything about Kurroglou?" "Four of his robbers, viz., Ayvaz, Demurchy-Oglou, Kimchy-

* About fifteen pounds, English.

Oglou, and Belly-Ahmed have been captured." "Have they been put to death, or are they still alive?" "When I left the town they were still in prison. Summonses have been sent over the country, that all the people should meet in town this day to witness the execution of the robbers, which is to take place, with firing of guns, in the midst of general joy and illuminations. I am hastening to my village, that I may sell the cotton, and then come back to Tokat. I must enjoy the pleasure of pricking Ayvaz, at least once, with my knife*.

* The curiosity which gathers crowds of people to witness the executions of culprits in Europe, is very feeble in comparison with what can be seen in Asia on similar occasions. There, many of those present are not only fond of looking at, but even take an active part in tormenting the condemned, though they never saw him before, or have any motive of revenge. To stab the poor dying wretch with a knife, or, at least to spit in his face, is an innocent pleasure which even the women do not refuse themselves. Those who are moved by revenge are still more savage. Riza Kuly Khan, the governor of Yezd, having expelled from that town (in 1830) one of the sons of the shah, was afterwards taken prisoner, and sent to Tehran. The shah gave the culprit up to the offended prince, who, after promising to pardon and forget all, invited him to supper in the harem, and there stabbed him with his own hands. His wives, and the maid-servants of the harem, *cut to pieces* the body, weltering in blood, *with scissors!* and pricked and tortured him, till he gave up his last breath. I can see no other reason for such barbarity but their brutalising education. A child begins by wringing off the heads of living sparrows. When he grows up, they buy him a little sword, and exercise the boy in cutting in two halves—first, living

Thou art a merchant, and it is impossible that thou shouldst never have been stopped on the road by that scoundrel Kurroglou; go, therefore, quick to town, and plunge thy poniard in his son's body."

Kurroglou said to Daly-Ahmed, "This fool's tale has burnt my liver. Detain him no longer, but let him go." The old man was set at liberty, and had already advanced to some distance from them, when Daly-Ahmed galloped after him; and, coming up with him, he struck, with a club, such a violent blow at the old man's head, that it was immediately

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fowls, then lambs, sheep, and so on. Grown-up people consider it as a very fashionable pastime, to snatch a ram from a flock, order two of their servants to hold it by the head and feet, and, placing a bundle of straw underneath, in order to prevent the sword from striking against the ground, to cut the bleeting animal to pieces while it is alive. The most famous of such swordsmen (*shemshirzen*) in Persia, is still living, Soleyman Mirza, son of Feteh Aly Shah. He has often, in the presence of the shah, and numerous witnesses, with one blow of his huge scimitar, cut in two an ass, and severed the head of a camel from its neck. This, however, has nothing to do with his personal courage, as this dexterous swordsman was one of the first who fled away after his father's death, on learning that the present shah was coming to Teheran to be crowned. The debt of impartial truth must be paid to the more humane disposition of Mohammed Shah, and his present minister, Haji Mirza-Aghassy. Executions have never been so scarce in Persia as at the present day. In Turkey the progress of humanity is still greater, as the punishment of death is quite abolished by a special firman of the sultan.

dashed to pieces. Then, by his lord's direction, he proceeded in search of some more acute cicerone.

Daly-Ahmed saw a peasant at a short distance from Tokat, who was occupied with watering the corn-field from the adjoining canal. He was much pleased with the general appearance, as well as the healthy looks of the stout young lad. "My lad, may God increase thy strength!" The peasant said, "Warrior, you are welcome." "My master is a merchant; he has stopped to have his horses fed behind yonder hill, and sends me to inquire about the prices of merchandize." The peasant placed his spade on the ground, and at once offered him his services. Daly-Ahmed seeing that he was running bare-footed before his horse, was moved by pity, and placed the lad behind him on the saddle. The peasant, as soon as they arrived at the camp, understood that they were not merchants at all; he then inquired, "Which of them is your master?" Daly-Ahmed pointed to Kurroglou with his finger. The peasant looked at him, and saw a head like the cupola of a church, mustachios extending up beyond the ears, and a beard that reached down to the waist, and the height nearly equal to that of a minaret. He naturally inferred that the valour of a giant like this must be in proportion, and said in his heart, "This must, no doubt, be Kurroglou; just such a man as he has been described to us to be." He jumped down from the horse. "Why didst thou dismount?"

inquired Daly-Ahmed, "My lord, thou hast been telling me he was a merchant, but I see he is somewhat like a mighty serdar; he does not at all look like a merchant." Daly-Ahmed seeing that the lad was a sensible and acute fellow, taught him what he should say, and how to behave in the chief's presence.

When Kurroglou saw a comely young man running before Daly-Ahmed's horse, he said in his heart, "If this boy is a fool, may God inspire him with prudence that I may not punish him in my anger."

As soon as the peasant had approached Kurroglou, he made him a low obeisance. "Come nearer, my lad." The peasant bowed again, and advancing, remained silent. "Canst thou tell me anything about the prices of wares in Tokat?" The lad immediately proceeded to give an account of the different prices with so much precision, that one might have easily taken him for a merchant thoroughly conversant with all the details of his profession. "What news have you here?" "My lord, my tongue is loath to forward the fatal news to thee." "What news dost thou speak of?" "On your passage through Chamly-bill you must no doubt have heard of Kurroglou's fame." "Yes, I did." "My lord, four of his warriors have been captured by Hassan Pasha. This is the day on which they are to suffer death. As I cannot help pitying the fate of such fine warriors, and should not like to

look upon their tortures; and so I came out of town to water my corn-fields. Now if God had allowed me to alight upon thy troops, I should have had a great mind to conduct them to Tokat, that they might exterminate the Pasha's army. After I should have thus delivered Kurroglou's servants from death, I would immediately have lead them back to Chamly-bill. Indeed, if I had been aware of all that five or six days ago, I would rather have gone myself to inform Kurroglou of what had happened. Kurroglou would be sure to have given me as much money as would have been sufficient for the maintenance of all my family from generation to generation."

Kurroglou was much pleased with the above answer. He ordered the lad to open his mouth and then had it filled with ducats to the brim of the lips. Then the boy was asked, "Hast thou seen the camel, my lad?" "God forbid, my lord, I have never seen his dung in all my life." "What kind of tortures have been prepared for the prisoners?" "Summonses have been dispatched by the pasha to all parts of the country, to invite the people to meet in town this day. The fun, the firing, the illumination, and I don't know what lots of other follies are in preparation." The lad was allowed to depart.

Kurroglou ordered the whole of the troops to move forward. The banditti's horses were then all covered with large cloaks, that their weapons might

not be seen. The country people were seen advancing towards the town from all sides, and this circumstance enabled the troops of the robbers to approach the town without awakening any suspicion. Daly-Ahmed was the first who conceived the idea of having recourse to this device. Kurroglou, in reward, gave him the command of the expedition of that day, and made him a promise of another three hundred tumans. "Thou must mind, during the fray of the battle, to keep thy eyes constantly directed towards me. When I shall raise my hand to my mustachios, it will be a signal for thee to commence the carnage."

Thus the robbers contrived to enter Tokat; and the people of that town imagined they were coming as mere spectators of the execution.

Kurroglou then posted Mustapha-beg's men along the four sides of the square in which the prisoners were to suffer their punishment. He wrapped himself in a cloak of Jam*, and left Kyrat's reins in Daly-Ahmed's hands.

A seat was brought for Hassan Pasha and placed in one of the corners of the square, in the centre of which a gibbet had been previously erected. The pasha, surrounded by all the civil officers of the pro-

* *A cloak of Jam* is the over-all dress of peasants and travellers. The best are fabricated from felt made in one of the districts of Khorassan, called Jam. The name of the dress itself is *Kapanak*, alluded to before.

vince, as well as of the town itself, arrived soon after and sat down on the place that had been prepared for him. "Vizier, let the criminals be brought hither!" After a short delay, Ayvaz, Demurchy-Oglou, Kimchy-Oglou, and Belly-Ahmed arrived, having all of them chains around their necks. When Kurroglou saw them, he wished he was blind that he might not look upon his men in their present state.

The pasha then called out and said, "Let them be put to death."

But the vizier said, "Didst thou not command, my lord, that their death should take place in the midst of universal joy, by the singing of aushiks, and the presence of musicians and rope-dancers." "Thou art right, call an aushik here that he may sing, and order the firing to commence in sign of public rejoicing." Kurroglou, who was standing in the crowd of spectators, took the guitar from his pocket and tuned it, after having first made fast its handle. He then placed his hands under the arms of two of the pasha's servants, and said to them, "Do you want an aushik—Here I am."

One of them seeing Kurroglou's immense mustachios, was frightened, and said that a man of his appearance could not possibly be an aushik. He then began to run away from Kurroglou. But the latter, as if he had been born in Tokat, took the turn of a shorter street and stopped the man's

path. He then as before, passed his own arm under the arm of the servant and inquired, "Well, do I not look like an aushik?" "Not a bit. An aushik may be known at a first glance; but as for thee, thou art neither one thing nor the other." The other servant said, "His aspect will make the people laugh, we must bring him before the pasha." The other servant then said also, "How sayst thou, aushik, wilt thou make us laugh?" Kurroglou replied, "I cannot hear well with this ear, speak louder." The servant brought his mouth close to Kurroglou's face, in order to repeat his summons, but he received such a box from the upper end of the guitar, that four teeth were forced by it out of the gums and fell into his throat. The servant placing one of his hands over his mouth, said to his comrade, "Thou dog's son, did I not tell thee that an aushik does not look like that. This rascal savours of the plague." Never mind, he must make amends for this, by dividing with us the pasha's reward." They then went on and conducted Kurroglou to the pasha.

The pasha looked on Kurroglou and then inquired of the servant, "Is this man an aushik?" "Yes, pasha." He then examined in turn Kurroglou's portendous mustachios, as well as the beard, and said to the vizier, "This aushik looks very queer, he is more like a wrestler (*pehlevan*) than a musician. Well, aushik, play a tune and give us a song, we

will hear thee before these thieves are put to death." Whilst the pasha was speaking, Kurroglou saw a lad in a rich dress who had brought a bowl full of wine for the pasha; he looked the cupbearer in the face and licked his lips. The pasha inquired, "What is the reason of thy licking thy lips, aushik?" "May the pasha live long! I came from a good distance, my throat is full of dust and sand. If thou wouldst deign to let me swallow a few drops of wine, I could sing better, having first cleared out the way for the voice." The pasha ordered the boy to hand Kurroglou a bottle of wine. Kurroglou immediately emptied it to the bottom, and then held up one of his hands in the air with an empty bottle in it: the meaning of this gesture was that he should like to have another. At the same time, with his other hand he was slapping his belly, to signify that it was empty, and that there was plenty of room for a fresh supply of liquor.

The pasha smiled and directed an entire *mehtara** of wine to be placed before Kurroglou. The vizier then exclaimed, "Drink, that thou mayest swell and burst." Kurroglou looked round and met on every side the faces of his banditti. In his joy, he lifted the mehtara, and having drunk its contents to the bottom at a draught, placed it again on the ground. The pasha exclaimed, "Thou haram

* A large leathern-bottle in which travellers carry water.

zadah, stand up and let us see, there must be a pond under thee, in which all that wine has flown." Kurroglou stood up and gazed on his place, which was quite dry and smooth. A general burst of laughter followed this scene. The pasha said to the vizier, "If this aushik should stay here a few days longer, the price of wine in our town will be sure to rise. Now thou must give us a song." Kurroglou said, "May the pasha live long! I drank with an empty stomach, and my heart is sick in consequence. I should like to have something to eat." By order of their master, the pasha's servants brought soon after a large tray filled with meat and rice.

Kurroglou tucked his sleeves up to the elbows; he then looked round, and saw the eyes of every man fixed upon him. He lowered his head, and began to snatch by handfuls, and to fling into his mouth all that fell under his hand, not excepting the bones. Soon after, the bottom of the tray became visible; and the pasha, seeing that all its contents had disappeared, said to the vizier, "Indeed, this fellow must be famine personified in human shape. Well, that will do now: get up, and sing us a song. If thou shouldst dwell any longer in Tokat, the prices of rice and butter will be very high. Go on!"

Kurroglou looked round, and saw that Daly-Ahmed's eyes were on him, and that one of his hands was placed on his dagger. By this sign, Daly-

Ahmed meant to inquire, whether it was time to commence the battle. Kurroglou raised his eyebrows, to signify that the time had not yet come. He also possessed this quality, that when he had once tasted any man's bread and salt, he felt grateful, and would never betray him. He now said in his heart: "I have been eating the pasha's bread and salt, and I must not forget it. I shall ask him to present me with the captives; if he complies with my request, I shall then depart as I have come; but should he refuse, I shall be compelled to fight against my will; I shall then be free from all sin." He shook off, with the handle of his guitar, the remnants of rice that hung upon his mustachios, and sang as follows:—

Improvisation.—"Hassan Pasha, listen to the meaning of my song. Let Ayvaz be set at liberty; allow him to depart. Thou shalt have God's blessing for it, and live a hundred years in happiness. Let Ayvaz be set at liberty; allow him to depart."

The pasha was surprised when he heard that the aushik's song terminated with an allusion about Ayvaz. Kurroglou continued to sing:—

Improvisation.—"Why dost thou shake the dark plume of thy turban? Thou must not rely too much on thy brassarts of steel. Hear me—give Ayvaz back to me, and allow him to depart."

The pasha then said in a whisper to his vizier, "This man looks like Kurroglou." "May the pasha

live long! that robber would never dare to come hither." Kurroglou sang on:—

Improvisation.—"A lamb is brought up to serve for a kabab—a man is brought up to be a companion. O pasha! I conjure thee on thy own head, let go Ayvaz; allow him to depart."

The pasha then said to Kurroglou, "Aushik, thy words will avail nothing. I shall not give Ayvaz to thee; I must have him put to death!" Kurroglou said in his heart, "Now let us tell this dog who we are: will he understand?" He sang as follows:—

Improvisation.—"My cloak has been all pierced through by lances. All who saw it were loud in their praises. It is Kurroglou himself that is now asking thee. Give me back Ayvaz; allow him to depart."

The pasha exclaimed, "Children, this man is Kurroglou: take him and let him be killed." Kurroglou said in his heart, "This dog of a pasha has been repeating so often the word, 'Let them be killed,' that the hearts of the poor captives must now be bursting with fear." He then said aloud, "May the pasha live long! I have been with Kurroglou more than once; and, whilst there, I heard the voice of Demurchy-Oglou, the same who is shortly to be put to death. He is an excellent singer. Let my guitar be given to him, that he may sing for you."

The pasha said, "If he will sing some good verses in my praise, I shall grant him his life." Kurroglou had a different object in view. As soon as Demurchy's eye fell on the guitar, he knew at once to whom it belonged. He therefore said in a whisper to Ayvaz, "Good cheer, my friend. Our lord is come hither;" and when the latter expressed his doubts, he showed him the guitar. The happy event was immediately communicated to their two remaining comrades. Demurchy-Oglou thus sang for the pasha:—

Improvisation.—"Glory and obeisance to thee, valiant Kurroglou! See, he is already advancing to the battle. Effendy, thou must be on thy guard. God has created him all perfection, without blemish. He is humble before heaven alone, but he scorns all human kind. See, he is already advancing to the battle. Effendy, beware!"

The pasha called out, saying, "Take the guitar from this villain's hands. Does he mean to frighten me with Kurroglou's name?"

Kurroglou said, "May the pasha live long! This is but a joke to us; but his life is at stake, and there is no wonder that, in such a critical moment, he prattles all that comes to his lips. Thou must not be angry with a poor culprit." Demurchy continued to sing:—

Improvisation.—"Pasha, thou must not reject our beloved's prayer. Let the same God put a

term to our life who originated it. A roaring lion will soon dart from the wood. What can foxes do to him? O my Effendy, take care of thyself."

The pasha fell into a great fury: "This thief here has made a fox of me and a lion of Kurroglou. Quick, let him be put to death."

"Pasha, a man at the hour of death raves as if he had a fever: allow him to speak as he likes." Here Daly-Ahmed, who was holding Kyrat's bridle, approached the gallows, and said in a whisper to the singer, "Villain, I am to-day the commander of this expedition. Why shouldst thou not praise me as well as others?" Demurchy thought in himself "What is to be done with this madman? If I should not praise him, he is likely to kill me in the mêlée which must soon take place." He sang, therefore, as follows:—

Improvisation.—"He has seven hundred and seventy-seven warriors; all madcaps, from the first man to the last. But Daly-Mehter's arm is the strongest of all. He will soon appear in this square. O my Effendy! take care of thyself."

Again the pasha ordered the guitar to be taken away from Daly-Ahmed; but Kurroglou again succeeded in appeasing the pasha's anger. Demurchy sang as follows:—

Improvisation.—"A few words more from the mouth of the blacksmith's son. You have made tears flow from my eyes. It is time now to wipe

them. If you must kill, let only three of us be killed. But O my Effendy! let young Ayvaz be spared."

The pasha ordered a proclamation to be made all over the square, that any man who should hit Ayvaz with one arrow, should receive a ducat as his reward; who should hit him with two arrows should receive two ducats, and so on. All this was proclaimed in the presence of the officers who stood before the pasha. This order wounded Kurroglou's heart like a lancet. He rose from his place, and advancing a few steps, said, "May the pasha live long! Allow me to say but a few words more, after which thou shalt be at liberty to shed blood, and murder as thou pleasest." And taking the guitar from Demurchy, he sang as follows:—

Improvisation. "The turbans are proudly wrapped on their heads. The order has been proclaimed in the square, early in the morning. O ye turbans, may ye be dashed down from these heads unfolded and torn to pieces! ye shall soon hear the voice of my heralds! The warrior's shouts, the horse's neighing is heard; the banners are flying, and their golden balls are glittering in the sun. Wonderful are the ordainings of fate."

And as the pasha had ordered arrows to be shot at Ayvaz, Kurroglou now added:—

Improvisation.—"From the left and from the right, arrows are flying. A hard bow requires

strength in the arm. Blood is gushing from the limb which has been hit by an arrow."

The pasha's patience was now exhausted, and he ordered the prisoners to be put to death. Kurroglou continued to sing:—

Improvisation.—"See!—the young warrior is stretching the spring of the stone-bow. The bullet has struck; the wound inflicted by it is burning most painfully. Blood is trickling through the rings of the coat of mail. The body is deprived of all strength and motion."

The object of this song was to inform the prisoners of the fate which awaited them, as well as to express disapprobation of the manner in which they had allowed themselves to be made prisoners without a wound, and to make them sensible of the obligations they were under to Kurroglou for the latter's timely assistance. He then sang on:—

Improvisation.—Kurroglou must not hear of it; he must not quit his house for our sake. Shame upon a man who has not fallen in battle, and returns home without a wound."

The pasha continued to call out all the time, "Let them be killed!" Daly-Ahmed grew impatient; he looked upon his lord, and twisted his mustachio. The meaning of it was: "Why dost thou delay giving us the signal agreed upon?" Kurroglou, upon this, made him understand that the time had not come yet. Daly-Ahmed, in his anger,

came so much forward, impatient to make his signs to Kurroglou, that the pasha's eyes fell on Kyrat. He beheld a horse like a mountain; even the stables of the sultan himself contained no steed that could be compared to him. The pasha inquired, "Whose horse is this?" "It belongs to this aushik here." "Well, aushik, thou must sell thy jade to me." "Take it from me as a present." "I shall pay thee three hundred tumans in ready money, and then thou shalt be at liberty to go to my stable, and to choose any horse thou mayst please for thyself." Kurroglou replied, "Have I not told thee already, take it as a present from me?" The pasha gave orders that three hundred tumans should immediately be counted over to Kurroglou. Kurroglou tied the money in a handkerchief, and giving it to Daly-Ahmed, said, "Here are the first three hundred tumans I have promised thee as a reward." Then, turning to the pasha, he said, "O may the palace of thy generosity stand firm for ever!"

The pasha told one of his grooms to lead the horse away. Kyrat, on his way to the stable, grew restless, and began to prance. The pasha's reason abandoned him, and he said to the vizier, "This horse is full of spirit and vigour." When Kyrat saw that he was going to be still further removed from his master, he reared himself up and placed his fore legs on the groom's shoulders. The pasha and the vizier both continued to look in that direc-

tion; they smiled when they saw that the horse could play so many tricks. Kyrat bent his neck down, seized the groom's head between his teeth, and then plucking it from the neck with all its veins, flung it on the ground.

The pasha cried out, "Aushik, may thy house fall in ruins! thy horse is an anthropophagus!" Kyrat, now left alone, with the reins laid on his neck, began to caracole over the square, whilst the Turks were flying before him. Not long before this accident took place, an old head-groom of the pasha had been discharged from his stable for some offence or other. This man, now seeing what had happened, came to the pasha, and said, "May the pasha live long! My family has always lived in the service of thine from the time of our great-grandfather. Thou hast removed me in order to take into thy service this man here, who has just paid, with his death, for his ignorance how to treat horses of a noble race. I have this moment left the bath,—I am quite clean." The pasha said, "Well, then, take this horse, and conduct him to the stable." The equerry advanced slowly, and whistling all the time towards Kyrat, who stood motionless. The equerry began to stroke his back; Kyrat, having firmly fastened his fore-legs upon the earth, aimed such a kick at the equerry, with his hind-legs, that the latter fell down with his breast burst open. The pasha said, "It has served thee right; thou art a great connois-

seur of horses indeed! Aushik, thy horse has killed two officers of my stable, and God alone knows for what reason." "My lord, it cannot be helped now. I have never remarked in him this vice before. However, it is no proof at all that the horse is not of high breed. If thou hast any doubts on this point, let us both mount our respective horses, and see which of them can run the best." Kurroglou, in his joy, expressed his thanks to Kyrat in the following verses:—

Improvisation.—"I shall kiss all over thy dear little head, O my darling Kyrat! If a man were to purchase thee at the price of his soul, he would have thee at a low price; I regret not the money I spent upon thee, nor the green clover, nor the trouble it cost me to recover thee when lost! When he goes to battle he neighs. He drinks from a basin carefully cleansed, the purest, the freshest water. I have brought him up myself from a colt. He neighs climbing over precipitous rocks. I give him every evening forty measures of barley. O my dear Kyrat, mayst thou live long and enjoy thyself."

Kyrat with his reins thrown over his mane, was running playfully round the square. The pasha contemplated him with rapture. Kurroglou sang on.

Improvisation.—"I have earned Kyrat in a close battle*. He hastens to the field of battle at his full

* Literally, I have taken him by the power of shouting: "Allahu-Ekber!"

speed. I have furnished his currycomb with two little bells, that he may not find his time too tedious in the stable. Trappings of velvet upon thy back will be cheap to me. Kurroglou's words are always confirmed by deeds. He can distinguish a friend from a foe. Thy silver shoes with their nails of gold are cheap to me."

Kurroglou then said, "May the pasha live long and reign! Permit my wretched groom to hold the horse in the mean time. When the execution of the robbers will be over, I shall myself conduct him to thy stable and try to make him quiet." "Thou sayest well, aushik." Daly-Ahmed then took again Kyrat's reins into his hand.

Mustapha-beg who had been present all the time, thought in himself, "Kurroglou is drunk; his eyes can see neither earth no heaven. He takes no notice that we are dying here from extreme heat, standing as we do in the sun. In order to remind Kurroglou of their presence Mustapha-beg drew from beneath his belt a club, which he then hurled in the air to such a height that it disappeared to the eye, under heaven. An hour after, the club dropped before the pasha himself, on the ground. All that were present were struck with panic. Kurroglou was aware that the only arm in the world that could perform this miracle, was that of Mustapha-beg. When the pasha asked him for the meaning of this occurrence, he replied, "May the

pasha live long! It is nothing at all. This club was thrown in the air by some of thy courtiers in their sport." The pasha ordered the prisoners to be put to death; Kurroglou thought in his heart, "Demurchy-Oglou sang the praises of Daly-Ahmed in the pasha's presence, it would be an act of base jealousy on thy part, not to praise before all these men Mustapha-beg, who has thrown the club higher than any man in the world is capable of doing." "May the pasha live long! some verses have just come into my memory. Listen to them first, and let the robbers be put to death afterwards."

Improvisation.—"A fire came down upon the earth from heaven. I imagined that my life—that my days had withered. Ayvaz had reached me a cup filled to the brim. It was a cup of bitterness, I thought he had drunk my red blood. He has awakened me from drunkenness. Death has sold itself to me, and like a female slave purchased with gold, she is now waiting for my orders. It was Mustapha-beg that threw the club! Yes, I fancied I beheld mountains falling down on the valley."

In the mean time, the crowd was becoming thinner. Kurroglou's eyes fell on the prisoners, who were standing, with their heads uncovered, having nothing but their shirts on. He was moved by the sight, and sang as follows:—

Improvisation.—"I look to my right and to my left; roses are scattered over the ground. The

sun is descending beyond the western mountain. Ayvaz's bosom is shining across his ragged shirt."

During that time the vizier examined with increased attention Kurroglou's face, until he recognized him at last. He put his hand upon his heart, and shrinking like a wounded serpent, he began to walk round the pasha's seat. The latter remarked it, and inquired, "What is the matter with thee, vizier?" "May the pasha live long! I feel a pain at the bottom of my heart, allow me to retire, I must take my medicine." He then went away. Kurroglou said in his heart, "Villain, thou art anxious to make thy escape. We shall meet again." He then sang:—

Improvisation.—"Ayvaz's pale face is turned towards me. He has consumed my soul with the fire of affliction. Kurroglou is raising from his place. If I am not mistaken, the grand vizier has deigned to take his departure."

The pasha still continued in his resolve to slay the prisoners. Kurroglou now saw that he could do nothing with mild means, and he began to prepare his men for battle, communicating to them his orders in the following song:—

Improvisation.—"Ye who eat my broth and my pillaw, ye who from my liberality bestride the Kholan steeds! In the time of safety every one of you boasted, 'I am the man! I am the hero!' Rise now a similar cry on the field of battle and let us attack!"

All were in readiness and waiting for the signal. In the mean time, one of the pasha's soldiers came to Kurroglou, and slipped into his pocket ten tumans; "What is it for?" asked Kurroglou. "I see that the pasha is very fond of thee. I should like to secure thy interest with him on my behalf. It was I who first caught and bound Ayvaz. The pasha promised me a reward for it, but he forgot it altogether, and gave me nothing. I wish thou wouldst remind him of me and intercede for me." "Agreed; but wait awhile. I'll finish my song first, and then I will speak to him. Don't go yet."

Improvisation.—"The sentries slumber on the towers of the fort, the warriors are besmeared with dirt and dust. He of you who first shall take Ayvaz, shall have a reward upon my head*."

Daly-Ahmed and the rest of the banditti fixed their eyes upon the chief's hand, waiting till he should lift it to his mustachios. This signal would throw all their army upon the Turks. Endowed with greater self-possession than any of them, Kurroglou said to himself, "Well! now distribute the work amongst the robbers; thou art old already; the pasha will be quite enough for thee," and he sang:—

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* *Bash-usta,* "upon the head," and *guz-usta* "upon the eye," are two expressions very frequently used by the Persian Turks; they mean "willingly, immediately."

Improvisation.—"The battle is my banquet, my holiday. What is the world for me without a warrior like Ayvaz? These are Kurroglou's words, 'The pasha is mine, the remainder of them in the field are yours.'"

Daly-Ahmed stood in readiness, with his hand on the hilt of his sword. Kurroglou stroked his mustachios. "Hurra, children! kill the rascals!" shouted Daly-Ahmed. The banditti unsheathed their swords and broke into the square. Their voices, and the clinking of their arms, reached the heavens. The pasha took to his heels; Kurroglou fired his karabina* after him. It was the first and the last shot he ever performed in his life. The pasha fell; and after a while, his head, stuck upon a lance, was exposed in the middle of the square.

The vizier came, Koran in hand, asking pardon. Kurroglou granted it, and stopped the slaughter. The cash, furniture, and all the moveables of the pasha became his property.

Kurroglou could not bear the miserable appear-

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* The word *karabina* signifies in Persia, and particularly in the province of Kurdistan, a kind of blunderbuss, or a pistol with a butt end, like that of our fowling-pieces. The diameter of the barrel, at its muzzle, is four or five inches wide, narrowing as it approaches the breech. As it is loaded with large slugs, the wound produced by the shot generally proves mortal. This destructive weapon was introduced among the Kurds, some centuries ago, by the Genoese and Venetian merchants.

ance of the four prisoners. He sent them immediately to the bath, and after they were washed, shaved, and richly dressed, he ordered them to be brought before him, directing the vizier, at the same time, to furnish them with new and costly clothing.

He appointed the vizier the governor of the country, instead of the late pasha; and the whole tribe engaged to pay Kurroglou a yearly tribute. He divided amongst his own and Mustapha-beg's men the copious spoils. The two chiefs got innumerable riches for their share. They left Tokat, and going from one menzill to another, they safely arrived at Chamly-bill.

Meeting X.

Learned men are aware, that in the tribe of Terjim, on the Turkish frontiers, there was a warrior named Nazar-Jalali. The name and the power of Kurroglou spread so far as to reach Nazar-Jalali's ear. They never saw each other; nevertheless each of them entertained the highest opinion of the other's valour and chivalrous accomplishments.

One day, on a sudden, a thought took possession of Nazar-Jalali's heart. "I will take with

me twelve thousand horse, and I'll wage war with Kurroglou. I'll fight him. If I conquer him, all his beautiful and costly things will be my property, and then I shall roll in riches and pleasure. If I lose the battle, I shall be a welcome guest at Chamly-bill; and, after having seen all the delights of his life, I will return to my country."

It was morning. The sentinels stationed upon the mountains surrounding Chamly-bill, notified to Kurroglou that a numerous army was encamped upon one of his meadows. They said, "Master, we do not know whether they are thy friends or foes." Kurroglou immediately dispatched Daly-Hassan, in order to get the exact tidings who they were, friends or foes. Daly, after having lifted his hands to his eyes in token of assent and gratitude, went on his mission.

He came near the camp and rambled about it. He discovered ten soldiers sitting round a fire in a narrow passage amongst the rocks. "Allow me to ask you whose camp is this?" "Nazar-Jalali's." "Allow me then to ask you where is he going?" "If you wish to know the truth, he is going against Kurroglou with the intention of killing him and taking possession of Chamly-bill." Daly having raised up his club, killed the respondent, saying, "There is thy reward for good news." He then asked another, "For what purpose did Nazar-Jalali come here?" "He came on a visit to Kurroglou,

that he might, himself and his army, learn the art of military tactics, and then go back home." Daly drew his sword and cut his head off. In this manner he killed one after another to the last; and he said to himself, "I shall not be able to learn the truth otherwise than by asking the chief himself."

He rode, therefore, on horseback into the middle of the encampment, alighted before Nazar-Jalali's tent, and walked into it. A great number of chiefs were sitting around the chief; and they were so proud that none of them deigned to look at him. Daly took the nearest by the hand, threw him on the ground from the cushion, and sat in his place. Nazar-Jalali said, "A guest never sits himself down till he is asked to do so: what an odd man thou art?" "When a guest perceives that his post is occupied by an ignorant and stupid man, he must help himself. It is written in the Koran, *Honour thy guest although he be an infidel.*" "Who art thou?" "In Chamly-bill they call me the servant of Kurroglou." "What is thy name?" "Daly-Hassan." "What is thy business here?" "I came to levy the haratch. You must pay me immediately one thousand five hundred tumans in ready money for the damages done upon this meadow by your troops. Then you must strike your tents and go where you came from: avaunt!"

Nazar-Jalali stared at Daly, and thought to himself, "The master whose servants are so rash and

violent, must be a powerful master. It will be better, then, to pay him a visit, to get a peep into his business, and return home. Otherwise it will be difficult to get out of this dilemma." He said then, "I came to Kurroglou on a visit for a few days, and wish to take a few lessons from him in the military art." "It is better for you to tell the whole truth, to confess all you have upon your heart. I will report faithfully your words to Kurroglou. I swear upon the Creator's purest essence, that you and none but yourself will be guilty of all that can fall upon your head." Nazar-Jalali swore that what he said was the plain truth; that if he ever felt any envy or enmity, he had banished them from his heart. Then, turning to one of the chiefs, he said, "Order the troops to mount on horseback." Daly said, "Order the troops not to mount on horseback. I must go and acquaint Kurroglou with your intention; if he condescends to be pleased with it, I'll bring his answer myself, if not I shall not come back, and then you had better not wait any longer, but strike your tents and go, with God."

Kurroglou ordered out his seven hundred and seventy-seven horsemen in order to meet courteously Nazar-Jalali. The guest-chief and his twelve thousand horsemen were introduced with pomp and firing of guns. Kurroglou himself met them at the gate and accompanied them to his house, where they found the floor covered with different dishes and wine.

They sat down. Kurroglou ordered Ayvaz to

pour some wine, and being a little flushed, he began to sing.

Improvisation.—"Call him, let him come here and bear round the glasses and sweets. Bring the backgammon, come, let us play! Throw the dice, one, two—let him have six. Fetch calves; kill sheep. Eat, my boys; God speed you well!"

In the meantime Kurroglou's wives were in the utmost perplexity how to furnish the cook with food sufficient for twelve thousand men; so much so, as Kurroglou promised to maintain Nazar-Jalali for forty days. In the neighbourhood of Chamly-bill, on the Turkish land, there was a wandering tribe, *Bull-Keeda*, from which Kurroglou never took anything. On the contrary, he treated them with the greatest benevolence, that they might assist him in case of need. Now, prompted by necessity, he sent to them requesting their aid; and the tribe willingly offered their flocks to him, to use as much of them as he liked. Kurroglou has left some stanzas, improvised on that occasion.

Improvisation.—"Let the fog come and shroud those mountains. Let the heads of the slaughtered cattle fall down; let their blood flow! Drive here the flocks of Bull-Keeda; kill them and eat. God speed you well! Kurroglou says, 'A coward can have no strong faith. The fog has covered the summits of the lofty mountains. Whoever returning from the battle will bring to me the enemy's

head tied up to a saddle, will get fifteen hundred tumans.'"

The banquet grew merrier. Ayvaz being summoned, came dashingly dressed, but dissatisfied with being obliged to wait upon a new guest at the banquet. "Ayvaz, pour the wine, and offer it to Nazar-Jalali." Ayvaz obeyed, but his face blushed. This time it did not escape Kurroglou's eye. Ayvaz boldly met his eye with an angry look, put the glass and the bottle down, and sat; and when Daly-Mehter laughed at his anger, he broke a plate upon his head. "Ayvaz! why don't you give us wine?" asked Kurroglou. "Cursed be the father of him who serves you!" Having said that, the boy left the room, armed himself, mounted his horse and rode away into the field.

The next day, when Kurroglou woke up sober, he mounted on Kyrat, and looking from the top of a mountain on the surrounding country, he espied at a distance, Ayvaz, riding on the road towards Tokat.

He overtook him. The angry youth spurned Kurroglou's entreaties and threats, and gave him this answer: "Thou hast carried me away from my parents' house, thou hast adopted me for thy son; thou hast brought me up for a warrior. How much I have profitted by thy lessons, how grateful I was to thee, let the dead body of the Arab, Reyhan, tell!" Kurroglou swore that henceforth he would

never employ him in the capacity of a cup-bearer; and getting his guitar, he sang.

Improvisation.—"Ayvaz, my son, my eye! leave off that quarreling with me; do not take offence for the trifle that has happened. Let not thine anger mislead thee. Do not forsake me, a lonely old man, as I am. Do not look with a scornful glance at my bread. Thou, my son, my darling fawn! do not leave me."

Ayvaz was inexorable: "Yes, I shake off all the ties which united me with thee. I will enter either Bolly-beg's or Mustapha-beg's service. I will lead a powerful army against thee, and will not quench my thirst till I drink thy blood." Kurroglou sang again.

Improvisation.—"Where art thou going, Ayvaz? The roads on these mountains are stony; thy horse will lose nails and heels. Thou wilt lacerate thy tender feet on these rocky paths. Come back; thou wilt be my heir in wealth and power. The son of a tent-maker carries the tents; the son of an armourer knows how to take armour to pièces."

Ayvaz rode on. Kurroglou, exceedingly grieved and shocked by this obstinacy, said in his heart, "He is tipsy, and imagines he can be something without me. We shall see. I am sure that before two days are elapsed, he will come back unasked." He then returned home, and retired to his harem, enjoining his servants to leave him alone till

Ayvaz's return. Nazar-Jalali felt quite ashamed at his being the cause of what had happened.

But listen now to the particulars about Bolly-beg. Having gathered a numerous army, he determined to revenge the outrage committed by Kurroglou at Tokat, and undertook an expedition against Chamly-bill. He was only a few miles from that town, when, running away, Ayvaz saw his tents, and wishing to know to whom they belonged, turned his horse's head toward them. The Turkish sentinels, seeing a fine and well-armed youth approaching, informed Bolly-beg of it. Introduced into his tent, Ayvaz confessed who he was, and was received most courteously. Bolly-beg, having heard Ayvaz's story, said, "I am astonished that you dared to come here by yourself." "I have dared more. I swore to persuade thee, or Mustapha-beg, to fall upon Chamly-bill, and kill Kurroglou." Bolly-beg said in his heart, "He does not know what he utters; he is not sober yet after the Chamly-bill revels." However, he gave him a tent and servants, and entertained him as became a noble warrior.

The next day Bolly-beg once more repeated his inquiries, and got for answer: "I swear by God that I will fulfil what I say. If thou refusest me, I will leave thee immediately, and go to Mustapha-beg, with whom, I am certain, I shall not fail." Bolly-beg nearly died with glee; however, in order better to secure the young man's services, he brought the

Koran, put it down before Ayvaz, and desired him to take an oath upon that holy book. Ayvaz put his hand upon it, swore the required oath, kissed the book, and gave it back to the chief. Then, having reviewed the troops, he said, "Thy army is too scanty to enable us to overcome Kurroglou's band. But there are other means. Give me fifty men, the best ones of thy cavalry. I will lead them myself to the meadows near Chamly-bill; thou must lay in ambush with the remainder. Kurroglou loves me. As soon as he learns of my arrival, he will come to me alone, and persuade me to return home. He does not believe yet that I am his mortal enemy. Then I will seize and bind him, and then thou wilt be able to fall upon, and rout his gang easily."

This plan seemed very judicious to Bolly-beg, and he disposed of his men accordingly. Ayvaz having reached the valley of Chamly-bill, met two gamekeepers of Kurroglou, carrying two wild goats to their master. Accustomed, as were all the servants, to show the greatest respect to Ayvaz, the gamekeepers offered him the goats, saying, "Master, why are you sitting here?" "Kurroglou is cross with me; I sit here waiting till he will come, and try to recover my affection."

The gamekeepers went away, and informed the eunuchs of the Chamly-bill harem of what they had heard. Kurroglou, overjoyed at such good tidings,

rewarded liberally the eunuchs and the gamekeepers for being the bearers of such happy news, enjoining them not to mention it to his banditti; and, taking only his sword with him, he sprang on the back of Kyrat, and was soon on the spot.

He found Ayvaz on the meadow, sitting in the tent with fifty armed horsemen. He said to himself, "Look at him! he went from me, after having made up a pack of servant recruits, in order to look more like a warrior, and to be exempted from waiting upon me with wine. Let it be so; I must feed and clothe these parasites. I am sure that as soon as he perceives me, he will get up, kiss my hands, and beg my pardon." Ayvaz, looking from his tent, saw Kurroglou approaching, but sat motionless. Kurroglou said to himself, "There is a swell for you: haughty stripling! Surely he wants some reward from me, or a pelisse of honour. Never mind—he shall have it." He then rode on to the door of the tent, and sang as follows:—

Improvisation.—"Ayvaz, my son! what dost thou want of me? my head? take it! He is silent; he bends the bow of his brows. I do not know whether it is anger or something else."

Ayvaz continued sitting, as if he neither saw nor heard him, and turned his head another way. Kurroglou was very much displeased with it, and sang on.

Improvisation.—"He turns his head from me

He draws a stream of tears from my eyes! I cry—Ayvaz laughs. Is it the fun of a child, or something else?"

Ayvaz said, "Thou speakest in riddles. My lord, all thy words are but trifling stuff, good only for women. I must kill thee, and drink thy blood, in order to cool the thirst of my burning heart!" He beckoned to his fifty warriors, giving them a signal to surround Kurroglou. "How, Ayvaz! thou art in earnest determined to fight me?" "Most decidedly, yes! I shall not take my hands off thee before I kill thee, and drink thy blood!" "Ayvaz, wait a while yet, and listen to the song which comes to my mind:—

Improvisation.—"The pregnant sun brings forth the day. It gathers a host of rays on its head. From its face comes snow—the frost. What does it signify? Is it a hurricane, or a winter?"

Kurroglou saw that Ayvaz had frowned his forehead into one wrinkle, and looked so wrathful that were even the monarchs of China and India both to come, and unite their strength, they could not untie the stubborn knot of his angry brows. In the mean time the fifty men surrounded him on all sides. Kurroglou drew out his sword, levelled a blow at the nearest, and half of his head, with the jaw, dropped on the ground like the half of a melon. The remainder of the horsemen ran away. "Canine breed!" shouted he at Ayvaz, "Thou wishest to

fight me!" "Yes, I do." "Then thou hast mustered those puppies against me." And he thought to himself, "He to fight me! It is impossible! I must be dreaming,—it can't be a reality!" and he sang.

Improvisation.—"Stand boldly like a warrior, Kurroglou the ram, be a man! Thy mystery is known to God only. If thou art dreaming, awake! Rub thy eyes, and convince thyself whether what thou seest is a reality or something else."

Ayvaz called to his men, "Take him!" Kurroglou rushed upon them, and five or six men dropped down on their heads from their horses. Ayvaz, taking advantage of this strife, sent to Bolly-Beg with the intelligence, and before Kurroglou turned round, his retreat was cut off; wherever he turned, he found strong opposition. He said to himself, "It is impossible to save myself. If that good-for-nothing Ayvaz were to assist me from behind, we should soon send all these dirty turbans to the winds. I must once more try and win him over to me." He then said, "Ayvaz, stop that pack of hounds of thine. I have bethought myself of some stanzas; hear them, and thou shalt fight me afterwards."

Improvisation.—"Aghas, my brethren, what shall I do? Ayvaz every day is somewhere else. He drew forth tears from my eyes. Every day he is somewhere else. Now he comes to me,—now he goes away; every day he is somewhere else. He

tries to impart grief to my soul. He wishes to be the general-in-chief of my army. That Ayvaz every day is somewhere else."

He then said, "Thou makest war with me; dost thou wish to be Beglerbeg in my Chamly-bill?" "Yes." "Without all this, thou wert at liberty to do anything thou pleasedst." "I do not understand thee. All I know is, that Bolly-beg, who is present here, will be the Beglerbeg of Chamly-bill. I will serve him, and I will devote my sword to his cause." Kurroglou, hearing this, became frantic, and improvised the following stanzas:—

Improvisation.—"I cut through the ranks of thy army. Do not let off from your hands that valourous youth. The day is ours! I say to Bolly-beg. My Ayvaz every day changes his mind."

But seeing that this song made no impression upon his adopted son, he changed the tune, and sang on.

Improvisation.—"Wherever thou goest, thou wilt earn out the way for thyself. Twelve imams will obsequiously follow thee. Kurroglou is thy old friend. My Ayvaz every day is somewhere else."

As soon as he had done singing, Ayvaz shouted, "Seize him!" and all of them rushed upon him alone. Kurroglou, with his sword, cut a way for himself, and began running away. Ayvaz cried out, "Holloa, Sir Knight! Who used to teach us never to turn our backs to the enemy? Art thou

not ashamed to run away in that manner?" Kurroglou stopped, and sang thus:—

Improvisation.—"Winter sits on the summit of high mountains, and below, close to their snow-tops, the spring blooms. So in thy mouth shiver the teeth on one side, and the tongue on the other*."

Ayvaz laughed, and Kurroglou sang on.

Improvisation.—"The heart boils and boils with passion. Love, like steam, bursts from it and evaporates. Oh! the day will come when thy head will drop down on one side, and thy carcase on the other."

Still the reproach that he was running away, contrary to his own precepts, pressed heavily on Kurroglou's breast; and he sang accordingly:—

Improvisation.—"Kurroglou the ram, says, 'What can I do? The cup of my life is filled up to the brim with blood. Thou canst see how much my enemy is stronger than I am. Throw thyself one way, and escape the other.'"

Thus singing, he rushed into the middle of the troops, and the ground around him was strewed with dead. But the crowd increased continually, like Satan's seed. He intended to cut his way

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* Viz., "You grind your teeth from anger; and you wish to effect by cunning words what you cannot succeed in doing with arms."

along the dyke of the valley, but it was occupied by horsemen. What was to be done? There was a steep rock commanding the dyke: Kurroglou gave spurs to Kyrat, and in another moment he was on the top of it. Not one of Bolly-beg's horses was able to reach such a height. Ayvaz said, "Let us alight; and, in order to secure him, let us climb this craggy rock that has no road for horsemen."

Bolly-beg and Ayvaz began scaling the top of the almost perpendicular rock. Kurroglou stood on it, holding the reins of Kyrat, and looking on the surrounding country.

But let me tell you the tale about Daly-Mehter. He was sleeping in the stables, and saw in his dream, that Kurroglou was swimming on Kyrat, over a sea of blood; and although he spared neither spur nor whip, his horse could not reach the opposite shore. He awoke, jumped up, and ran out to inquire of the banditti, where their master was? "He must be in the judgment-hall." Daly-Mehter went there, looked about, but found nobody. He then went to the doors of the harem, and his inquiries were again fruitless. Luckily the game-keepers were still in the yard, and related to him all that had happened. In order to convince himself of the truth of their account, he went to see whether Kyrat was in the stable. He was gone. He then cried out, "To horse, my boys! let us go and look for our master. That cunning cur, Ayvaz, has brought some mischief upon his head."

Nazar-Jalali, seeing the seven hundred and seventy-seven armed banditti leaving the place, asked the reason of it. "Kurroglou has disappeared; we do not know what has become of him, and we are going in quest." "Allow me then to accompany you with my army."

Daly-Mehter rode before all, and with a vigilant eye examined the country around. He soon descried the rock on the meadow, surrounded by some unknown troops, and guessed that Kurroglou must be on its summit. He returned immediately to Nazar-Jalali, saying, "Our men and thine must prepare themselves for the attack; let us appoint a commander to each detachment, and let us fall upon the besieging party."

But the narration must return to Bolly-beg. Having reached the top of the rock, with Ayvaz, they found Kurroglou standing on the ground, Kyrat's bridle in one hand, and the other upon the hilt of his sword. "Where are you going, ye dogs? Look down, there are my men coming from Chamly-bill; their swords are flaming with the rays of the sun." Ayvaz looked behind, and recognising Daly-Mehter and Nazar-Jalali, at the head of two bodies of soldiers, drawn up in battle array, he trembled in body and soul, and said to Bolly-beg, "Our black day is come; those horsemen are the banditti of Chamly-bill." The terrified Turk began to complain, that having led him in this wilderness, and separated from his troops, he precluded all

possibility of giving his orders to them. Ayvaz said, "Our only hope is, that I shall be able perhaps to move him by my supplications, and obtain his pardon for thee and thine."

Kurroglou turned his angry look towards Bolly-beg, who thus addressed him: "My lord! I did not come here to make war to thee. I heard of thy servant Ayvaz's fall out with thee, and my purpose in coming here was to bring a reconciliation between you." Kurroglou easily penetrated this subterfuge, and saw that under this bowl there was another little bowl*. He thought to himself: "Rogue! thou foughtest with me for some hours, and now thou wishest to save thy soul by deceit." Then he spoke aloud, "Some verses come to my mind; listen!—

Improvisation.—"Who has nothing to speak of, he had better be silent. It is better to refuse the bread and salt of a villain, than to eat it."

Bolly-beg inquired whether Kurroglou's mind was averse to make friends again with his adopted son, and in answer received the following stanza:—

Improvisation.—"I always repeat the same. The orchards cast off the withered leaves, which are unable to remain longer on the trees. It is better to be indifferent towards an inconstant flirt, than to love her."

* *Der ziri in kausse nim kausseï ist,* a favourite Persian proverb, meaning here, that the purpose of that submission was to obtain his forgiveness.

In the mean time the two armies were already fighting. The scuffle, shrieks, and groans were terrible, as on the day of the last judgment. Bolly-beg whispered to Ayvaz, "Villainous wretch! half of my army is already destroyed, and thou art the cause of it. Try once more to reconcile us."

Bolly-beg said, "Warrior Kurroglou! it is not the time now to sing morals. Make friends with thy son, and let us go to the camp; there thou canst play and sing as much as thou likest." Kurroglou thought to himself, "I will tarry and procrastinate till all his army is swept away; and then it will be time enough to speak about the reconciliation." "Hear another of my songs:"

Improvisation.—"A true warrior ought to be endowed with boldness, to have an Egyptian sword, and an Arab steed. It is better to keep a noble post vacant, than to bestow it upon a villain."

Poor Bolly-beg was quite distressed, looking on his defeated army, very little of which remained. "O warrior! O my benefactor! let us hasten to our armies!" "Willingly, but thou must do me the favour to listen patiently to the following song:"—

Improvisation.—"When Kurroglou begins fighting, he strews the field of battle with dead bodies. Whoever is not invited to a banquet, it is better for him not to attend it, than to intrude."

Bolly, driven to despair, pressed hard on Ayvaz to solicit his pardon, and pushed him violently towards Kurroglou, who asked, "Audacious man!

why dost thou beat the boy?" "Because he will not humble himself before thee." "I shall never forgive him." "Then, my lord, be so kind as to descend the mountain." Kurroglou thought in his heart, "Daly-Mehter minces them exceedingly well; I must give him a little more time." "Hear one more song; it is a complaint of a girl against her faithless lover." And he sang.

Improvisation.—"What have I done, O remorseless fate? All the links which chained me to the world broke one after another. I lost my beautiful sweetheart. My soul grows dark, like the sky towards evening. O may God never separate thee either from thy family or thy sweetheart."

He then said, "It is a beautiful lay, is it not? As concerns Ayvaz, be our judge thyself. I have had many troubles and expenses on his account. I adopted him and trusted him as myself; and what of that? For a trifle he left me, and brought an enemy against me to take my life. But enough of him. Hear another song, and then we will depart.

Improvisation.—"The snow whitens the tops of the mountains. A strong hostile army lies on the valley. Kurroglou says, 'I spread the pearls before you,—the finest pearls*. But the star under which I was born does not befriend me.'"

* An allusion to his poetical improvisations.

Bolly-beg, having brought Ayvaz, bent forcibly his head, so that at least he kissed Kurroglou's hands, and implored his forgiveness. But Kurroglou, seeming not to mind anybody before him, kept his eyes turned towards the battle, and was admiring the valour of his men. Daly-Mehter fought better than Rustem.

The unfortunate Bolly-beg broke the silence. "Mercy, my lord, mercy! Come down—our people are thinking that we are enemies; my army is quite destroyed."

Kurroglou descended a little from the rock, and getting on a stone, from which he could be seen and heard by all his men, thus encouraged Daly-Mehter with a song:—

Improvisation.—"When too leaders step out into the same arena, they call on the advanced sentries. The dust of a battle-field gnaws the eyes of a coward. Beautifully in the hands of a brave warrior shines an unsheathed Egyptian sword."

Daly-Mehter, who thought that Kurroglou was dead, was transported with joy at hearing his master's voice, and cried out, "Thanks to God on high! Look! Rejoice, brethren, our master is alive! There, on that rock, the chief of our enemies stands by him. And, do you know the meaning of his words, '*the Egyptian sword shines.*' They mean that we are to hang clubs at our girdles and draw out our swords." They rushed on then with new

ardour. Bolly-beg tore out his hair in despair. Kurroglou sang on.

Improvisation.—"The guns roar, peal after peal; the bombs shoot out, the treacherous lead whistles; heads drop down like unripe melons*; the blood gushes, and, like water, flows in streams."

Daly-Mehter hearing these words, shouted, "My boys, cut their heads off, such are our master's orders. Set them in a row, let the sight of them gladden his soul, and let their chief's heart burst with grief." Kurroglou sang on.

Improvisation.—"The cowards do not go forward; they think that in the rear nobody dies. But God shields the brave man, protecting him from calamity. The arrow of destiny darts through a distance, and hits the coward."

Daly-Mehter cried out, "Hurrah, children! every soul alive forward! Kill them!" Kurroglou sang on.

Improvisation.—"Now hear the doings of the traitor Ayvaz. Oh! I shall never admit a strange nightingale to my rose. These are Kurroglou's words. 'Never believe his lying tongue. An inveterate enemy will never become a fellow-countryman in our family.'"

Daly-Mehter exclaimed, "My boys! the hostile chief wishes to knit a friendship with our master;

* Viz., hard, and thrown away by the gardener as useless.

but an old enemy cannot be a true friend. Kill and crush the remainder of his troops."

Bolly-beg said, "Warrior Kurroglou! Thy horsemen have completely exterminated my army. Stop the slaughter!" Kurroglou bade Ayvaz get down the mountain and bear the necessary orders for stopping the fight. The distressed youth threw himself on his face before Kurroglou, and departed.

The infuriated Daly-Mehter after hearing the commands brought by Ayvaz, said, "O thou false one! Didst thou forget the last banquet, when thou broke a plate upon my head?" Having said which he struck him with a club with such force, that the poor lad bent in two like a snake. Kurroglou seeing from the mountain what passed, was moved with compassion. He mounted Kyrat and rode down into the plain, addressing his adversary, "Bolly-beg, you see that all my entreaties and commands are useless; my boys do not obey me; they are determined to slaughter all thy men to the last." Daly-Mehter then bethought himself of having eaten Bolly-beg's bread and salt, while prisoner at Tokat, and considering him now as a guest, he stopped the battle. He ordered him and those who had escaped with life, to be surrounded by guards and brought to Chamly-bill. They would have remained there for eternity had it not been for Nazar-Jalali's intercession. Korroglou said, "I have heard that Bolly-beg has a beautiful daughter, brought up

under the veil of modesty. Advise him to send for her. I'll give him horses, palanquin, and all that is necessary for the journey." When Nazar-Jalali made that proposition to Bolly-beg, he said, "Whether I will or not, I must consent."

Before a few days were over, Bolly-beg's daughter was brought to Chamly-bill in a palanquin with the sound of music and great display of pomp. The entertainments lasted seven days and seven nights. On the eight, Kurroglou ordered the bride to be led in to Daly-Mehter's bed-chamber, as a reward for his gallant behaviour on the day of battle, and his fidelity to his master.

MEETING XI.

THIS is the tale which the historian learned from that parrot with sugared-beak, commonly called eloquence.

One evening sitting at a banquet, where pillaw and wine were not spared, Demurchy-Oglou quarrelled with Ayvaz. Kurroglou was absent, as he supped that night in his harem with Princess Nighara. Ayvaz in a fit of passion struck Demurchy with his club and wounded his head. Kurroglou, when informed of that event, did not say a word, as, having recently forgiven the treachery of Ayvaz, he

again trusted and loved him like his son. If even a man like Demurchy was killed in a strife, Kurroglou would neither punish nor scold his adopted son, in order not to lower him in the estimation of his band. Demurchy was very much hurt by this behaviour of the chief, and said to himself, "Not one word to reprimand him for having wounded me! And who is he? a butcher's son! Thou hast given me up to him, Kurroglou. Thou shalt repent of it, thou shalt pay it with thy life." He armed himself, mounted on horseback, and rode away from Chamly-bill, meditating revenge.

When the report of it reached Kurroglou's ears he flew into a passion, took his guitar, and sang to his men.

Improvisation.—"One of you, my servants, has run away to Arabistan. Pursue him, catch him, and bring the deserter before me. Bind his arms tightly,—yes, tightly manacle them. Drive the deserter on foot before the Arabian horses, and drag him here. Take my Arabian pony. Strip the run-away's clothes from head to foot. Stick burning candles under the skin of his naked back. Go, and with a piercing eye, examine all the mountain passes till you find him out. Bring the deserter before me."

And then he added, in prose, "You have heard my errands; go, and execute them without delay! Daly-Mehter, taking with him a few horsemen, rode

away. Kurroglou, still inflamed with anger, sang on at the top of his voice:—

Improvisation.—"I like the Armenian cross. He will not die who kisses it*. Seize his greyhounds, pointers, hawks, sword, shield, and horse, and bring them here."

He shouted to his servant, when he departed, "I will burn your father to ashes if you come back without the deserter." Then he sang on.

Improvisation.—"The words of Kurroglou lose their authority. A man, as long as he is alone, will not grow in power without the aid of others. You are to cut to pieces the servant who disobeys his master's orders. Bring him here!"

Daly-Mehter looked for, and inquired about him without success. After a useless search he returned home, and said, "Master, in a few days he will come back. Where can he be better off than in Chamlybill?"

Now listen to what had happened to Demurchy. He fled to Kurdistan for refuge; and went to the court of Mustapha-beg. This chief knew him well, and ordered him to be introduced with marks of the greatest respect. He embraced him, kissed him, and placed him by his side. "Holloa there! bring the wine!" Demurchy said, "I will drink thy

* That is to say, "I will sooner turn Christian, and believe in the miracles of their holy relics, than forgive Demurchy."

wine if thou wilt promise to grant my request; otherwise, I shall taste neither thy bread nor wine. Bid thine attendants to retire." Being left alone with Mustapha, he continued, "Collect as great an army as thou canst. We will fall unawares upon Chamly-bill, and kill Kurroglou. I give up all pretensions to the booty, reserving for myself Ayvaz alone." Mustapha-beg fell into deep thought, and could not guess the reason to which he might attribute the treachery of a servant so old and faithful. He said then, "Give me time for reflection; I'll give my answer to-morrow."

After a sumptuous supper they retired to rest. The next day, in the morning, Mustapha-beg came alone to Demurchy's bed-room. "What was the meaning of the proposition you made yesterday to me?" inquired he, "Holding thee, in my opinion, as a gallant and noble-minded man, I came to thee for refuge. If thou wilt not help me, I will go to the door of others; I hope I shall find such as will lend me assistance." Mustapha-beg brought the Koran. They both swore mutual assistance and sincere friendship.

Then, getting ready every thing necessary for a military expedition, they began their march, until, when they were four farsakhs distant from Chamly-bill, they pitched the tents of their camp upon a plain: Demurchy said, "I swore that I should bring the head of Kurroglou to the very apartments

of the Princess Nighara, and that I should drink his blood. I am acquainted with all the windings and by-ways of the fort. It is night, and just the fitting time. Rise up, arm thyself, and we will both go."

It was not far to Chamly-bill. Having tied up their horses at a place pointed out by Demurchy, they first went into a court which was overlooked by the banqueting-hall, and, peeping in through a window-chink, Mustapha-beg saw Kurroglou's men eating and drinking in such order and splendour that Nushirvan himself would not be able to give a more gorgeous repast. He said then to himself, "They shall not long enjoy it." They remained in a hiding-place till, the supper being over, all the men retired to their homes, and Kurroglou went to Nighara's harem. Lightly and cautiously they followed him closely to the lobby portico of the harem, and there hid themselves. The attendants of the princess having made his bed, he undressed himself, put on his night-cap, and got under the coverlet.

After having waited for a while, Mustapha-beg and Demurchy drew out their daggers, and were going to stab him, when Kurroglou rose up in bed, and called out, "Nighara!" She came in. "I cannot sleep," said he, "I remember that when I was carrying away from Aleppo* my wife, I mean my

* A separate meeting is denoted to the narration of Kurroglou's expedition to Syria, where he was in search of the

Parizadda, I was stopped on the road, taken prisoner by Hassan Pasha, and thrown into gaol in Shushter. I should have been rotting there till now but for the assistance of Mustapha-beg. Thanks to his valour and magnanimity, he ran to my aid, dispersed Hassan Pasha's troops, and restored me to liberty. I composed then a song to his honour, and, I do not know why, but it comes to my recollection at the present moment. Bring my guitar; I'll sing it to thee."

Mustapha-beg, astonished at hearing these words, whispered to Demurchy, "This man must have conjured a demon, who warns him of all dangers; how could he know otherwise that I am listening here to him? But may be thou hast treacherously apprised him of the night on which we should be here. Hast thou not betrayed me?" Demurchy swore upon the Koran, then added, "It happened quite by accident. He is always merry, and very fond of prattling what first comes to his mind." "A man like him, praising me before his wife, deserves my friendship and not treachery. But let us hearken whether he will praise or blame me."

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daughter of the Pasha of Aleppô, and whence he proceeded to Egypt. None of the aushiks from whose recitations I have compiled this poem, knew it well by heart. I leave to other travellers the filling up of the hiatus. Kurroglou was there thrown into a dungeon, and would have died miserably but for the timely assistance of Mustapha-beg.

Kurroglou tuned his guitar, and sang.

Improvisation.—"Like a man, like a true warrior, he came and fought. Mustapha-beg is of noble blood. Under the blows of his sword the rocks cleave. Mustapha-beg is the son of a noble father."

Mustapha-beg hearing those praises, said, "Hark, thou knave Demurchy! if thou darest to touch that man, I will strike thy head with my club so, that thy brains shall spread about like poppy-seed. He praises me without witnesses before his wife, and what a wife! a daughter of the Sultan of Turkey; and I, like a thief, to kill him sleeping! No, no, I will prevent even thee from committing that crime." Kurroglou sang on.

Improvisation.—"He is master of forty thousand men always ready at his first signal. Clad in armour, in iron dresses with blood-shot eyes*, they eat his broth and his pillaw. Mustapha-beg is son of the Pakiar†. Is there any father that can boast of five such sons? He is fit to be any hero's companion. He deserves to be my brother. Mustapha-beg is the son of a nobleman. Shouting, he cuts his way through the enemy's ranks; he darts an unerring

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* According to the opinion of the oriental physiognomists, blood-shot eyes are a sign of valour.

† *Pakiar* is a civil officer, appointed in villages by their lords to collect rents, superintend the cultivation of fields, &c.; something like a steward in England.

arrow from his bow, and pushes Kurroglou into a river*. Mustapha-beg is the son of a nobleman."

As soon as he finished, Mustapha-beg said, "Demurchy, hang thy sword on thy neck†; I will do the same: and as long as we live we will serve him faithfully."

Kurroglou laid down the guitar, and was going to draw the coverlet over his head, when Mustapha-beg came in and saluted him. Kurroglou, seeing him in the harem at night, was surprised, and exclaimed, "Nighara, give me my sword!" "Noble hero," answered Mustapha, "leave thy sword alone. Thy life was hanging on a hair, which at every moment was going to break; but thy song has saved thy soul. The praises on my behalf thou hast sung before the Princess Nighara, rose thee up from the dead."

Kurroglou, seeing that he came as a friend, started from his couch, came and kissed him on the face, while Mustapha-beg kissed his hands. "Is there anybody with thee?" "Yes; I brought thee

* This circumstance is connected with the adventures of Kurroglou during his excursion in Syria.

† When a servant who has offended his master, wishes to obtain his master's pardon, he must come before him with his head uncovered, and a sword hanging on a string from his neck. It signifies that he surrenders himself to his master's discretion, and prefers to suffer death rather than remain any longer in disgrace. I have seen many such supplicants at the court of Teheran.

Demurchy, thou must forgive his fault for my sake." "Demurchy has brought thee here by force. I soon found it out. Let a hundred such knaves fall victims for one hair of thy tuft*."

Demurchy hearing this, came in, and threw himself at his master's feet. In the meantime, Daly-Mehter, perceiving two horses tied up, guessed immediately whom they belonged to. He then called his men together, surrounded the walls of the harem, and went himself within. Kurroglou and his two companions, hearing the noise and bustle, went out, and perceived Daly-Mehter, who, enraged at finding nobody, was cutting the wind with his sword. "What is the matter?" inquired Kurroglou. "Nothing, master, nothing." "Do not be afraid; all is over. Mustapha-beg is my son, and has done me the pleasure of calling on me at Chamly-bill, in my harem."

So saying, he dressed himself, and led them to the banqueting hall. All his seven hundred and seventy-seven men followed him. "Now, Mus-

* It is the general practice of men in the East to shave their heads, leaving only on the front a *kakull*, that is to say, a tuft of hair. This serves not only for ornament, but also for a religious purpose; and never being cut, grows so long as to enable a pilgrim, during his devotions at Mecca, to twist it round his head in the form of a turban, as a guard against the rays of the sun, when engaged in pious processions. Otherwise, as their religion forbids them to cover their heads, they would be obliged to expose their shaved skulls for some days to the heat of an Arabian sun.

tapha-beg, tell me the truth; thou hast not come alone. How many horsemen hast thou with thee?" "Nine thousand horse." "Thou must then, for punishment, be my guest, with all thy army, for two months at least."

The night passed merrily in drinking. Kurroglou intrusted Mustapha-beg's officers to the care of his own, and the rest to his private soldiers, enjoining that nobody should want eatables and good bedding, saying, "They will spend the days with you, but every evening come all together to me to the banquet." For the accommodation of so many people, he ordered an immense tent to be pitched.

In this manner two months passed. The days in walking, conversation, hunting, wrestling; and the nights in drinking, dancing, and revelling. Each of Kurroglou's men, arm in arm with his friends, went every evening to the common entertainment, and after it was over, saw them back and put them to bed. This, however, never threw them off their guard, so as to make them forget to take with them their swords or daggers.

After fifty days of entertainment, there appeared a great deficit in Kurroglou's kitchen and cellars.

But lend ear to the tale of Hassan Pasha, vizier of the Turkish sultan. One day he called all the Turkish merchants together, and asked them, "Why don't you bring me some Persian goods?" They answered, "Let the pasha live long! The caravan

road from Persia to Turkey passes through Chamly-bill, of dreadful fame. It is impossible for any merchant to get through it. The highwayman, Kurroglou, plunders and kills those who attempt it." The pasha exclaimed, "*Anna seni siktim!* What! should a robber be so audacious as to touch the goods belonging to me? Never fear! I will give you five hundred thousand tumans; go to Persia, and purchase different sorts of ware of that country. If Kurroglou gets them, he will rob but my pocket, and you will lose nothing. Whether I get them back or not, will be my business." He ordered immediately his purse-bearer to bring and count to them the aforesaid sum. To this they joined an equal sum out of their own pockets, made the necessary preparations, and set out upon their journey. And going from menzill to menzill, they arrived at Chamly-bill meadow, and encamped there for the night.

The sentinels gave immediate notice of it to Kurroglou. He was very much pleased with the news, inasmuch as he had not a farthing in his purse. Without any delay he called his seven hundred and seventy-seven men to arms, and having armed himself, he mounted Kyrat, and led them against the chief of the caravan. "My souls!" said he, "my children! our pockets are empty; were you to lay hold even of an old broom, do not scorn it; take it, otherwise we shall starve."

Without using any stratagem, they at once fall upon the merchants, cut off the ears and noses of the leaders of the caravan, and let them go, barefooted, scarcely leaving them small-clothes to cover their nudity. They took possession of money, goods, and everything they found; and carried all to the fort of Chamly-bill.

The report of that event reached the ears of Hassan Pasha, and was soon confirmed by the merchants themselves, who arrived, stripped, and maimed. "O pasha, may thy house fall upon thee! Trusting to thy assurance, to thy five hundred thousand tumans we added an equal sum of our own, and all has fallen into the hands of the banditti!" Hearing this, the pasha lost his senses, and got frantic with fury. He filled a cup with wine, and raising it up, exclaimed, "Whoever present here will accept this cup, and drink up the wine, must immediately go to Chamly-bill, and bring Kurroglou dead or alive before me. For such a deed he shall share my power and riches, and wed my own daughter Dunah Pasha."

There was in the assembly a certain Buly-Pasha, chief of a tribe fifty thousand men strong. He had been for a long time in love with Dunah Pasha. He rose from his place and said, "Pasha! swear upon the Koran that if thou refuse me thy daughter, thou wilt be divorced from all thy wives, and never touch a woman as long as thou livest. As

to me, I shall not want anything from thee, not even thy army. I will take twelve thousand horse of my own tribe, with whom I will engage the robbers and bring before thee their chief, Kurroglou, alive, or his corpse." The pasha took the oath in the presence of muftis and witnesses.

Buly Pasha was as good as his word; he set off without loss of time, and soon encamped on the meadow of Daly-Baba*.

"My lord!" the scouts reported, "there is a large camp lying on thy pastures." In order to learn what sort of people they were, Kurroglou went there on foot by himself, in the disguise of an aushik. He visited many tents, playing and singing, and everybody who heard him gave him a few piastres. One of them said to him, "We cannot give thee any more; but go to the tent of Buly Pasha, and play and sing to him, and thou wilt see what a liberal fee he will give thee. He is rich, and it is at his own expense that he undertook this expedition against Kurroglou's band." The pasha, when informed of the musical talent of the new comer, ordered him to be brought before him.

Kurroglou entered the chief's tent, and made a most courteous bow. "Where dost thou come from, aushik?" "May the pasha live long! I usually

* The name of the meadow near Chamly-bill, which has so often been mentioned as the scene of Kurroglou's exploits.

sing at the court of Kurroglou, and for every visit he gives me a large bag of silver coin; but this time—I do not know whether he has got poor, or may be, my music did not please him—he presented me only with a bag of copper money. Being offended, I left him; and perceiving thy camp on the road, I came here, in hopes that the pasha would present me with a horse, that I might pray for him, and travel on foot no longer." "I am told, aushik, that robber Kurroglou improvises beautifully; if thou knowest any of his songs, I should be glad to hear it." "May the pasha live long! I know many of them." With Buly Pasha's permission he sat down, tuned his guitar, and began to sing.

Improvisation.—"Thou hast invaded unawares, Buly Pasha; but I shall teach thee! Why didst thou come to take my soul? I shall teach thee!"

"Aushik, I never saw Kurroglou in my life. How could he know my name and my designs?" "May my lord live long! I repeat word by word what I heard from him last night with my own ears. If thou art pleased, I will sing on; if not, say the word, and I will cease." "No, no! continue; I will see what nonsense it is—sing on." Kurroglou thought to himself, "I have incautiously got into a very bad scrape; the sooner I get off, the better. I must put him into a passion, and he will turn me out, perhaps." He sang on.

Improvisation.—"I will show thee who I am. I

will turn thy mother's eyes into a pond of tears! Take care! or, by God, I will kill thee! I shall teach thee, Buly Pasha, I shall!"

"Aushik, that robber Kurroglou takes too great a liberty, and composes dirty lines. What have I done to that rogue, that he aims at my life?" "May the pasha live long! Thou hast ordered me to sing Kurroglou's improvisations, and I obeyed thee. Now I desist, and will go." "Sing on! thou didst not invent those blasphemies; thou art innocent." Kurroglou sang on.

Improvisation.—"I tell thee that, like a crow, I will peck out thy eyes, and will fill their sockets with red blood! Like a butcher I'll flay thee! Buly Pasha, I'll teach thee! I will!"

The incensed pasha sprang up from his place.

Amongst Kurroglou's grooms there were once two brothers, Gamber and Mohammed. They served him for a long time. Once Kurroglou, visiting the stables, found a great deal of dust upon the horses' coats, and flying into a passion, he gave so strong a box on Gamber's face, that he died on the spot. His brother Mohammed fled away, and entered the service of Buly Pasha. Now, passing by accident near his master's tent, he heard Kurroglou's voice. Softly and cautiously he approached it, peeped in through a chink, and recognised him at once. Just when Kurroglou was singing the two last lines, "Like a butcher I will flay thee! I shall

teach thee, Buly, I shall!" all the Turks listened, with their necks stretched forward, like bustards before the hunter.

Mohammed walked gently into the tent, took the pasha's slippers lying near the entrance, and put them down before his master. A similar action of a servant means, in Turkey, that he has something secret to impart to his master. The pasha understood it, and left the tent. "What is the matter?" he inquired. "May the pasha live long! What didst thou collect thy army and pitch that camp for? Where and for what purpose art thou going?" "Why, to Chamly-bill, to apprehend Kurroglou." "And dost thou know who is that sham aushik? It is the rascal himself—'tis Kurroglou!" "Thou art in delirium, son of a burnt father. Has Kurroglou eaten a lion's heart, for daring to come alone and sit in my tent?" "May the pasha live long! thy servant does not tell a lie; it is Kurroglou. I was his groom for many years. Thou dost not know him; he is expert in a thousand juggleries." "Enough of that nonsense! it is not he—'tis impossible!" "May the pasha live long! I do not mistake. To prove it, I will tell thee one of Kurroglou's characteristic habits. If anybody calls out unawares, 'Thou art a prisoner!' he jumps up, and puts one hand upon another. Try—if he does not do the same, thou canst kill me."

Feigning as if nothing of importance was told

him, the pasha entered the tent again, and sitting on his place, he ordered to sing on. Kurroglou improvised.

Improvisation.—"Son of the road, I stand on the road! I am the servant of the brave warriors! Verily, learn that I am Kurroglou! I shall teach thee, Buly Pasha, I will!"

The pasha shouted, "Thou art my prisoner!" Kurroglou started from his place and stood with one hand crossed upon the other. The pasha ordered him to be taken up. They rushed upon him from the right side, he struck with his left hand, and threw down the whole rank of soldiers. They rushed upon him from the left side, he gave a blow with his right hand, and laid all on the ground, like so many reapers' sheaves. At last more troops were called in, and then he was overpowered and bound.

The pasha said, "I came here with a view to seize the person of that rascal. Strike the tents immediately, and let us return to Constantinople." They rased the camp, and returned the same road they came. Kurroglou, with his head uncovered, barefooted, with a chain on his neck, was driven before the horses of the Osmanlis, and in that sad condition eight days elapsed. Every night he was chained to an iron post before the pasha's tent. His only food was the picked bones which they threw to him from the pasha's plate. Such inhuman treatment became loathsome to the prisoner; and

he said to the pasha, "I will defile the name of thy Omar*. Why dost thou torment me so? I shall never humiliate myself so far as to ask thee for anything. But better kill me at once." In a certain menzill, Kurroglou, according to the usual custom, was chained by the neck, at the entrance of the tent. The pasha, during his supper, threw the bones which he had picked, into the face of the prisoner. The bone wounded his head, and the blood gushed from it. Kurroglou said, "Order that my hands be untied for a while; I have bethought myself of a song which I will sing to thee, and then order that I be killed!" The pasha said, "Son of a a whore! thou hast forgotten how difficult it was to bind thy loose arms; and now thou wishest me to unbind thee. Thou eatest dirt. Tied up as thou art, howl if thou likest." Kurroglou then sang:—

Improvisation.—"Do not boast, Buly Pasha. Thou knowest that I am a royal tiger. Beware! I'll muddle thy blood. Having forsaken my faith, I am a Giaour."

"Tell me, thou bloody puppy!" said the pasha, "what canst thou do to me now, with thy hands tied, with the chain on thy neck, fastened to an iron post?" Kurroglou said to himself, "Coward!

* We have seen that Kurroglou was always a staunch Sheah; he has then a right to abuse the first three khalifs as enemies of Aly, and impostors.

thou art bold, seeing me with my arms bound." And he sang on.

Improvisation.—"O foe! Do not be elated at seeing me crouching in the dust. What has happened to me to-day, will happen to thee to-morrow."

And he added in prose, "Pasha, God does not permit me to bathe in thy blood now, but the time will come when I shall do it." And he sang on.

Improvisation.—"I come upon the field upright. I stroke my mustachios and curl them. I will grind the steel with my teeth, and then spit it to heaven. I praise only brave men. I beat the troops on their very breasts. Beware, Buly, I tell thee! I am hardened black iron."

The pasha said, "Perhaps thou wert all that in thy younger years; but now thou art old, and thou canst not apply those words to thyself." Kurroglou sang on.

Improvisation.—"Kurroglou says, I am hungry; I, to whom Sultans used to pay the haratch. I can get old a hundred times, but I shall always be Lord, Ameer!"

But in his heart he thought, "Buly Pasha says the truth. These words, 'I a tiger, I a Giaour, I the iron! I will cut thy head off,'—these words do not fit me any longer. It does not become me, manacled and with a chain on my neck, to boast. It is better to disown my being Kurroglou. I will deny it, and they will sooner believe my lie, than

that I allowed myself to be bound like a sheep." Then, having gathered all the six parts of his reason into one in his head, and having plotted a new plan, he said, "Pasha! where dost thou bring me? They never torment so cruelly a poor aushik. I have borne it and played my part for thy amusement, thinking it was a joke. But enough of it. Let me go after having rewarded me with a horse and pelisse of honour." Buly Pasha said, "All those subterfuges will not avail thee." "What shall I do then, poor man! I am not Kurroglou. I will insult the wife of that robber Kurroglou and thine own. What do you want from me? Everybody then, who has long mustachios and beard, is Kurroglou! Thou wilt show me to-morrow before Hassan Pasha; dost thou think that I have no tongue? I'll tell him, 'Pasha! I came to Buly Pasha's tent in hopes to get something to feed my poor wife and children. He ordered me to sing Kurroglou's songs, and, in the mean time, his men fell upon me and chained me, God knows what for. How can you take me for Kurroglou?'" Buly Pasha grew thoughtful, and said to himself, "That may be true. Perhaps I torture this poor devil unjustly. May be he is not Kurroglou. I never fought Kurroglou, and did not capture him in the field of battle. Is it possible for such a clever warrior to commit such a folly, as to disguise himself and come into my very tent, and so incautiously fall into my grasp? Where do

I carry him, upon the word of one stable-boy? Nobody will believe me. On learning all the particulars, Hassan Pasha will burn my father with quick fire."

The pasha began to be sorry for the manner he had acted, and ruminated upon this subject. "Who knows but that good-for-nothing groom might have had some inveterate feud with that aushik? At Constantinople I shall become a laughing-stock of all the women and children. What will Dunah Pasha think of my valour and intelligence?" "Call here the groom Mohammed." He came, and was quite confused at seeing his master angry. This the pasha took for a new proof of the justice of his suppositions, and ordered his head to be cut off. The next moment the groom was no more. The pasha said, "Aushik! let the groom's ruined house fall upon his corpse! I am innocent; forgive me!" By his orders Kurroglou was unbound, and said to himself, "Now I breathe more freely. Besides the groom, nobody knows me here." He took his guitar, and denied himself so cunningly, that the pasha was more and more ashamed of his former conduct.

Improvisation.—"May the God of strength bestow long life upon the pasha, great Buly Pasha! I am not Kurroglou. O may it please the Sultan of Turkey to honour thee with a visit in his own person at thy house, Buly Pasha! No! I am not Kurroglou."

The pasha said, "It is all that rascal Moham-

med's fault. Do not disgrace me in Constantinople by relating there what has happened." "May the pasha live long! The fox Kurroglou would not leave his den for the purpose of thrusting his neck into thy halter. He has a hundred thousand such servants as I. He is the most cunning rogue in the world." Then he sang again, looking on the mountains whose snowy summits were hidden in the skies.

Improvisation.—"The best fruits are produced only by the Erjistan* gardens. The barren summits of the mountain Savalan, turn into snow every thing that falls upon them. Kurroglou has seven hundred and seventy such men as I am. I am not Kurroglou. I see before me the snowy mountains; O God! what is my soul musing of?"

Buly Pasha said, "What is then thy real name, aushik?" This time Kurroglou did not tell a story, when he answered, "Thou wilt find my name in the following stanza," and he sang:—

Improvisation.—"That which envelopes the head of the lofty mountains is fog. That which flows from a base man's eyes is gore. Dost thou wish to know my name? I am called Aushik Roushan. No, Buly Pasha, I am not Kurroglou."

The pasha said, "Get up, my poor aushik, don't think of the past, but go to my stables and take a horse which will please thee the best. I promised it to thee, and will keep my word."

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* In the neighbourhood of Ispahan, one of its districts.

Kurroglou went to the stables, and saw amongst other horses, a colt which appeared to him a very promising animal, were it to fall into the hands of a man who would know how to bring it up. He came back and said, "May the pasha live long! Give me that colt." "Take it, and forget all the troubles I was the cause of. Mount it and depart with God." Kurroglou thought to himself, "If I mount that colt I shall immediately break its back-bone. The Turks seeing it will say again that I am Kurroglou, because no other man's weight is able to bend so soon the colt's back. It is better to lead it in my hand." He said, "May the pasha live long! My arms and legs are so numbed from having been manacled so long, that I must walk first, and then I will ride."

He took leave of the pasha, led his colt off, and when he lost sight of the Turkish camp he left the colt in the field and went to Chamly-bill.

The pasha also retraced his steps, proceeding slowly from one menzill to another. Kurroglou reached Chamly-bill long before him. The joy of the banditti was beyond expression; they threw themselves at his feet, and asked what was the reason of such a protracted absence. He related all to them, and ordered them to prepare themselves for battle.

Buly Pasha was not long before he arrived and encamped upon the meadow. It was night. Kur-

roglou, without delay, prepared "*the night of blood**." They rushed upon them. Those who were nimble enough to fly away, escaped; the remainder were put to the sword, or taken prisoners and thrown into a dungeon.

In the number of the last was Buly Pasha. He was kept three days in a dark dungeon, when he was called before Kurroglou, and introduced into the *Divan khana*†, where he was sitting on the foremost place, at the head of his chiefs and soldiers. Buly Pasha, having gazed at his face, recognised him to be the identical Aushik Roushan.

"How do you do, Buly Pasha?" "O warrior, I pray God's blessing upon thee!" So saying, he began to cry bitterly. "Thou *haram-zadah!* How many tortures hast thou called upon my head! Eight days was I running before thy horses with a chain upon my neck. Every night, while I was chained at thy door, thou usedst to throw at my face the bones which thou hadst picked with thy teeth. I did not cry, nor did I stoop to prayer. Till now, I have done nothing to thee, nor did I torment thee." He then took his guitar, and sang.

Improvisation.—"Buly Pasha! Bring to thy memory all I underwent that day thou didst capture me. Call, and we shall see who will come

* *Shabi khun:* so are called, in Persia, the nightly attacks against the enemy.

† The judgment-hall.

to thy assistance. What has become of the day when thou caughtest me,—yes, me, a royal tiger? The stars of heaven obey the moon; poor men serve the Begs. I, the warrior of warriors, trod, barefooted, upon the stones, forded the rivers. What has become of the days of my captivity?"

Buly Pasha said, "O warrior! I do not wish to return home. Order to kill me." "And why?" "I am in love with Dunah Pasha, daughter of the first vizier. Her father, unwilling at first, consented to my union with her upon the condition that I should bring thee to him dead or alive. I did not succeed in it. I lost my betrothed and my army. With what face could I now return to Stambul? Death is preferable to such a life."

Kurroglou took compassion upon Buly Pasha's fate, and, in order to cheer him, he sang.

Improvisation.—"I will ford, I will sound deep seas to their bottom. I will split more than one head with my dagger. Do not be afraid, Buly Pasha. I will restore thee to thy liberty. Where are now the days of my captivity?"

"No, warrior Kurroglou, rather order to kill me." "Why?" "Because I cannot live without Dunah Pasha." Kurroglou sang on.

Improvisation.—"Mark well my words. I will remain here. Many pashas will I pull down from their thrones. Never fear! I will get Dunah Pasha for thee. Where are now the days of my captivity?"

Then, he added, "Cheer up, Buly Pasha, I will give thee Dunah Pasha. I will go with my army to Constantinople; and if Hassan Pasha do not consent to give thee his daughter of his own accord, I will tear her from him by force. If I do not keep my word, I do not deserve to wear my cap on my head."

MEETING XII.

KURROGLOU lavished his favours upon Buly Pasha, gave him a pelisse of honour, assigned separate apartments for him, and every day gave him money for board and drink, though he always entertained him at his own table. One day, during the banquet, when they were at their wine, Buly Pasha began to cry. "I did thee no harm, what is the reason of thy tears?" asked Kurroglou. "A sad recollection came to my mind, and I could not help crying." "What is that?" "Warrior Kurroglou, I told thee already how strongly I am attached to Dunah Pasha. Her father promised her to me under this only condition: if I bring thee to Stambul dead or alive. And what shall I tell him now? What right have I to his daughter's hand? This is the reason of my tears." Kurroglou's heart melted with pity, and he said, "If thou bring me to

Stambul, Hassan Pasha cannot refuse thee his daughter's hand. Tell me, dost thou deserve the name of a man?" "Noble warrior, the result will show whether I deserve it. To boast now would be to anticipate."

Kurroglou ordered Daly-Mehter to bring out of the stables the strongest pony. "How wilt thou take me to Hassan Pasha? If like a prisoner I'll order my legs to be fettered here." "No, warrior, no fetters are wanted." Kurroglou said to his servants, "He feels an aversion to manacle me. Therefore you must do it." They threw themselves at his feet; "Our master, what art thou going to do, reflect a little, thou givest thyself up rashly into the hands of thy mortal enemies." But all their tears and prayers were fruitless. He only promised them faithfully to return in six months, and mounting on his pony, he followed Buly Pasha to Constantinople. On the road the pasha attended on him, so as never yet any servant served his master, till he perfectly convinced him of his gratitude and attachment.

When they had performed half their journey, Buly Pasha seeing that they were on the sultan's land, and that Kurroglou could not here obtain any assistance, lagged a little behind, and then pushing his horse at full speed, inflicted such a blow on Kurroglou's head that he fell to the ground. As all the pasha's servants, who were spared by the sword, got permission to accompany their master

and were present, they surrounded the poor victim. Kurroglou called to them, "Is it thou, Buly Pasha? Base bastard! such is thy reward for all the good offices I bestowed upon thee!" The pasha laughed at him, "Thy good offices! Thou wilt play again at Aushik Roushan! Thy exceedingly good offices indeed! Thou hast plundered Hassan Pasha's money; thou hast exterminated almost to the last the twelve thousand men of my army. There is a benefactor for you!"

They bound the arms of poor Kurroglou, and drove him before their horses. He repented of his too confident rashness to the core of his heart, and thought to himself, "My magnanimity was quite misplaced. What a fool I was!" He then said aloud, "Buly Pasha! Let loose my arms, I will sing a song." "Sing, bound as thou art, good-for-nothing wretch! Thou hast given me too good a lesson to be so soon forgotten."

Improvisation.—"Behold! what days has brought on me, that jade which is commonly called Fortune. Fame, pride, shame, torment me, waste the strength of my body, and kill me. What is that, O Begs, what is it? I hear a friendly voice reaching my ear. Fate gave me a box on the face, and sent me with a wallet to beg from door to door."

So sang Kurroglou, and Buly Pasha listened. He bethought himself of the pleasures of Chamly-bill; he therefore sang on.

Improvisation.—"O Begs; The villains seized upon me, and keep me in their power. They will pierce my breast and head with arrows. Chamly-bill, my country, comes to my memory, and draws forth the tears from my eyes. I am Kurroglou, who robbed and famished the world; who imposed the haratch upon the capitals of many kingdoms. Did I ever solicit any favour from any body? and now capricious Fate has betrayed me!"

Having finished this song, Kurroglou went on. A Tatar courier from Constantinople was passing them. Kurroglou looked behind. The desire of seeing again Chamly-bill preyed on his mind. All disappeared in the distance, only a few of the tops of the mountains were visible. He said "Pasha! halt for a while, and allow me to sing a song, and then I will go on again."

Improvisation.—"I perceive at a distance the sloping mountains covered with snow. My sweetheart remains behind them. O, my rose, thou bloomest so high that my hand cannot reach to pluck thee. My pomegranate was left on the jutting branch. The Begs of Buly seized me. An iron chain bends my neck. My beautiful sweethearts, each one more beautiful than the other, are now forsaken."

Buly Pasha said, "Good cheer, thy sweethearts shall soon find a consolation in the arms of some younger lovers. Thou thief! thou hast ravaged

the whole world, and now thou sighest like a lad in his teens." Kurroglou thought to himself, "God will grant me yet the opportunity of disgracing thy bride. I shall have my revenge of all thy wickedness. And he sang on.

Improvisation.—"Which of my sweethearts am I sorrowing for? Affliction strikes its blows one after another. I am sorry I did not mow that rogue, like the useless weeds. Grief has branded my heart."

Then recollecting the tears of Ayvaz and his other men, who cried and begged him not to set out on that journey, he sang:—

Improvisation.—"O my gardens! I used to gather your flowers, make nosegays of them, and send them as presents to my sweethearts. My friends standing on the road, cried and remained alone. Kurroglou, put thy confidence in God! He will be a shield against the misfortune that may befal thee unawares. Foe! do not step out before mine eyes, and do not conceal from me the last sight of Chamly-bill, left so far behind me."

But he was obliged to proceed; and going from menzill to menzill, they drew nearer Constantinople. Buly Pasha hastened to inform Hassan Pasha by the following letter, "Fortune has befriended me. I have captured Kurroglou alive, and am bringing him to your feet."

Hassan Pasha gave orders that all the male

inhabitants of the metropolis, from a lad up to old men able to walk, should go out and meet the conqueror. On the day of his public entry into the capital, Buly Pasha ordered eight men to drag Kurroglou by the chain; and in that manner they brought him before Hassan Pasha.

His gigantic size and his manly carriage attracted the pasha's eyes for a considerable time, his long mustachios and beard, that human mane, impressed the staring Turk with such awe, that he shut his eyes and said, "Buly Pasha! let him be taken from my presence, or my heart will burst." Kurroglou thought to himself, "I will defile thy turban! I thought I should find thee a more sensible man." And he added aloud, "Hassan Pasha, do not be afraid, I am not a div, or a sheytan; I am a man like thyself. I eat bread and drink water. Why art thou terrified, and why dost thou shrink from me?" Then he said to himself, "This man is not only a coward but a simpleton also. Indeed he is more fool than I, a madman. I must then take care of myself, and begin by praising Buly Pasha." He therefore said aloud, "Hassan Pasha may live long! Why dost thou not ask me by what means has thy messenger apprehended me? Order to loosen my hands, and I will sing to thee about it." Hassan Pasha answered, "Thou hast so terrified Buly Pasha, that it would be highly imprudent to

break thy fetters. Sing as thou standest. Kurroglou then sang with his hands manacled.

Improvisation —"The nekkara* is sounding; the blast of trumpets strikes the ears. The Arabian steeds have no time to make water. The innumerable warriors bring heads severed from their enemies' bodies. A scar ought to adorn a ram-hero's forehead."

Hassan Pasha said, "He who goes to the mill, and brings the mill-stone on his shoulders may boast, and the mob may shout that he has performed a miracle. My son-in-law, Buly Pasha, having brought here Kurroglou, accomplished a greater miracle. Who loves me must give him precious gifts."

The grandees and dignitaries of the Turkish court sent immediately to Buly Pasha so many costly things, that he could have hid himself over head under the heap. He began to feel himself elated with success, and looked proudly. Yet Kurroglou perceived that the enthusiasm on behalf of the traitor, was partly raised by his poetry. He thought to himself, "It goes well; I will once more praise Buly Pasha, and he is mine for ever." He then sang again:—

Improvisation.—"He is the hero for me, who, stepping forward, will engage in fight in the presence of his agha. He unsheaths his sword; he wields his shield so skilfully before his head, that quivers of eighty arrows are emptied into it."

* Warlike music.

Hassan Pasha again addressed his vizier, "Thou seest that even Kurroglou himself extols Buly Pasha's valour. Whosoever of you love me must give a further reward to the gallant victor." The lords present began to untie their cashmire shawls, their hanjars, and yatagans set with precious stones, and raised with them a mound as high as Buly Pasha himself. "As to my own reward for him," said Hassan Pasha, "I invite all of you to partake of my sweetmeats in honour of Buly Pasha's betrothal with my daughter Dunah Pasha." He sent his servants to the palace with necessary orders for the preparation of the festival. Kurroglou sang on.

Improvisation.—"Clouds of dust cover the field of battle; they rise higher and higher, till the summits of the mountains disappear in them. The Arabian steeds drag the dead bodies of warriors. The severed heads fall down in all directions. The blood flows in streams. Even the angels of heaven are struck with awe."

One of the Turks present pushed Kurroglou, and whispered into his ear, "Foolish man, sing something in praise of Hassan Pasha, it is enough to praise his servant." The push was so strong, that Kurroglou felt a colic in his side, and enraged, he said, "O might I disgrace the wife of Hassan Pasha, as well as Buly Pasha's and thine own together!"—and gave him such a box on the face, that he swallowed four teeth, which were struck out by the blow.

Seeing this, Hassan Pasha exclaimed "The sooner that madman is consigned to death the better!" "May the Pasha live long! Allow me to sing a few more stanzas, and then dispose of me as thou pleasest." "Sing then!"

Improvisation.—"The dreadful judges sit in divan. Let me see how the head of a base man is severed from his neck. I will raise a brave man to the rank of khan, beg. What is Buly, what is pasha, in the valley of death?"

Hassan Pasha ordered them to kill him. Buly Pasha thought to himself, "I did not capture him by force; I did not win the battle. He gave himself up into my hands of his own accord. He has many warriors stout as lions. Sooner or later they will take away my life in revenge. Go where I may, they will find me out. Were I to hide my soul in a basket, and hang it under the heaven, they will pull down the basket to the earth with a rope. Were I turn jinn and hide myself in the heart of the earth, they will pull me up with pincers. The wisest way for thee, will be to prevail upon Hassan Pasha, that he would entrust him to thy guard for half a year. If in the mean time his warriors come to claim their master, I will restore Kurroglou to them. If they do not come, I may kill him without fear. Now I shall make haste and wed Dunah Pasha. I will consign Kurroglou to the dungeon of Scutari, and will myself live there with my wife.

She will admire my valour, seeing what a tiger, what a lion I have subdued."

Having conceived this plan, he exclaimed, "May the pasha live long! That villain has destroyed at least half a million of men. Killing him now, we will stain our hands with the blood's right of all his victims, who have a better claim to his life than ourselves. Condescend therefore to give orders for throwing him into the prison of Scutari, let him die there with hunger and thirst." Hassan Pasha answered, "Bravo, my son-in-law! God bless thee, wisely hast thou spoken, and valiantly fought. Take him to Scutari, and throw him into the pit of the dungeon"

Buly Pasha carried Kurroglou to Scutari in triumph, and threw him into a pit four yards wide, and God himself only knows how deep!

But hear the report of the maid-servants of Dunah Pasha. Seeing from the windows of the harem how Kurroglou was thrown into the pit, they hastened to inform their mistress of it. Dunah Pasha said to them, "You speak in riddles. Do not impose on my unexperienced heart. Buly Pasha, although my betrothed, is, I must confess, more like an old woman than anything else. Could he be able to conquer a man so valiant as Kurroglou? Like the sun which enlightens the whole world, Kurroglou's glory is known to the whole earth. Every living soul sings his poetry or relates

his actions. Is it then possible that such a warrior would allow himself to be taken up by the indolent Buly Pasha?" The maid-servants answered, "We swear that we have seen him with our own eyes. He was thrown into that well which you see there." "It is impossible! I must go and convince myself of it."

Dunah Pasha had forty maid-servants: attended by them, she went to the brink of the pit, and inclining her head over it, she called out. Her voice reached Kurroglou's ears, but he never answered, though this was his characteristic, that whenever he heard a woman's voice he used to lose his senses. But he could not withstand the repeated sound of the sweet voice of the pasha's daughter. In answer he shouted so loud, that it seemed that a gun was fired from the well. The frightened girls took to their heels, leaving their mistress alone, who said, "Then even such a lion as he may be overpowered? Where are you flying, girls?" They came back, and said, "You are right, madam. The effeminate Buly Pasha could not overcome by force such a roaring tiger."

Dunah Pasha inclining again her head over the well, said, "Art thou not ashamed for having tarnished thy renown in that way? After having spread the terror of thy name to the limits of the world, thou hast suffered thyself to be captured by Buly Pasha, who is more indolent than a woman."

Kurroglou said, "Begone from the well, you lazy hussies!" Dunah Pasha continued, "Why art thou angry, warrior?" Kurroglou then related all the particulars concerning himself and Buly Pasha. Hearing this tale the pasha's daughter nearly lost her senses, and said, "Warrior! Buly Pasha has betrayed thee most infamously. Cheer up, henceforth,—I and thou*. I shall be, believe me, ready to comply with all thy commands. I am Dunah Pasha." Kurroglou said, "Fetch me down a saw, I beseech thee!" By order of their mistress, the girls fetched the saw and lowered it into the pit. Kurroglou sawed his chains and fetters asunder and sat disencumbered. Dunah Pasha said, "Warrior, what dishes are you most fond of? I'll order them to be prepared in my own kitchen and sent to thee." "Thou will not be able to furnish me sufficient food." "You trifle, warrior. I, a daughter of a rich Ameer, not be able to do it!" "We shall see. Let me have some paper and ink, I will write it for fear thou mayest forget."

The girls soon fetched the writing materials, and lowered them into the pit. Kurroglou's *bill of fare* was as follows:—"Prepare for me every day, *for breakfast*, twenty-two pounds and a half of the best meat, fifteen pounds of the whitest bread, fifteen

* *Men-u-sen*, an amorous expression, meaning, "let us love each other, for good or evil."

pounds of brandy, and fifteen pounds of wine. *For luncheon*, meat of the same kind fifteen pounds, bread ditto fifteen pounds; seven pounds and a half of brandy, and fifteen pounds of wine. *For supper*, twenty-two pounds and a half of rice *emberbu** for pillaw, over the rice put a whole baked unweaned lamb (*emlik*), twenty-two pounds and a half of wine, and fifteen pounds of brandy; besides game, preserves, sweetmeats, and other dainties, of which the more the better."

They lifted up the bill tied to a thread. The pasha's daughter, having read it through, shrugged her shoulders, and sent it to her major-domus (*lahlah*), with orders that, every day at the appointed hours, the required quantity of eatables should be sent down to the pit. The obedient lahlah, having prepared the dishes every day, did not fail to send them down, according to the bill of fare.

But now let us relate what befel Issa-Bally, son of the Pasha of Egypt, whom Kurroglou had

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* The Persians are very fond of rice, and have a great many sorts of it, chiefly in Mazenderaun. The best rice for pillaw is *emberbu* (amber-scented); the best for chillaw is called *akula*. There is also another species greatly prized, which they call *resmi*. But the most exquisite rice is imported to Persia from Southern Affghanistan, that is to say, from Peshawur. Its grain is long and thin, and makes an excellent pillaw. It is also very economical, as a few handfuls, after being boiled, fill up a large saucepan.

stolen from his father in Cairo, and was very fond of. On a certain night that youth was sleeping at Chamly-bill, and dreamed that Kurroglou was swimming in a sea of blood. Having awoke from his sleep, he thought to himself, "Poor man! he gave himself up of his own accord into the hands of Buly Pasha, went to Constantinople, and does not return, or even write to us. Some misfortune must have befallen him. To-morrow, if I live, I will mount Kyrat, and ride to that city. He went, therefore, early to the stables, and said to Daly-Mehter, "Saddle Kyrat, and bring here all the weapons and armour of Kurroglou. I had an ill-boding dream, and must take all those things to him at Stambul." Issa-Bally was of noble birth and great accomplishments, so that Kurroglou very often appointed him his lieutenant during his absence from Chamly-bill. Daly-Mehter, then, made no objection in fulfilling his wishes. Issa-Bally said to himself, "I must propose to the banditti that they accompany me in that expedition. If any of them will consent to it, very well: if not, they will have no right to reproach me for not taking them with me." Following his master's example, as soon as he was ready to start he improvised the following stanza to his colleagues:—

Improvisation.—"I want to-day a warrior ready to follow me where I go. If I die, he must die on the same spot. Who will go with me?"

That song made no impression upon the banditti. He sang on.

Improvisation.—"A warrior ought to be endowed with strength. He must be ready to clamber up the towers of a fortress. Who will follow me must, along with me, strike the foe with his sword. How sad it is to leave this place. Here the ponds are full of wild ducks: the gazelles are numerous upon the plains. It is sad to die afar from one's family. I am going to a foreign country; who will follow me?"

Seeing that nobody paid any attention to him, he armed himself with Kurroglou's arms, mounted Kyrat, and departed. It was not long before he reached Constantinople. He stopped in a certain caravanserai, and asked the host (udah-baushy), "Canst thou let me one of the untenanted shops?" at the same time slipping into his palm a golden ducat. Udah-baushy gave up one of the best tenements, having been promised a similar gift every day.

One week elapsed, and then another, and Issa-Bally could learn nothing about the fate of Kurroglou. He said then to himself, "I shall not learn anything as long as I do not turn aushik." He went to the bath, washed his body, put on a neat Persian dress, and, with a guitar in hand, went to the town market. Crowds of Turks gathered round him, pleased with his singing and playing. Long before evening; Issa-Bally's bag was full of money.

And so every day he repaired to the market, and returned with the profits.

But what has happened to the lahlah of Dunah Pasha's harem? According to his custom, he went to the market to purchase provisions for Kurroglou. Hearing Issa-Bally's singing, he stood gaping and listening, so that he forgot his errand. He did not recollect his duty till late in the evening; and having purchased, in a hurry, some rice, meat, and butter, returned to Scutari.

Now give ear to the doings of Dunah Pasha. She used to come once every day to the well, in order to salute Kurroglou. On the day of the above-mentioned event, she came as usual, and said, "I salute thee, warrior." Kurroglou, having eaten or drunk nothing since morning, was very cross, and did not answer her. Astonished at this behaviour, she addressed him again: "Avaunt, beggar!" "Leave the well, and go from my sight!" he exclaimed. "Warrior! in what have I neglected my duties towards thee?" "Thou stuffest thy belly, while I am starving; even a corpse would die a second time. I have eaten nothing since morning. If thou wert unable to feed me sufficiently, why didst thou promise to do so the first day?" This was going on just at the moment when the lahlah returned from the bazaar.

"Villain! where hast thou rambled till now?" asked the incensed mistress. "Girls, bring here the

rods;" and in a twinkling of the eye the heels of the poor lahlah pointed towards the sky, and a shower of blows was falling upon them. "Pardon—forgive me, gracious mistress!" supplicated the guilty man. "Were you to see what I have seen in the market you would never return home." "Be more explicit." "I saw a young aushik, who lately came from Persia. His playing, singing, performances, and conversation are so attractive, that the market is thronged with crowds anxious to hear him; nay, all the town gathered to witness the scene."

Dunah Pasha ordered her people to leave off beating the culprit; and once more listening to the lahlah, who extolled the talents as well as the beautiful appearance of the youth, she fell in love with the aushik from the description given of him, and ordered him to be brought that evening to the harem.

The lahlah returned to the market; and having, with difficulty, squeezed himself through the crowd which surrounded the singer, he whispered to him, "Aushik, the pasha desires to have thee for his guest this evening." Aushik Issa-Bally, having torn himself from the grasp of some Turk who was forcibly conducting him to his house, asked, "Who is thy pasha?" "That is to say, his daughter, Dunah Pasha." "Begone, liar! thou wishest to deceive me." He however yielded to the lahlah's persuasions, as he was in hopes of getting, thereby, some tidings of his master. He said, "It is far hence to Scutari,

and I cannot leave my horse without attendance." "Take him with thee; we have plenty of barley and straw."

Having, therefore, taken Kyrat, his armour, and all that he had at the karavanserai, he followed the lahlah till they arrived at Scutari, where Issa Bally's first care was to find a suitable stable for the horse. Having given him an abundance of barley and straw, he followed his guide to the yard of the harem.

Dunah Pasha looked at him, and what did she perceive? She saw a young man whom nothing could equal in the world. Enraptured with this sight, she remembered all the amorous lines she had learned from Saady and Hafiz. Issa-Bally came into the presence of the pasha's daughter, bowed low, saluted her; and she, in answer, recited these lines from the poet:—

"Thou art welcome! Sweet is to me thy coming. O may a thousand dear souls fall victims under each of thy steps! Thy image is henceforth nestling in my eyes. O, nearer! I beseech thee, come nearer! Thou hast come to thine own house."

She added afterwards: "Son of Persia! sit down, play and sing something to us." Issa-Bally was struck with the uncommon beauty of the pasha's daughter; having gazed at her, he loved her with the force of a hundred thousand hearts, and sang:—

Improvisation.—"The bird of my soul is sporting

with the rose of thy flower-garden. The beauties with the jessamin breast look at thee in amazement. On the holy day of the offering* I brought the bird of my soul to sacrifice him to thee. Thou hast spared his life, and he will be faithful to thee alone. Raise the veil; let the moon of thy face shine into the dazzled eyes of those beauties who are jealous of thee. Let the rising sun repent too late for having risen. Thy look on me has filled my heart with blood by dint of caresses. Let it swim in gore; it has indeed dared too much in falling in love with thee."

Music, poetry, and wine amused the happy lovers till late in the night. Issa-Bally, in the midst of so many pleasures, did not forget Kurroglou, and, with the following song he tried to find out whether the pasha's daughter knew anything about him.

Improvisation. — "I have got a crack-brained master; I do not know whether he lingers here or somewhere else. A sweetheart has kindled a fire in my soul: but where is my mad master? Where art thou, O daring fool?"

Dunah Pasha, hearing that her guest repeated the word "master," thought to herself, "God grant that this lad might be one of Kurroglou's attendants."

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* The day of Abraham's offering Isaac to God, or *Idy-Kurban*, is one of the four principal Mussulman holy days. On that day some millions of sheep are killed in Persia.

She asked, "Who is thy master?" "My master's name is warrior Kurroglou." "What has become of him?" Here the young man related, from beginning to end, all the particulars of Buly Pasha's expedition, and the purpose of his coming to Constantinople. The pasha's daughter wished also to impart to him all she knew, but she was checked by the thought that Issa would immediately hasten to his master, and deprive her of the pleasure of listening to his playing and conversation. Issa sang on:

Improvisation.—"He disappeared from before our eyes as if sunk into a deep sea. He embittered his servants' hearts with grief. He is kept in prison by some villain. O Agha, my daring fool Agha!"

Dunah Pasha did not implicitly believe Kurroglou's tale; and, availing herself of this opportunity, she wished to learn whether he really, of his own accord, allowed himself to be brought to Constantinople. Issa thus sang:

Improvisation.—"Madman! he generously delivered himself to his foe. He filled with bitterness my breast and my head. My crack-brained Agha brought forth the bloody tears of joy from his foe's eyes. The best of warriors, sweet as the branch of a rose tree. Issa-Bally's master, crack-brained Agha!"

Dunah Pasha ordered a bed to be made. Her nurse brought three sets of bedding; she spread one of them on a sofa in the room, another near the

threshold, and the third at the other end of the yard in the portico. "My dear nurse, how shall we sleep?" "Thou shalt sleep on that sofa, and I, after having secured the door, near the threshold." "And where will the aushik sleep?" "In the portico." "Thou hast forgotten that he had a drop too much, and is a little tipsy; sleeping in the open air, he will catch cold, and will be ill. Poor stranger! he has nobody to take care of him. It will be better to lay his bed in the place thou hast chosen for thyself and go to sleep thyself under the portico." "My lady! I shall never do such a thing. You both have drunk too freely, both of you are young; I am afraid the devil will play some trick to-night. Thy betrothed, after the wedding, will throw all the blame upon me." The irritated mistress called the maid-servants, ordered them to give a good beating on the saucy nurse's heels, and throw her out into the yard, without bedding.

Issa-Bally fell down on the cushions and slept where he sat. Dunah Pasha appeared to be musing. When, lo! a great noise arose, and the Buly Pasha's voice was heard from without the fortress. However, he dared not go inside, being afraid of Hassan Pasha's anger.

These were the nurse's doings. Having got out through the hole by which the kitchen slops were emptied into the street, she ran to her mistress's betrothed, Buly Pasha, and told him that the pasha's

daughter had punished her because she did not allow a young Persian to remain the night with her. Buly Pasha surrounded the harem with five hundred men, and called for admittance. Dunah Pasha, terrified, sprung out of the bed, and awoke Issa Bally with the following song:—

Improvisation.—"He came from Stambul to Scutari. Rise up and depart, son of Persia! do not tarry. Before thee alone five hundred men will fly. Rise up, son of Persia."

Issa awoke, and begged of Dunah Pasha permission to improvise a song in answer.

Improvisation.—"Yes, a son of Persia came from Constantinople to Scutari to see thee. He will die, but will not leave that place. Five hundred crows can do no harm to an eagle. The son of Persia will die, but will not leave that place."

Dunah Pasha sang in answer:—

Improvisation.—"At break of day they will fire the guns and the muskets. They will bind thy manly arms. They will kill thee and torture me. O my Persian boy, arise and depart."

Issa Bally answered:—

Improvisation.—"I will ford the deep seas. I will take revenge upon my enemies. I will either remain with thee, or give blood for blood. The son of Persia will die, but he will not leave thee."

Dunah Pasha said to herself, "He is servant of Kurroglou; tell him that thou shalt restore his

master to him if he will depart." She sang in consequence.

Improvisation.—"We will dive into deep seas, having put the sweetheart's love into the dear soul, like as into a canoe. Rise up, let us go, I'll restore thy master to thee. Rise up and depart, son of Persia. Do not tarry any longer.

Issa-Bally sang in answer:—

Improvisation.—"O happy day in which I have arrived at Scutari! It is now that I learn the price of the day gone by. God knows that this was my only object. Son of Persia will sooner die than retreat."

Dunah Pasha answered him with the following lines:—

Improvisation.—"Do not refuse, my beloved! Depart without delay. If fate has destined me to thee I shall be thine; but do what Dunah Pasha begs of thee so earnestly. Rise up and depart, son of Persia; do not tarry any longer."

Issa-Bally sang.

Improvisation.—"Issa-Bally says, 'I had a bad dream. God himself guides my steps. I will either take my foe's head off, or put my own under his sword. Persia's son will die, but will not retreat.'"

When Issa-Bally finished that song, Dunah Pasha began to supplicate him. "My Issa-Bally! rise up and let us go. I will deliver Kurroglou to thee, take him and fly away. Buly Pasha has sur-

rounded the fort of Scutari with five hundred soldiers. I know that the purpose of thy coming here was the liberation of Kurroglou." Issa answered, "O my sweet lady, restore only Kurroglou to me, and we shall depart so gently as not to raise even the dust after us."

After this they both went to the well. Issa-Bally whispered, "Hear me Dunah Pasha! I know Kurroglou's pride. If I tell him that I come to liberate him, he will not answer one word, and will never consent to being lifted up from the well. It would be better, therefore, if you ask him to get out of the pit; we shall see what will be his answer."

Kurroglou was already asleep; they were obliged to call him many times before he awoke. "Is it thy sweet voice, pasha's daughter? If thou art so kind as to come down to me, jump down boldly and I will catch thee in the air, and receiving thee in my arms, I will prevent thee from falling to the ground." "O no, my warrior, I cannot let myself down. There is already too little room for thee alone in the well. But, be persuaded, and let us lift thee up. Thou shalt go to Chamly-bill." Kurroglou was offended and said, "Begone! Kurroglou will never suffer himself to be laughed at, nor that it be said, a woman got him out of the well."

Issa-Bally called him by his name. Kurroglou hearing so well-known a voice, nearly lost his senses. "It is thou, my dearest! Thou comest to fetch me?"

"Yes." "And who asked thee for it? good-for-nothing wretch! Not I, to be sure; begone!" "My lord, do not be angry with me." "I am very comfortable here. By the liberality of Dunah Pasha I want for nothing. I have plenty of wine, brandy, and other necessaries. I live like a lord." "Oh, my master! Buly Pasha has surrounded the fortress; to-morrow he will take up both of us, and what is still worse he will take the life of our benefactress, Dunah Pasha. For myself I do not fear death, and will die willingly for such a good cause. But what will become of that poor lady? She has served thee with so much zeal." Kurroglou said, "I have got very fat, you will not be able, two as you are, to lift me up out of the well" "Let us try, however; bring here some ropes."

By order of the mistress, all the maid-servants came together They lowered into the well some dozen of ropes tied together, which cracked more than once under the enormous weight, which was slowly hoisted up by some forty hands. Issa-Bally and even Dunah Pasha were obliged to lend their aid, because Kurroglou, fed so liberally, had got as fat as a buffalo. Great was their joy when first his huge head appeared, and afterwards his giant elbows leaned upon the brink of the well. Issa kissed his master's hands. They brought immediately Kyrat and his arms, and with the greatest difficulty buckled the armour upon the fattened limbs of the robber.

Kurroglou said, "Dunah Pasha! thou shalt go with us, thou art my daughter and I shall not give thee up to Buly Pasha for all the treasures of the world!" She made preparations in haste for the journey, filled two wallets with the most precious of her jewels, and did not forget to order the two best horses of her stables, one for herself, another for Issa Bally.

Having mounted their steeds they rode to the gate of the fort, but it was shut up. Kurroglou, with one blow of his club, broke the locks and the bolts. He first sent out of the fort, Issa-Bally and Dunah Pasha, saying, "Wait a moment for me, and see what I shall do. Let the pasha's daughter witness how I fight. I must take now my revenge of the base Buly Pasha, and inform him of my presence by a song." So saying, he sang with his stentorian voice:—

Improvisation.—"O Aghas! When the day of battle comes, a coward gets a head-ache and pretends to be ill. The shaking of the horse makes his ears ring. He flies from mountain to mountain."

Buly Pasha trembled with all his soul. He thought to himself, "I am sure that the young man who slept in the harem, was one of Kurroglou's band." The song thundered again and was heard all over the fortress.

Improvisation.—"Hail warrior! Do not approach the infamous coward, and do not defile thyself with

his presence. Confound his master and his sultan! A villain, as soon as he sees any one relying confidently on him, thinks himself a conqueror, and raises his silly neck like a naked knife."

Kurroglou seeing that Buly Pasha did not make his appearance, said to himself, "Infamous wretch! I will drag thee from thy hole, and will give thy betrothed to somebody else." He then sang:—

Improvisation.—"Kurroglou says, 'I shall to-day crush my foe. I'll tear asunder the resistance of this villain. Let the coward, in token of his submission, throw on his neck a halter, and wait for me with a rope hanging from it. He shall see to-day how brave men conquer.'"

Buly Pasha could no longer withstand so public an outrage; he unsheathed his sword, stepped forward, and called to his men, "Follow me! let us crush the robber!" and he attacked him first. Kurroglou parried with his club the blow aimed at him, and, drawing his sword, he let it fall upon Buly Pasha's head with such force, that the edge plunged deep across the chief's breast and belly, and stuck into the earth. Kurroglou said, "There is a lesson for thee how to cut with the sword."

Kurroglou cut off the head of his victim, and threw it under the feet of Dunah Pasha's horse. "Come here and hold my Kyrat," he called out to Issa-Bally. So saying, he rushed upon the walls of the fort, and cutting to the right and left, he made

a terrible slaughter. "Enough! enough! warrior Kurroglou!" shouted the pasha's daughter; "Stop thy fury, do it for me. It is time for us to fly away."

Kurroglou took her advice, inasmuch as it was dangerous to remain longer, for fear the report of the strife might reach the city. They rode away, therefore, and without any accident, arrived at Chamly-bill, where they were met by Daly-Mehter and Ayvaz at the head of all his band. Kurroglou ordered them to greet Dunah Pasha, and enjoined that all the women should come out to meet and to introduce her, with all solemnity, to Chamly-bill. Entering the harem, she found her way from the gate to her apartments, laid down with Cashmire shawls. Festivals followed one another during twenty days, as a thanksgiving for all Dunah Pasha had done to Kurroglou.

The next twenty days were consecrated to the celebration of her wedding with Issa-Bally. In this way that loving couple realized their most sanguine hopes. God grant that likewise may be fulfilled the desires of all those who buy this tale, as well as of those who read or relate it!

Meeting XIII.

The doings and improvisations of Kurroglou very often came to the ears of the courtiers of Shah Abbas II., then reigning in Persia*. That monarch invited him more than once to his court, promising him the dignity of commander-in-chief (sepah sallar) of all his troops. As we have seen, Kurroglou had sworn before his dying father, never to raise his arms against the Shah of Persia, and he kept his word: nevertheless, he declined all his offers and invitations. His obstinacy at last offended the shah; and one day, at the public selaam, he promised to confer the above-mentioned rank to him who would bring Kurroglou's head to the court.

Hear now what happened in Chamly-bill. One morning Kurroglou's barber† coming, according to custom, to shave his master's head, put a looking-glass before him. Kurroglou looked at the reflection of his face, and seeing his beard and mustachios

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* This king reigned from A.D. 1641, 1051, H) to 1666, (1077 H.)

† The barber (*dellak*) is as equally important a personage in Persia as in Spain. Being a constant companion of the male members of families, at home and at the baths, he gets acquainted with all domestic secrets, and very often performs an important part in intrigues.

were quite grey, he was filled with sorrow, and fetched a deep sigh from the bottom of his breast. Issa-Bally and Ayvaz who were present, asked him, "Master, why art thou sighing?" "How can I help sighing?" Look! I have not one black hair. My head bends towards the grave, and my cold heart no more entertains the desire of enjoying the pleasures of the world. There are only two wishes of mine which have never been fulfilled; first, to perform a pilgrimage to Mecca; and second, to have an issue of one of my wives."

Kurroglou called all his servants and warriors together. He proclaimed Ayvaz his heir and successor. "I am old," said he, "and swear to God before you, that as long as I live, I shall never again draw out the sword." He put into their hands his favourite sword, and ordered it to be nailed down, on both sides of the scabbard, that it might never be unsheathed again. When this was done in his presence, he said, "I never bowed down before any lord or king*, nor have I ever wished to serve them. The Shah of Persia has invited me more than once to his court; I did not go. Now, by my submission, I wish to please not the king, but God. The shah now ruling Persia is Abbas II., of the Safavian dynasty. I will go without any pomp to his court

* This reminds us of the notorious boasting of Turkmans, that they never reposed under the shade of a tree or a king.

at Ispahan, and, after a short stay there, I will proceed to Mecca. If it please God, I will return to you; and in a quiet corner, far from the world and its pursuits, I shall await death, praising God and praying to him to forgive the sins of my past life." Ayvaz said, "Thou wilt go, doubtless, as becomes a man of thy fame and riches, with a numerous suite and stately splendour. Who of us shall accompany thee?" "Nobody; I will mount my Kyrat and ride alone."

Sad was the day of parting. The women cried in their harems, the men in the streets. Kurroglou bade farewell to all; but he could not part with his sword, and although it was nailed down and unsheathable, he girt it about his side. They departed. Kurroglou did not long keep the highway, but turned into the mountains, visited all of them and sighed. On a sudden he stopped his horse, and said to his seven hundred and seventy-seven warriors who accompanied him part of the way, "My heart is full, I must sing something to you."

Improvisation.—"The spring comes. The snow melts on the mountains. My sisterly mountains unveil their fronts before my eyes. Here my Egyptian sword revelled in blood to satiety! O my mountains! my battles will live eternally in your echoes! How happy I was wandering upon your bosom! Hidden amongst your rocks, I lay in ambush, waiting till a heavy caravan ascended your

acclivities. O my mountains, you never betrayed my secrets! Thanks to you! Thanks!"

Kurroglou, and with him all his warriors, wept. Then having rested himself a little he sang on.

Improvisation.—"Having made a descent on Chamly-bill with Ayvaz, I drunk the red wine which flowed in streams. O my mountains! I measured with the hollow of my shield the turquoises, pearls, gold, silver and jewels of the whole world, which I have gotten upon you as my booty."

Kurroglou sighed and sang on.

Improvisation.—"I crushed down Scutari, that fortress of the sultan, high, like you, my mountains! Farewell, ye lovely mountains! I used to snatch from the sheeps' breasts your lambs; but to-day, I will devour your wolves, and will howl like them."

The warriors said, "O! our master, during thy long life in this world, thou didst never leave the cup of pleasure without exhausting it to the bottom; what art thou then sighing for?"

Kurroglou sang.

Improvisation.—"Kurroglou says, 'I came into this world. I learned the price of the days gone-by. I died the very day my mother brought me forth*. I have only two brothers, my sword and my horse. Ye mountains, ye are my sisters.'"

* I asked many learned Persians what was the meaning of this line. According to their opinion it means, that Kurroglou

They proceeded further and arrived at Gazly-Gull. There Kurroglou bade farewell to his warriors, recommended them to live together on good terms, and added, "It is possible I shall never see you again. The Fates, always treacherous, befriend nobody faithfully." And he sang:—

Improvisation.—"O warriors! do not repent with too great presumption; there is no one equal to us. Never be backward in mutual aid and friendship. Speak just words without anger, and never trespass the limits of your duty."

The banditti listened to him with awful interest. He sang on:—

Improvisation.—"I'll fall a victim to a true man. Perdition upon all the generation of villains. Let not a man grasp at another's property. O may my head fall a victim to a man of noble birth! May God send affliction upon the coward. O man! when nobody buys thy goods, do not unpack thy loadings. They call me Kurroglou. My age has reached a hundred years. Learn from me, a madman, that you must never fly before the enemy."

Kurroglou finished. All his men shed tears abundantly. He kissed the eyes of every one of them, told them to wait for him for one year, and rode away alone to Ispahan.

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never feared death, and was alive with the sense of glory, boundless freedom, and valour.

Now, listen to the tale of Shah Abbas II. You have heard what offers he proffered to Kurroglou, why he was angry with him, and what he said at the selam. But you do not know that this shah had discarded from his service two courtiers for bad conduct. Their names were Almas Khan and Behram Khan.

In the mean time Kurroglou halted for the night at Kuhrud, a small town between Ispahan and Kashan. It so happened that the two above-mentioned courtiers, hunting in the neighbourhood of that place, perceived at a distance a rider with a grey beard. Advanced age did not obliterate from his countenance the expression of strength and manly beauty. But the horse attracted their particular attention. Almas Khan approaching Kurroglou, inquired, "Where does God bring thee from, traveller? and where art thou going?" The question was accompanied by a courteous bow. Kurroglou, returning the bow, answered, "I go from Chamly-bill to Ispahan to pay my obedience to the shah." "From what tribe dost thou issue, sir?" "I am a Turkman Tuka by birth, my nick-name is Kurroglou."

Almas Khan was terrified, hearing that name of fearful renown, and said, "Warrior! the shah has many times invited thee to his court, and thou hast always refused him. Now thou art going there alone, without any pomp, with thy beard whitened

by age." "There is an end to everything in this world. I took an oath not to shed blood any more; nay, I nailed my sword down to the scabbard; and wish to spend the remainder of my days quietly, and worshipping God. I am going to Mecca to implore the God of mercy to forgive the trespasses of my past life." "Warrior! you must do me and my companion, Behram Khan, the favour of accepting a supper," and he thought in his heart, "This is an excellent opportunity to reinstate ourselves into the shah's favours. We shall kill him and take his head to Ispahan; and then the shah must keep the promise he made so publicly. He must either make me commander-in-chief, or at least restore us both to our former dignity at his court."

Kurroglou accepted their invitation, and consented even to spend the night with them. Behram Khan and Almas Khan lavished upon him their politeness, and the marks of the greatest friendship. After supper, three sets of bedding were brought in, and they gave up the best for their guest. Kurroglou, tired with his long journey, soon went to bed and fell fast asleep.

The first action of the two caitiff khans, was to go to the stables, and to cut the veins of all four legs of Kyrat. Then having armed all their servants, twenty or thirty in number, they rushed upon Kurroglou. Thus awakened, he threw away the coverlet, got up, and with his fists cleared his way

through the invaders, and ran to the stables. There he perceived his faithful steed weltering in his blood, with his legs cut round. He clasped his head with both his hands and cried like a child. Then turning to his terrified persecutors, he exclaimed, "Villains! come nearer. You have killed my Kyrat, there is my bosom, strike! I shall not defend myself any longer, take my life also. Without him I am useless in this world. But before I die, allow me to sing a song:—

Improvisation.—"O inconstant Fate! shall I proclaim to the world all thy wickedness? Thou hast befriended nobody faithfully to the end. Death was always thy last reward. How many potentates thou hast put on a level with the thorn, creeping on the earth? Didst thou not say to the Hebrew Joseph, 'Thou must be a slave!' Didst thou not sell him like vile merchandise? What didst thou do with every monarch? with every ruler of the world? Where is that Soleiman commanding the divs and the peris? Did not the king of kings, Kaykaus, that second Rustem, lose in play at dice with death?"

Then turning to Almas Khan, he said, "Thou art not only a villain, but a fool too. If thou wantedst any favours from the shah, thou shouldst have asked for my intercession, and thou wouldst have obtained all thou wishedst. Now after the death of Kyrat, if thou wouldst spare my life, I will not accept of it. Let me sing for the last time."

Improvisation.—"A true warrior must lose his life on the field of battle. The guns and the carbines thunder for him the death-song. O death! whom didst thou spare? The most cunning of all men, Babai-Amir*, once run from thee, and endeavoured to escape. Didst thou not catch him, jumping upon him from an ambush? The heart of Kurroglou the ram fears thee not, provided his vows may be agreeable to God. Were even Hassan and Hussein†, these footstools of the throne of God, on the seventh heaven (*Ersh*) spared by thee? No! thou hast made them martyrs at Kerbella."

Having finished this song, Kurroglou said piously the prayer of the dying, and without any resistance delivered himself up into the hands of his murderers. Almas Khan and Behram Khan severed his head from his body, flayed the skull, salted the skin of it after having stuffed it with straw, and started with their precious burden to Ispahan.

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* Babai-Amir was the famous runner (laufer) of Shah Abbas the Great. The Persians say that he could run forty farsakhs (one hundred and sixty English miles) in twenty-four hours. When old, having amassed great riches, he loaded his camels with them, and set off on a voyage, in order to escape from death. Tired of a long journey, he sat down to take breath, and then was killed by Ezrael, the angel of death, who could never overtake Babai-Amir as long as he was running.

† Sons of Aly and Fatima, the daughter of the prophet; one of them perished by poison, the other was murdered in the desert of Kerbella.

The shah, apprised of the cause of their arrival, called a selam. The head of Kurroglou was brought in upon a golden tray, and laid before the throne. A drop of blood sprung out of it, and fell upon the skirt of the royal robe. Seeing this, the shah thought to himself, "This blood must have been shed innocently." He asked, therefore, "How did you kill Kurroglou?" Almas Khan said, "May the shah live long! We went to Chamly-bill and killed him, that we might throw his head as an offering to the dust of thy blessed feet." "Thou liest!" exclaimed the shah angrily. "You have not courage enough to be able to kill him in his own fort. Guards, take them to prison!"

Both khans were manacled, chained, and thrown into a dungeon. A courier was then despatched with a royal firman to Chamly-bill, in order to learn all the particulars of Kurroglou's death. The five principal men of the band—Ayvaz, Daly-Ahmed, Issa-Bally, Demurchy-Oglou, and Kimchy-Oglou—came with the answer to the court of Ispahan. The shah received them most graciously, and listened with patience to what they related of the last journey of their chief. The truth came out. In the agony of grief, they threw themselves upon the ground before it, and their tears and lamentations caused all the inhabitants of Ispahan to cry. The shah ordered Almas Khan and Behram Khan to be given up to the banditti, who, in revenge, immediately

cut them to pieces. Besides this, the shah made the little town of Kuhrud free from all taxes, in commemoration of the horrible murder perpetrated there; and in order that the inhabitants of it, gratified with this act, agreeable to heaven, might be always praying to God to have mercy on the soul of Kurroglou. By his royal commands, the head of Kurroglou, being joined to his carcass, was buried with the greatest honours; and a neat mausoleum was erected, which can be seen at the present day. Ayvaz was presented with a pelisse of honour and the shah's firman, which duly invested him with the governorship of Chamly-bill.

N.B. Thus ends the tale of Kurroglou, which, when an aushik has recounted, he never forgets to sing a poetical eulogy of his own or of anybody else's composition, praising the person who is to pay him for his trouble. He complains against the persecutions of coquetish fate; recommends wisdom and abstinence; and, at last, wishes you to live one thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine years, that is to say, as long as lived the patriarch Noah,—of course, on condition that the cloud of your liberality pour a golden shower upon the parched lips of the aushik's empty and yawning pocket.

POPULAR SONGS (TOLGAWS)

OF THE

TATARS OF ASTRAKAN.

(Translated from the Astrakan Tátar Dialect.)

ASTRAKAN TATAR SONGS.

INTRODUCTION.

In the winter of 1830, during my stay in Astrakan, the following *tolgaws* were communicated to me by one of my Tatar friends, Aly Beg Sharapow. Being a perfect scholar in his native language, he explained to me their meaning, word for word, in Persian, and I wrote them down under his dictation.

I was afterwards told that the same collection of tolgaws, accompanied with a Russian translation, was sent to Mr. Von Köppen, inspector of the silk-worm establishments in the Crimea; and that he intended to publish them. As I never saw or heard of such publication, I give here both the text and its version, in the state they were handed to me by Aly Beg and the bards of his country, the Gyrans.

These rhapsodies are all believed to be old. They are highly popular among the Tatars, from Ural to Kuma. The oldest, viz., the first in the collection, was probably composed towards the end of the fourteenth or in the beginning of the fifteenth century. The hereditary skill of the professional Gyrans (who remind us of the Scandinavian Scalds) disappears daily in modern times.

But the best, perhaps the only, specimen of what they were, is to be found in Sobra, who was the poet, the historian, the patriot, and the wise and straightforward adviser of the king.

I.—*Adiga.*

[This, the longest in the present collection, and the most favourite tolgaw of the Astrakan Tatars, relates to their deliverance from the Mongolian yoke. It is written in the Nogay-Tatar dialect; the most beautiful portion ends with Sobra's answer. The other part, I think, is apocryphal, and was added much later by the Sheah Tatars. It exhibits some fine specimens of Oriental poetry, but is destitute of the true Homeric simplicity of the ancient part.]

"While the brave Adiga lived, his people were happy, his dominions flourished. His subjects used to collect themselves in crowds, and then the khan ordered the mares to be killed, and the mead to be brewed. And when he called all the tribes together, he ordered to be brought before him a Gyran, called Sobra, a man three hundred and sixty years old, with loose teeth, clear reason, and wearing a sable cap.

"Adiga was the son of a warrior; he served God

from the cradle. The mane of Adiga's bay horse shone from a distance. Adiga had a custom agreeable to God, that when he met a man even one year older than himself, he asked him, 'My sultan, what do you wish for? you know?'

"Honest people! you call upon me: 'Tell us something, O Gyran! tell us something.' "Well, I will; but, alas! what shall I tell you, good hearers? That man begotten by his father was his mother's only son. The moment he was born he possessed the right of gallows*. He read all, to the last syllable, the four books sent from heaven; namely, the Bible, the Psalter, the Gospel, and the Koran. He performed his ablutions with the water *Zamzam*, which he imported from the holy ground of Mecca. Having ordered the carpet to be spread, he prayed upon it. When nine years old he entered the service of Toktamish Khan†. At the age of fourteen he was seated upon the throne, as became a man. And when he secured himself upon it, Toktamish began to apprehend lest his wife Tulay-Khanam, would take a fancy to that young man; and so he formed a silly resolution to persecute him.

"Adiga, perceiving this change in the khan, took

* Viz., the right of punishing with death by the gallows,—the greatest privilege amongst Tatar princes.

† Probably this is the identical person with Toktamish-Khan, vanquished by Timour-leng in A.D. 1395.

nine men with him, and became *kozzak** in the deserts

"When Toktamish Khan heard of it, he sent in pursuit of him nine men, Omruk-Tamir, from the tribe of Erguize; Kara-Khoja, from Crimea; Jentay-Kussa, from Kypchak; Jambay, son of Kaban Keneguessi. They started after him at full speed, overtook him, and returned back at the same speed. What do they say?

"'O our khan!' exclaimed Jambay, "my body is clad in armour; my sword is at my side; nevertheless I fear you will give my dear soul to perdition!'

"Do not be afraid, upon my soul! Tell me all you have heard and seen."

"Then Jambay thus narrated, 'O my khan! you ordered me to go and I went. I overtook him, and thus spoke to him, Come back, O my only son, come back to thy house. Tell the khan with thy own lips the reason of thy heart-ache. Bow and do homage to him, in his lofty white tent. From the delicate china-cups, drink up the leavings of the warrior. Thy khan is willing to give thee a numerous stud of mares, that thou mightest drink

* The word *kozzak*, among the Tatars, Kalmuks, Kirghizes, Uzbegs, and other inhabitants of the Kapchak, signifies an outlaw, a man recognising no law, but depending on his own weapons.

kúmiss*. The people gather together and wish to have thee for their king. He gives thee leave to cast thy hawks upon the swans of the seven lakes of *Karajal*†. He gives thee the meadows of *Karaday* for the pasture of thy hunting horses; let them get fat as lion's thighs. The khan's coat of mail is famous. It is made of stripes of shammy-leather, interwoven with mails of the best steel and lined with fur of *kúrpiaks*‡. Take it by the collar, shake off the dust, and put it on as thy own. There are places of honour on the right and left side of the khan's tent; come and occupy that on the right. There are numerous servants on either side; come and be the Agha over them all. Thy wife Omar-Begum is the daughter of Amir Khoja; as long as Toktamish reigns; kiss her, caress, andsleep happy!'

"'O thou perjurer! thou dog Jambay! thy father is of low pedigree, thou art a slave for gold. Stand off from me, and therefrom howl thy song. I'll cut thy tongue without drawing it out. I'll hang thee by the palate, and with a burning piece of green wood, I will brand thy forehead. I shall not go back, Jambay, I shall not return to my home. I will not with my lips tell my heart's offences

* *Kúmiss*, an intoxicating beverage distilled from mare's milk, much liked by the Tatars.

† Not far from the mouth of the Volga.

‡ *Kúrpiaks*, lambs taken from the entrails of ewes, before their natural time.

to the khan; my tongue swarms with bad words. I shall not bow in obedience to the khan in his lofty white *orda* (tent); an oak tree is grown upon my stiff neck. I shall not drink the khan's leavings from his chiṇa-cups, my lips have grown too thin. Although my khan allows me to drink kúmiss of all his mares, I shall not taste it, my heart is sick with it. I shall not cast my hawks on the swans of the seven lakes of Karajal; my hand is become unlucky. I shall no more take care of my hunting horses upon the Karaday meadows; my huntings are unsuccessful. Though he gives to me his bright coat of mail made of shammy-leather stripes, interwoven with mails of the best steel, and lined with kurpiaks, I shall not take it, nor after having shaken off the dust, shall I put it on as my own; my shoulders become weak. I shall not sit at the foremost place on the right side in the *orda;* a steel pole has grown there for me. I shall not take the command of his right and left side servants; the desire of commanding has left me. My wife Omar-Begum is the daughter of Amir-Khoja. What of that? I shall not kiss and caress her but for a short time.'

"Besides Adiga ordered to tell the khan, 'What right have you to Adiga? He is slave and bound in duty to God alone. As a faithful subject he never left your door. He often suffered many injuries, but forgave them all; now you bring them

yourself to his memory. God will appoint the day, when I shall see again that blue shallow sea where the sturgeons play. Do you think that on unknown hills, in barren wildernesses, God will not be my companion? When watching all night as a hungry wolf; when, a lonely wanderer running against the wind, I shall be covered with hoar-frost, will not then God be my companion?'

"Adiga departed and became a kozzak. Toktamish Khan hearing of it was struck with fear, and down-fallen in mind. He ordered tents to be pitched and surrounded with *ojauks**. He ordered many horses to be killed, and a great quantity of mead to be brewed. He sent messengers in all directions, to call to a Diet all the respectable and clever old men, and gallant young warriors. He called a meeting of all his nation.

"First, he acquainted with that event the head of

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* An *Ojauk*, or oven, in the nomade encampments, consists merely of two stones, sometimes two bricks, put on the ground, one parallel to the other, so as to support a kettle. In a hole excavated between these stones, the timber and coal is kindled. Every family has such a kitchen for its cooking; and for that reason the Asiatic monarchs regulate the taxes levied on their nomade subjects, according to the number of their respective *ojauks*. Such imposts are not unlike our hearth-money. In the simple but graphic language of the Tatars, "*the ojauk of such a man is blinded,*" signifies that his descendants exist no more; and that there is nobody to light the fire on his hearth.

the assembly, Khuday-Barda, son of Hassan; but Khuday-Barda said, 'I cannot understand it.'

"'If so, then I ask your opinion Jambay, son of Kusa, of the tribe of Kanaguess. You are the head of my diet*. In the great copper of my kingdom you are the yeast (*koy*). Speak.'

"'O my khan! I am a guilty man to-day. I do not know what to say.'

"'If so, then you, Akmussa, speak.'

"'Akmussa answered, 'O my khan! God created an older man before me, there is a man three hundred and sixty years old; his teeth are loose, his reason is extensive, he wears a sable cap, his name is Sobra. Send for him.'

"If so, then bid the horses be put to my golden chariot (*kús*). Let the horses be shod with gold shoes and silver nails; and having covered them with golden trappings, let them go and fetch Sobra.'

"They went away. The wheels sank into the ground down to the axle-tree. They took Sobra and brought him before the khan.

"The khan ordered his beard to be combed and cleansed of all vermin. He ordered silk thread to be twisted round his teeth, in order to fasten them. He honoured him, and invited him to sit down on the foremost place.

* *Kúroultay*, the well known diet, or general assembly among the nomades of Central Asia. *Chingiz* applied to it on every important occasion.

"'O my khan! I will speak if you bid me. There is no sap in dry herbs, no marrow in dry bones. The mind of old men grows weak; the khan will not be pleased.

"'O my khan! do not pursue that white man. Your people will soon get spoiled if you persecute him. His first ancestor was Abubekr-Saudyk; after him was sultan Mahmud; then sultan Ibrahim, then sultan Abbas, then sultan Hamza, then Khalid, then Walid, then Osman, then Jalal-ed-Dyn, then Abul-Kalipheh, then Salim, then Baba Túkla*, then Túrbay-Kurabchi, then Islam-Kaya, then Kaddyr-Kaya, then Kúlly-Kaya; after whom there remained only the jewel of the highest price (Adiga). O my khan! do not think little of him. O my khan! I am older than many. I knew a great many men. I saw Ahmed-Khan, and your great-grandfather, Chingiz-Khan, in golden robes. I saw Kara-Khan, and Burak-Khan, and Khalkman-Gurghan, and Yuchi-Khan, and Ostamir-Khan, that unequalled khan I saw. When I was in Khiva, I saw twenty khans, and three in Organj. I saw in Bokhara, Abul Ghaïr-Khan, and in Samarkand the khan

* This man is much renowned among his countrymen, not only as a distinguished warrior, but also as a most zealous and successful propagator of Islamism. He converted many Kalmuks, and was buried with great honours near the *Kazzachi Bughor*, a mile south of Astrakan, where his tomb is still to be seen.

Jeibak. I saw in Dashkand one very great khan. I witnessed the power of the khan Jany-Beg. He has built in the desert a palace, richly ornamented, with a thousand rings in the walls, to tie to them a thousand horses. His son, Bardy-Beg, was a munificent khan, and him I saw. But why should I name all I have seen? Do not say that my lips utter a false prophecy.

"'Your noble horse with projecting cheek-bones, with his mane spread on his neck, running at full speed, shortens the length of space, and outchases the wind. As far as I know, that runaway white man will ride that horse of yours.

"'Let them shoot at it as much as they like, the dart will not penetrate it. Let them try to thrust a spear at it, the pike will not pierce it. Let the rains pour and the hurricanes blow, it is water-proof and wind-proof. That runaway white man will get that strong coat of mail of yours, and will clad himself in it.

"'That runaway white man will pluck out of the ground the loftiest trees without a hatchet.

"'That runaway white man can throw down nine rows of stone walls without a gun.

"'O my khan! your throne has four legs and five heads, with a ruby on the top of each. The threshold of your tent, wrought of polished steel, shines like a looking-glass. All the ropes are made of silk: the cape of the tent is covered with satin;

its top is of ermine, lined with black sable. The pole in the centre is of pure gold. That principal tent stands with uncovered head, as if it was bald. That runaway white man will get into your tent.

"'With their foreheads shining like the moon, their fingers bending on the lily hands like copper hooks, Jany-Bika and Kazzaï-Bika recline on the sofa, both beautiful and rosy, like the soft light after sunset. O my khan! listen to my prophecy; that runaway white man can take them both gratuitously as his booty.

"'The pale willows grow on the sand; that runaway white man can choose one of them, and make a kuruk*.

"'Your studs are numerous, and of various colours; that runaway white man can drive all of them before him.

"'O my khan! do not persecute that white man. They say you have numerous allies; still do not humiliate him. Here my words end. There is no malice in my lips. I wish my prophecies should never be fulfilled. I wish they should stick to the dry grass in the barren desert, and rot together. But take care lest the white man trample on your head.'

"And so, O prophet of God! you were always in

* A perch with a halter at the end of it, to catch the wild horses; not unlike the arkaun of the Circassians.

the mind of that man, so liberally gifted with Allah's grace. You stood there as a sentry. And he himself, while worshipping, stood erect, girt with the belt of Aly, that lion of God. During the battle, he rode Aly's duldull. Retired into solitude, he waited for the night of *Kadir**; and when it came, watching all night and praying, he acquired real wisdom from learned men. Elias and Esdra revealed their miracles to him.

"Rowing, he crossed, like an angel, the blue sea, where the sturgeons frolic. On unknown tracts and in vast deserts, God himself accompanied the traveller. From sunset till the dawn of the day, like a hungry wolf, without shutting his eyes all the night long, he run against the wind. His forehead, smooth like shammy-leather, was frozen with hoar-frost.

"At last he has shown himself to the world, like the encampment of a rich man; like the moon fourteen days old, when on the fourteenth of Ramazan, it shines on the skies. Having thus come again, he dispersed his enemies into the four sides of the world. Of two best camels' worthy offspring, the only colt of two arghamaks, child of two vultures; the Almighty created him; he brought him forth of the light.

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* The night of miracles, according to the Koran. It is celebrated every year, on the 18th of Zilkad.

"And he seemed to say, 'I appeared when pious men used to pray on the bright mountain (*Sinaï*). I came into the world at the end of the night of *Kadr*, at the break of day, when the angels are walking*. My first sight fell upon the night of Kadr. The first words of my lips were these: I confess that there is no God but one God. My fame spread itself all over the world. I learned the ways of the saints by listening to the words of the learned. The learned men used to come to me with questions, and my proper answers soon made them silent. I was born wise and inspired. I astonished with my lore the men versed in the Arabian literature. I found out, at the first sight, the virtue of the most complex talismans, and I dictated them myself to the mollahs. My head wrapped in white muslin, my feet in common shoes, I prayed to God for grace, lamenting and groaning, and the Lord has heard my prayers. I fed myself

* A common belief prevails among Asiatic Mussulmans, that the night is consecrated to the haunts of spirits upon the earth. From sunset till midnight the evil spirits, as the *divs*, the *peris*, the *jinns*, &c., visit our globe, intrusted with different errands. But they must make way to the superior beings, and from midnight till sunrise, the angels, with all the host of good spirits, descend to protect mankind. That is the reason why pious men among them are early risers, and why the morning prayers are deemed more efficacious.

on the aromatic plant of basilick, and drank the water of Kouser*.

"'And I have chosen for riding one of the horses of Paradise†. I have accomplished the *Sunnet* and two *farzs*, in order not to omit one necessary word in my *namaz*. I have prayed in *Kerbella*, performing my ablutions with sand. My usual stay was amongst the pale wormwood on the mountains. I knew not what it is to be tired with the toils of journeying through the mountains; and I traversed the yellow deserts. I have visited the house of God. I served Him during five years without lifting up my face from the ground. I chose a palace of pure gold in Paradise, and spent there three hundred years in pleasures. My soul could not endure so much happiness; I fainted and fell on the ground, like a dead man. And when at the break of day the *moezzines* began to sing their early *ezaun*, I awoke upon the earth.

"'I have been in the palaces of marble on *Arafat*. I saw Pehlavan-Hamza fighting a great battle. I hastened to lend him my assistance, and I

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* A river in Mahomedan paradise in the eighth heaven; one of the Surats of the Koran bears the same name.

† The whole of this rhapsody gives an idea of the dreams and visions of the Mussulman extatics and opium smokers. The famous Hassan Sabbah and his successors knew how to avail themselves of this mystical disposition of their countrymen.

got in that engagement a steel sword with a golden hilt. I met the prophet Solomon and asked for his benediction. I wished to be anointed a king by him, and he gave me a throne which I accepted from his hands. But accustomed to begin with God, I did not like to ascend the throne without prayers. God Almighty heard my prayers. The archangel Gabriel exclaimed, Amen! Amen!

"'Having so obtained the grace of God, I sat on the throne on Monday, and began my travels in order to visit all parts of the world. I went to Tabriz, thinking there were many learned men. At Tabriz, in that large town, I served God during three years, in the middle of the mosque.

"'My dear companion *Khudaï-Kull* came to see me. I travelled during two years without alighting from my horse, white as the soul of virtuous men. I traversed the country from the woody river of *Samara* to *Alty-uzen**, and came to the encampment of *Air-Agaji*. I visited *Atchulu-Togay*†. I was at *Allabas*‡. I was in the town of *Sayah*, and in the

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* That is, from Caucasus to the mouth of the river *Ural*. The stream *Alty-uzen* (connected by name with the Persian *Kizzyl-uzen*) overflows the summer encampments of the Russian Kirghizes inhabiting the plains between the Volga and Ural.

† Atchulu-Togay is the name of the summer encampment of the *Darbat-Kalmuks*, on the left bank of the Volga, close to the ruins of an old Tatar town *Jaghitazzy*, "the town of saltpetre."

‡ *Allabas*, in the neighbourhood of Krasnoyar.

encampment of *Boz-Agaji*, and in *Kunchak*, where the soil is impregnated with salt. On the other side of *Jiguit-Ahra*, there is in the desert the lake of *Boksunchak*. In that place* I crushed my enemy.'

"Adiga mounted his horse named *Karantash*, and went on with such speed, that the dust and the sweat darkened his face. He ordered strong rings to be fastened; he chose the swiftest horses, and collected as many warriors as he could.

"Toktamish Khan, boasting, arrived with his troops. Adiga met him, wounded him on the head with the end of a blunt knife, and repulsed him.

"That warrior (*Adiga*) committed only one fault. He bowed low, very low, to his father-in-law *Khoja-Kotla*, who was left in the tent of Toktamish Khan, and begged pardon for having fought his former master."

II.—*Tolgaw on the taking of Kazan by the Russians, in* A.D. 1552.

[The hero of this song is the Tatar Prince Battyr-Shorah, who, hearing that Kazan was besieged by the troops of Ivan the Severe, hastened to

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* The Tatars of Astrakan are very fond of showing this spot to travellers as the battle-field where Adiga crushed the dominion of their Mongol masters. I could not find any mention of it in the historical works I referred to.

the assistance of his countrymen, but before he reached the town, he was drowned in the marshes.]

"The town of Kazan belonged to us. We started as soon as we heard that the enemy had besieged it. We shall be under its walls before they take it. We will make our way to the gates of the fort, to the threshold of its door. Like an iron bar, we will cut our way to the walls. There are black moors before Kazan; their stagnant waters smell of blood*. It is shallow; thought I in my heart, I will swim across it; and giving the spur to my horse, I threw myself into it. Numerous warriors are behind me, thought I; but when I looked behind, there was not one left out of that gallant troop. Not knowing that accursed bog, I fell into deep water. I wish thou wert lost for ever, O muddy abyss! Where are now our shallow fords? Where is our power over Kazan with four gates? Under the feet of Argamack, the horse-shoes look like new moons, its tail and mane are painted with hanah; on its back hang silk trappings; on its neck, in a talisman, round like a ring, is a prayer. Let us take two-edged hatchets into our hands, and let us mount on horseback.

"The innumerable Russian troops holloed, hearing

* Karamzin (*Hist. of Russia*, vol. viii., chap. iv.) says, that about five thousand Tatars attacked by Glinski and Sheremetev, were either drowned in these morasses, or put to the sword.

that Shorah was approaching Kazan; but we did not know that many warriors were to fall then, and that the black day was coming upon Kazan. In the subterranean prisons, under the iron bolts, our black-eyed beauties, having anointed their brows with surmah, have with sorrow been talking about us from the windows. We did not hear it. Little children and old men were doomed to shame!"

III.—*A Fragment from another Tolgaw on the taking of Kazan.*

"The small birds disperse themselves when the hawk stoops from the air. When a greyhound starts, the scattered hares look for a shelter.

"There were in Kazan many precious souls to be saved, but we did not know it. In that town of Kazan there were many blue-eyed beauties, with their brows anointed with surmah."

IV.—*The Sheep Thief.*

"I have a stream but have no flock. I'll snatch some sheep from some flock. The shepherd will pursue me, but I'll get on the top of a steep hill. I'll take a sharp sword into my hand, and, come what may, I'll not leave the field without a good fight."

V.—*Didactic Song.*

"On the green vale the grass grows high; the rich man will not stop there; there is no water.

"The sword is made of good steel, its hilt is of gold; the warriors will not take it, it has no scabbard.

"The swiftness of *Ozgan** is known to the whole world; the rich men do not mount him; he has no tail; he is very ugly.

"Two enemies prepare themselves for battle; the warriors stand in a file, like piles. Shield presses against shield. The moment is awful. The sluggish fellows who stay at home, will not even remember the man who in the fight broke the enemy's ranks. Do you know why? He was not rich."

VI.—*The Proud Man.*

"Hill, O grassy hill! did not you turn barren when upon your top the jackals and the foxes dug their holes and threw your sand up?

"Horse, high-legged horse! did not you die when you left your master on foot in the steppes?

"Armour, white armour with golden hauberk, did not you burst when your warrior spat blood?

"Man, selfish man? did not you die when your robes of gold brocade became so heavy with the precious metals, that they folded no more upon you?

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* *Ozgan* is the name given to a horse which has won at several races. The cutting of a horse's tail was formerly by the Tatars, and is still by the Persians, considered as the greatest insult to its master.

"Remain for ever with the name of an insatiable man; you would never help the poor!"

VII.—*The Boasters.*

"When the ponies would boast, they say; I dragged after me an arghamak* by the head.

"When arghamaks will boast, they will say, I overtook the flying foe before the dawn on the frozen uneven road.

"When the sparrow-hawk will boast, he will say, I caught a goose sitting on the sand.

"When a falcon will boast, he will say, I caught a hare without a greyhound.

"When an owl will boast, it will say, I was catching mice on the edge of a mouse-hole.

"When the Tatar horses will boast, they will say, After having trotted all the day, we fell into a gallop after midnight.

"When a silly son of a father will boast, he will say, I caught a brave man by the collar.

"When a wise son of a father will boast, he will say, I redeemed my honour from a bad man."

VIII.—*A Warning.*

"They make a nostrum for healing the wounds of a Turkish sword†, by mixing brandy with honey.

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* *Arghamak*, a horse of pure blood.

† Viz., the steel of which is poisoned.

When a father sways the people, his son will have the right of condemning to the gallows. When two virtuous men join together, bad ones will not be able to get amongst them. After the loss of a good man, a bad one will also meet with his dark day."

IX.—*Suum Cuique.*

"The hawk is the swiftest bird; it will not fly after the goose, after having passed the sparrow. Throw a slender rod with greater force than an arrow, it will not perforate a shield. There is no greater bird than the *berkut* (great eagle)*; but the luckiest of them will sometimes miss his prey. When a virtuous man gets into company with bad people, they will slander him, and plot against him. When such a man meets with a misfortune, they will not overtake him, though they set out to pursue him."

X.—*Didactic Song.*

"A four-footed, three-horned stag quenches his thirst on the shallow waters. You can know the real arghamak when it is a colt. A real son of a noble father will be a man like his ancestors. Throw yourself amongst your enemies, even with a shirt on. God knows best when you are to die."

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* The habitation of this sporting bird, which is a great favorite among the Kalmuks and Kirghizes, is the mountains of Ural. It is chiefly used against swans, herons, and other large birds.

XI.—*Death of a Warrior.*

"An arghamak was wounded in the neck by an arrow. A shaft run through a brave man's back-bone, composed of thirty-two joints*. The unstopped blood gushed, like red hairs, from the fine veins. I am lying on the ground, and the poisoned arrow, with kite's feathers, takes away my sleep. I beat the steel against the flint, but the bad tinder does not catch the sparks. The wounds are doleful: the soul is sweet! The blood coagulates in the wounds. Are there any good surgeons who could cut my wound, and take out the iron, and dress it afterwards with lint? Nobody died from such a slight wound, but I must, because there is not one of my relations near me."

XII.—*Ingratitude.*

[Some poor soldiers went into an inn where there was a feast, and not being invited, they sang as follows:]

"Some time ago we first met the enemy. Our forehead was petrified; the army of giaours fled away. We walked into an inn, where rich men sat round the tables, and drank the hydromel. There was no room for us to sit down, and we were obliged to remain standing. Go to my sweetheart,

* We leave to surgeons to decide whether this statement of the Tatar anatomist is correct.

let her give you up her head-ornaments: we will pawn them, and shall have some mead. We Kozzaks, five as we are here, we will find something for ourselves; we will plunder, and bring back the spoils, and with that booty we will redeem our sweethearts' trinkets."

XIII.—*No Escape.*

"Let the waves beat as much as they can against a vessel strongly covered with boards, what can they do? When a fat wild-boar is hit by an arrow, let him clap his teeth, what can he do? When a brown wide-breasted wolf gets an arrow into his heart, let him foam from the mouth, what can he do? If a man earns a good name, let his enemies plot against him, what can they do?"

XIV.—*The true Kozzaks.*

"Hail Kozzaks! that's what we are! but not the Russian Kozzaks. We will bring a lean horse from Ilmen, and fatten him.

"When we shall come back with success from that excursion, we will call ourselves Kozzaks. We will then sleep naked in the arms of beauties who have never been exposed to the rays of either sun or moon."

XV.—*Last Farewell.*

"My bay horse was fond of my singing a tolgaw while I was riding. My bay horse will remain in

the stables. My Tatar girls, beautiful as the waves, remained in the tent. My beautiful Tatar girls will find a husband for themselves; my bay horse will find a rider. My old mother, after losing such a warrior as me, will stoop from grief, and will find a dark grave for herself."

XVI.—*The Counsels.*

"When you choose for yourself the means of conveyance, choose the camel. That animal will get over forty hills, and will not be tired.

"When you wish to be provided with milk, choose a mare. That animal never ceases to be in milk till the advanced frosts.

"When you are about to take a wife, choose a beautiful girl. Who will refuse to marry a fine widow when mourning your loss?"

XVII.—*The Recovery of a Crimean Prince.*

[According to the explanation given to me by the gyran who sung this song, the following event gave rise to it. A poor Volga Tatar served at the court of one of the Ghirays in the Crimea. During three years, having had no opportunity of distinguishing himself, or attracting his master's eyes, he spent all, to his last penny, and returned to Astrakan. His sister provided him with new funds, and sent him back to the Crimea to serve the Ghiray. He arrived at the court of *Bagchesaray*, where the khan, affected

with an abscess in the breast, was lying, without any hope of recovery. The gyrans, the poets, and the fools of the court, endeavoured, by different means, to amuse their suffering master. Scarcely a few years had elapsed since the conquest of Kazan by the Russians; and the Crimea was in continual fear of a similar fate. Our Tatar begged the permission of singing to the sick khan. His song, the same which we now give here, was an allegorical tolgaw on the fate of the Tatars settled in Europe. This mystic song immediately caught the attention of the Ghiray. He raised himself up in bed, and, leaning on his elbows, listened attentively. At the words, "Two eagles are shedding their feathers on the borders of Ytill," he shuddered, and was so agitated, that the abscess burst in his breast, and eased his sufferings. From that time the Tatar youth was a most favourite servant of the Ghiray, who enriched him by his liberality.

The Tatar troops, routed by the Russians, are likened in the song to the frightened doe flying over the morasses. The falcon *terlan* signifies the famous Circassian prince, Ghazi-beg. The vulture represents Ivan the Severe. He is called, in the Tatar language, *akkmenkar*, "white beaked," because the Russians even now call their emperor "white czar." And, lastly, the two falcons, with featherless wings, are meant for *Mamay Khan*, king of Kazan, and

Urak Khan, king of Astrakan, where Mamay Khan fled for refuge after the conquest of Kazan.]

" When a startled doe runs away with her kids, it leaves a track on the swampy morasses.

" On the mountain of Caucasus, the falcon Terlan will raise his voice.

" A solitary white-beaked vulture, perched on the top of a rock, screamed, and spread terror on the vast lake.

" Two eagles are shedding their feathers on the borders of *Ytill* (viz. the Volga), and fear arises in the hearts of the enemy."

THREE SONGS OF THE KALMUKS.

[The Kalmuks, similar to their neighbours the Astrakan Tatars, have their privileged national bards, whom they call *Jongrah.* One of their songs sometimes lasts a whole day. I heard them several times in the winter of 1830, when on a visit to the Kalmuk prince Tumen, on the borders of the Volga; but being unacquainted with the language, I was obliged, much against my inclination, to be satisfied with the few following pieces, for the translation of which I am indebted to the courtesy of my host.]

I.

"He rode from the mouth of the *Khora-Zukhan** on the nimble bay horse. He forsook his holy faith for his beloved mistress *Jergalla.*

"He gave his *tungut-belt*† to his companion *Tabka.* I gave you my belt, O Tabka! Why do you scoff at me? What shall I do? The sheep are killed for the wedding and the dishes prepared.

"After the loss of my Jergalla I sit alone far from her. O how sweet it would be to sit with her under the white tent.

"When lifting my rosy tea-cup to my lips, I

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* *Khora Zukhan* is the name of an encampment of the Kalmuks, and of a little river flowing there, between Astrakan and the land of the Don Kozzaks.

† *Tungut-belt* is a girdle made in *Tibet*, the fatherland of the Kalmuks. In A.D. 1770, nearly 70,000 Kalmuk families fled from Russian dominion to Tibet. Similar migrations occurred very often, while the head of their priesthood *Dalaï Lama* used to be confirmed by the spiritual authorities of Tibet. At last, in 1800, by an *ukaze* sent from St. Petersburg, it was forbidden to Kalmuks to entertain any relations, either secular or spiritual with Tibet. For that reason, every remembrance of their ancient country possesses great value with them. In order to make this song more comprehensible, we must add that it treats of two *ghaluns*, or priests. One of them fell in love with Jergalla, and gave to the other *Tabka* his insignia of priesthood, &c. Tabka accepted them and eloped with Jergalla.

think of the vermilion cheeks of my Jergalla, and the sweet sleep forsakes me.

"When I peeped, through a chink, into her tent, I saw her,—beautiful like a peacock.

"When you lay your head on Jergalla's knees, you feel it softer than a swan-feather cushion."

II.—*Sogonda.*

"Having fettered my camel near the source of the river *Manich*, whose waters are bitter, I should like to sit with my Sogonda and play with her, snatching the smoking pipe from her.

"The brand on my wild grey horse, has the shape of a gun. If, after having him well bridled, I could run away with my Sogonda, should I be guilty?

"The crows and the owlets sit in rows on the bushes. I should like to play with the sweet-tongued Sogonda, wresting a steel and a flint from her*. The grass is waving on the meadow; the image of the beautiful Sogonda comes to my mind. What is she doing now; she who shared her heart and thoughts with me?"

III.—*A Didactic Song.*

"You will not find out the goodness of the maple-tree excrescense† before you try it. You will not

* As the Kalmuk women are very fond of smoking, they never part with their tobacco, steel, flint, &c.

† The Kalmuks for drinking tea, kumiss, or brandy, use

be convinced of love and friendship till you taste them.

"A heavy wallet hurts the shoulders; ungrateful love wounds the heart.

"Restore to a pining she-camel her little one; the sorrowful hearts of two lovers join together.

"The roof must be fastened to a tent with a rope; two hearts cannot be joined together but by mutual feelings."

I give here the text, in European characters, of the beginning of the first song:—

Khora Zukhan addighassi,
Khanpik-korungarin mordollabe,
Khyrildik bichkin Jergallden,
Khayrkhin sakillin Urghiollabe.

---

saucers turned out of the excrescences of birch or maple-tree. An excrescence of a red colour has the preference of all others.

POPULAR

TURKMAN SONGS.

(Translated from the Turkman and Perso-Turkish Dialects.)

TURKMAN SONGS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following thirteen songs were collected, chiefly in Nardin, during an excursion in Northern Khorassan, which I made in 1833. Although they are very popular with the Turkmans, and ascribed to poets in repute among the nomades of Attock, it is not improbable that they have been imported by Persian Sheah aushiks, who are always welcome guests in those countries. I would only exclude from this supposition, the first, second, and sixth songs, which are, doubtless, genuine Turkman productions. Be that as it may, the sentiments of pure morality found in these songs, deserve our particular attention. Such poetry is really a blessing of Providence in a country where all other guarantees of social order are either unknown or trampled upon.

I.—*The Victory of Tukas.*

[In 1782, Riza-Kuli-Khan, son of Amir Gunah Khan, Ilkani* of Kurdistan in Khorassan, was,

* *Ilkhani*, composed of *il*, "a tribe," and *Khan*, "chief," "head," signifies, "the chief of a nomadic tribe." It is one of

when twelve years old, taken prisoner by a foraging party of the Turkman-Tukas. They plundered the metropolis, Kuchan, and carried off its inhabitants. When Amir Gunah-Khan, who was then at Chenahran, heard of it, he went to their pursuit, and overtook them at Moyoun, near Abiverd*. The battle which ensued lasted three days; and the Kurds were completely routed. Amir Gunah-Khan fled to Bujnurd†. The two following songs were composed

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the highest dignities known in the present time in Persia, and there are only two of them: the Ilkhani of Fars, or the chief of the Persian tribe of *Kelhur*, and the one above mentioned. The title is hereditary.

* *Abiverd*, in Attock, one of the most beautiful provinces of Persia, lies in a plain watered by the rivers *Gurjan*, *Etrek*, and *Tujen*, all of which have their sources in the Alburz mountains. The numerous towns, once densely scattered all over the country, present now only heaps of ruins, amongst which, here and there, we meet with the dark tents of some Turkman tribe. The large ruined cities of this description, between Astrabad and Merv, are, *Jorjan*, *Nyssa*, *Abiverd*, *Darun*, and *Enou*.

† *Bujnurd*, the next town of importance to *Kuchan*, the principal place in Kurdistan of Khorassan. The other towns of note in that province are, *Shircan* and *Semulyan*. It is well known that the object for which the shahs of the Safavian dynasty established some Kurdish tribes there, was to keep in awe the Turkmans and the Usbeks. The result, however, proved quite the reverse. The same Kurds became the scourge of Khorassan, much worse than the enemies from which they were sent to protect it. In order to put an end to their depredations, Abbas Mirza, father to the present shah, made an

in commemoration of that event. They offer a striking likeness to two similar specimens produced by Sir Alexander Burnes. (*Travels into Bokhara*, iii., page 92.)]

"On Aghas! onward! against the enemies. Let Aly Shiraslan go. Barcha, skilful in curing pains, wise as Lockman, will go. From the desert of Moghan will come Mollah Baghanj, the firm follower of the doctrines taught by the lion of faith (Aly), the descendant of the Aghas of Tuka. Next, Zeman will follow. O Aghas! you should see his valour in the day of battle, his two-edged sword, his Arabian steed. Liberal, like Hautem, he falls upon the enemy like a famished wolf upon a herd. Mounted upon a prancing horse, spear in hand; first in pursuit of the enemy, best to overtake him; as an intrepid warrior, as a faithful servant, the hero Kamur Khan will come! Behold a khoja, a true khoja is coming. Khan Mohamed, the wild boar; the father and the chief of the numerous tribe of *Ozenlu;* with a wolf's claws, he tears his enemies asunder in the day of battle*."

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expedition against them, which proved the most glorious and most useful of all the exploits of that prince. Its particulars are fully described in the works of Fraser, Burnes, &c. Riza-Kuli Khan, mentioned above, was sent to be imprisoned at *Tabriz*, but died on his way in *Miana*, in 1833.

* In order to understand the above song it is necessary to know in what manner the Turkmans prepare themselves for

II.—*Song of Amir Ghunah-Khan, after the defeat near Moyoun.*

" The troops of the Turkman Tukas have taken from me Mohamed Khan Seftery*. They have taken prisoner Mohamed-Hussein, khan of the Kajars tribe. I lost my Assu-Beg. I lost Haji, khan of the tribe of Sheik-Amirlu, famous among the heroes, riding on an Arabian horse, clad in iron; my walking cypress-tree! I lost him.

"Amir Ghunah-Khan thus further bewails: Oh! when shall I take my revenge? I lost that iron fortress in the field, my jezaïrchis†. Fetch me a

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an expedition, which they call *chappow*. The old men and chiefs of families congregate themselves on a hill, sit in a circle, and having agreed upon the necessity of an expedition, they call by name the warriors who are to take part in it After that they elect the *serdar*, or chief of the foraging party, who has the supreme power over all the commanders of the tribes constituting the army, and whose orders from the beginning to the end of the expedition, they must blindly obey.

* *Mohamed Khan Seftery*, one of the influential men at the court of Feteh Aly Shah, who was slain at the battle of Moyoun.

† *Jezaïrchi* is the name given to men armed with *shamkhals*, or *jezaïr*, long matchlock, rifle-barrelled guns. They are about a foot longer than English duck guns, and will carry between four and five hundred yards with certainty. Mohamed Khan Karaï, to whose sway Abbas Mirza put an end in 1832-3, had always some hundreds of those riflemen about him. These *shamkhals* are so heavy, that the soldiers are obliged to have upon their shoulders a sort of leathern pillow to support them.

horse whose tail is painted with *hanah*, let both of us mount him. We shall kill all the Turkman Tukas to a man. I lost my nephew at Moyoun, on the declivity of a mountain. Write a letter to Ibrahim Khan*, and tell him that Ilkhani† has fallen into the hands of Turkmans. I lost my darling heart.

"Woe to us, O begs! woe to us! I lost my *ram-heroes*‡. Strong as lions, amiable in society as begs, I lost my *camel-heroes*§. I lost my lion-heroes, who never fled before four, or before five men.

"Amir Ghunah-Khan sheds tears and says, Our hearts are cauterized. O may the gardens of Moyoun be destroyed for ever. I lost my all! all!"

III.

[The three following songs are attributed to Karajoglan, of the tribe of Turkman Tuka, whose productions are very much esteemed in Khorassan.]

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* *Ibrahim Khan*, the chief of Bujnurd, father to the now commanding *Nejefaly Khan*.

† Viz., *Riza-Kuli Khan*, who was to inherit his title.

‡ The Turkmans, as well as the Turks of northern Persia, are fond of comparing their brave men to some animal; the former even give to their children the surnames of ram, fox, wild-boar, wolf, tiger, &c.

§ *Camel-heroes*, in the original, *Esrik*. The camels when angry, and particularly in the rutting season, are very fierce. There are many kinds of camels, distinguished by their special names:—*baggar*, *ervana*, *luk-maya*, *maya-kayun*, *belkhy*, *nercha*, &c.

He. "Beautiful girl standing at the spring, give me a drop of water; I am thirsty. God bless you girl; do not keep me long. I must be off."

She. "I never give water to those I do not know, neither to men looking so knavish as thou. You are of a Kurdish breed, you bastard! Drink, and do not stop on your way. Our tribe is not a thoughtless one. You will find no good at this spring. Every fox that passes is not to be mistaken for a lion. Drink, and go your way."

He. "I cannot alight from my Arabian horse; I cannot retract the words you heard. I am tired, and cannot get down; give me a little water, O maiden! and I will quench my thirst. God bless you! do not keep me any longer."

She. "The nightingales grow up in song with the spring. I sing sweeter than nightingales. A tired man sleeps in his house. Drink, and depart, with God's blessings."

He. "I'll be a guest in your encampment; I'll be your shield (protection). Dear girl! I'll be a servant to your father*. Give me some water to drink, O my darling!"

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* A truly Biblical idea; Burkhardt found the same among the Arabians. A poor youth, in love with the daughter of a man of some property, must serve him some years before he is allowed to ask for the hand of the girl as a reward. So Jacob served fourteen long years before he could say to Laban, "Give me my wife, for my days are fulfilled."

She. "There are many travellers on these roads; some are hungry, some are not. I am an orphan; I have no father. Drink, and go your way."

He. "Your brows are so beautifully arched, as if they were drawn with a pen. Your teeth look like a row of pearls. I'll consent to be a servant to your brother; O my girl! give me a little water to drink, &c."

She. "Groves are numerous on our fields. We have plenty of roses and violets. My brother has a negro slave to serve him. Drink, do not tarry any longer."

He. "It rains often in our encampment; our people wear *kapaneks** of felt-cloth. They often meet with a kiss at the water-side. Give me some water to drink, &c."

She. "Now, when you understand me at last, come to a solitary place, press my hands, suck my lips, and forget all but love."

He. "You turned your face from me before. You were inexorable, and cold like iron. You abused Karajoglan; what is the reason you woo him now?"

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* *Kapanek*, a sort of cloak made of felt-cloth, without any seam. The allusion in this stanza is not easily understood by European readers. In the encampments of the nomade tribes, foggy and rainy days are chosen for assignations. In such cases the lover wraps his sweetheart in the same cloak. In the Iliad, fog is recommended to thieves and lovers, as the safest shelter.

IV.

"Let the whole world rise against me, I shall not part with you, my girl! Let the doomsday come upon the earth, my girl! I will not part with you. From the snowy tops of a mountain, the prophet may send his orders with thunder; Arzu may part with Gamber*; I shall not part with you, my girl! A youth as I am, I come from my encampment. Sugar pours from your lips; let the nightingale part with his beloved rose, but oh! my girl, I shall not part with you. I get up early from my bed; I implore the aid of the saints. O let Ferhad part with his Shirin, my girl! I shall not part with you. Karajoglan says, God grant that my vows be fulfilled. Faith, I swear, my girl, that I will never part with you."

V.

"My beloved, with a face radiant with smiles, comes from the source of the cool stream. She is surrounded by fourteen or fifteen ducks (beautiful girls)†, who all, hand in hand, are coming here. Her face is bedewed with drops of sweat; her sparkling eyes are intoxicated with love. She

* Arzu and Gamber, as well as Ferhad and Shirin, are the names of exemplary lovers, whose fidelity in love and friendship are proverbial among the Turkmans.

† As the dove is the bird of love and beauty in Europe, so is the parrot with the Persians, and the duck with the Turks.

plucked a nosegay of narcissus, and the sweat rills from her forehead. There are twelve months in a year, and three holy days*. I am amazed at your beauty; my beloved is a black-eyed gazelle. She came from one dale, and goes into another. Is it a houri? is it an angel? is it a heaven, with its celestial sphere turning round me? Is it a single duck, that came from a valley and goes into a valley? Karajoglan says to himself,—I do not care for worldly riches. I put my head in my sweetheart's way. She is coming, a string of pearls hanging from her waist."

VI.—*Song on Agha Mohammed Khan, when going against Memish Khan the Kurdish chief of Chenaran in* 1210 (A.D. 1796).

"The rumour spreads over Khorassan that the valiant King Agha Mohammed Khan is approaching. He is a native of Asterabad, of the tribe of Kajar, of the Sheah persuasion. They carry over the Bestam meadow the provisions for his troops. The clouds rise, spread out, and all is enveloped in mist. They go round the rocks; they fall upon the villages. It thunders peal after peal; it rains. He has forty thousand horses tied up in stables; their saddles are set with precious stones; on their necks

* Viz., three principal feast days, celebrated by Sheahs:—feast of sacrifice, *Kurban;* feast of the vernal equinox, *Nouruz;* and the first day after the lent of Ramazan, *Idi-fitr.*

hang talismans*; on their ruby tails (painted red with hanah) sparkle diamond knots†. Methinks the sky of a starry night is in motion. He has forty thousand gunners to fire his guns‡. He has forty thousand men in ambush, posted along the passages in the mountains. He has forty thousand Affshars, and forty thousand Tatars. The shah has ordered it, and every body must go. He has forty thousand dishes full of fat meat; and forty thousand swift horses in the stables. He took Kurdistan, and what is to him to conquer you (Memish Khan)? The shah ordered, and you must follow him."

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* Talisman, in the original *nighin*, an engraved stone, a seal, sometimes a round glass perforated in the middle, which the Asiatics put on the necks of their children and animals, to protect them from the evil eye.

† The song alludes here to the ornaments of the shah's horses. A necklace of turquoises, or other precious stones, is hanging from their necks to guard them against the spell of an evil eye. If the horse be white, its tail and sometimes its four legs and belly, are painted orange-red, with hanah. The tail is clasped in the middle with a gold buckle, set with precious stones. On its head, between the ears, shines a diamond plume, with ostrich feathers. In this manner was dressed the horse of Mohamed Shah, the present king of Persia, when he made his entrance into Tehran at his coronation in 1835.

‡ Europeans can scarcely imagine the fright which the firing of a cannon produces upon the Turkmans. During the last expedition of the present shah to the banks of the Gurgan, the sight of a single piece of artillery occasioned the spontaneous flight of a considerable detachment of Yamuts.

VII. VIII. IX.—*Three Songs of the Turkman Mehdum-Kuly.*

[The father of the poet who wrote the three following songs, was a Turkman Tuka, and passed his life in a real Turkman manner. He pillaged the Persian provinces contiguous to his encampment, got prisoners, sold them in Khiva, and by these means amassed great riches. After his death, his only son, Mehdum-Kuly, seeing himself possessed of such a considerable fortune, gave up his father's profession of arms, and instead of encountering the dangers of distant *chappows* (forays), he preferred to enjoy himself at home with his friends, and devoted a great part of his time to contemplative philosophy and poetry. That sort of life could not gain approbation in the encampments of wandering brigands. His mother upbraided him for squandering away his fortune in entertaining his friends; his countrymen reproached him for leading an effeminate life, and doubted his courage. The answer he gave to his mother will be found hereafter. But the suspicions concerning his personal valour, heavily oppressed his heart. One day, therefore, to the great astonishment of his countrymen, he armed himself, mounted his horse, and disappeared. He roamed for a few days about different Persian villages, and at last succeeded in making a prisoner, whom he tied with a rope, intending to bring him

home as a proof to his fellow-countrymen, that to be as enterprising as themselves, he had only to exercise his own will.

On his way to the encampment, he arrived at a small river, the *Summar*, descending from the Attock of the Turkman Tukas. Fatigued with his journey, he fell asleep on the bank of that river, when the earth, mined by the current of water, gave way. Mehdum-Kuly would have been lost, but for the interference of his prisoner. The latter, though having his hands and legs tied, and lying at some distance, seeing his master's danger, rolled himself towards him, and succeeded in catching hold of his cloak with his teeth; and thereby preserved him from a watery grave.

This worthy action was not lost upon Mehdum-Kuly. He conducted his prisoner to the encampment, and not only refused a handsome sum which had been offered to him for his prize, but restored him to liberty, loaded him with presents, and offered his personal attendance in order to secure his safe return to his native place.

Coming home from that excursion, he alighted on the very spot we have spoken above, and fell again asleep. Aly, son-in-law of the prophet, appeared to him in a dream, and gave him some delicious nectar to drink. Mehdum-Kuly awoke, felt himself younger, and, to use the words of the aushik who supplied me with these particulars,

"His heart came to its place, his tongue became an inexhaustible source of words, full of fire and eloquence." It was the first inspiration of Mehdum-Kuly. From that time, from a Sunnite he became an enthusiastic Sheah; he preached that religion to the Turkmans, as well as the abolition of the slave-trade, and died, adored as a saint. He is one of the most popular poets of Khorassan and Turkmania. The few following productions of his, with which we are going to present our readers, will give an idea of the genius of that remarkable man. Among the characteristic features of his poetry is the love of nature, so uncommon with the poets of Asia; and many philosophical reflections upon the emptiness of worldly things. In a country like Persia, where religion and poetry constitute almost all the stock of the civilization of the people, Mehdum-Kuly has performed an important service.]

Mehdum-Kuly to his Mother.

"Daughter begotten by a black slave and brought forth by a rock, do not scold me. They come to listen to the strains of my guitar; they are guests of my eyes*. They come, they sip some drops of wine, then they depart never to come again. Do not frown. They want no bread; they are guests of my words."

* That is to say, they come for the pleasure of seeing me.

"O what large towns! what profound mysteries there are! how lofty the mountains! how gigantic the trees! Behold those orchards where rows of trees, attired in splendid verdure, bear fruits of sixty and seventy different colours, like pearls. They are guests of Autumn. Think of God, fear God. Turn the evil spirit out of your heart. That is what you are to learn.

"Young man, do not trust in your strength. Look! you will get old, you are the guest of your knees*. A man who is not able to find a horse and a saddle for himself, believe me, has no merit. You will get old, your strength will waste away. The vigour of youth is a guest of the knees. The cruel world has never agreed with any body, and never will; depravity, outrage, and injustice, are its vocation. Were you to live a hundred years, death will come at last. Our dear soul is a guest in our body.

"Mehdum-Kuly says, 'My bitter words bring death to the memory and fear before the eyes. No! I do not tell a lie: A son of man lives but five days; he is a guest of his body.'"

His Moral Song.

"Hear me, ye mollahs, dervishes, rich men, and begs! The paths of fate are tortuous. Prayers

* The vigour of your knees is not eternal, and they will not be able to support the body when weakened by age.

without contrition will be of no avail. To trust in riches is vanity. O my friends! your body is a handful of dust, your breath (life) is but of one moment's duration. Contemplate yourself mentally; your object is vanity. Your life is one night's resting-place; your body is a cage. Your soul is a hawk with its eyes bound. O my friends! He is the man for me, who lays his soul on the path of God; who, stooping slily, falls upon the enemy; who gives largesses. He is the man for me, who gives bread to the hungry. Yes; to feed a starving man is as much as to perform a pilgrimage to Mecca, O my friends! The nose shrinks, the face becomes yellow, the lips get parched and the words cease. Make haste! the nails so beautifully rosy when young, turn blue; the eyes sink in. The faith brought from a foreign country is a trifling one, O my friends!

"Mehdum-Kuly says, 'I trample upon this life (*i. e.* I scorn it). Life lasts but five days; do not go astray from the right path. Only think, my friends! is it reasonable to store necessaries during a hundred years, for a travel of five days?'"

His Winter Recollections.

"From the summits of the lofty snowy mountains the clouds get down; the rains pour and the streams gush. The enamoured nightingale seeks for a shelter in the bowers. Autumn hastens; the

leaves of the rose grow pale and wither. The soup of a villainous miser will attract many a parasite more villainous than himself. Do not stretch your hand to him, you will not be able to strike a spark from such a flint. The wandering tribes pitch their tents on the mountains' tops. The tree is green, the highway gets obliterated, the road disappears in the tufted exuberance of vernal vegetation. Drink that sherbet out of yonder cup, and your heart will flame; a flood of eloquence will pour from your lips. Every body must leave this treacherous world; neither a learned man, a lord, a king, nor a slave, will be spared.

"Mehdum-Kuly says, Who will find a right path? One scarcely steps upon the world; one goes on; one loses his way. One handful of sand will cover your face. The lips wither, the teeth fall out, the tongue becomes dumb, and there remains but a yawning skull."

X.—*Serjam Song**.

"Ferruh walks proudly through the bazaar. I perceive her red dress. I am afraid she will come to me. Woe to me! Ferruh has kindled a fire in my soul! O do not be cruel—do not spill my blood.

"Ferruh's dress is scarlet; her face shines, burns!

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* Serjam, a district in North Khorassan.

Ferruh is a kid, born in the spring*. O do not be cruel, &c.

"Ferruh's eyes call me. My fancy dreams odd freaks. Her beauty makes a Mussulman of a Kaffir. O do not be cruel! &c.

"I'll write your name on a slip of paper; I'll put it near my heart, and will keep it there. I'll steal you from your father! Woe to me! O do not be cruel! &c."

XI.—*The Advices of Kaminah.*

"An aksakul ought to govern his tribe himself: it is improper to intrust a slave with the government of the free nomades. Vernal floods must subside. Of what use is a fortress to him who has no luck, or tribe†? A man who is to be at the head of government ought to be of good birth and religion. A jaded mare cannot gallop or trot like a good horse. Do not call a slave Master, nor a maid-servant Mistress: a spun-silk thread cannot be compared to a hair. The ducks with green enamelled heads delight in swimming upon deep lakes, but they do not like even to look at the morasses covered with weeds. There are many animals wandering upon

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* In the original, *kurpa*, "precocious," "immature," "born before the time."

† *Ilsiz*, who does not belong to any powerful family; who is without any protection.

the earth; but the gazelle only is fit for the desert. *Karchigai-tugan* is the name of the king of hawks: the lord of sports does not take any kites into his hands. To be in love with a rose is the vocation of a nightingale; but a crow, even dressed in the nightingale's feathers, is not fit for a rose. I tell you that whoever once tasted sugar-candy, he has no peace in his heart, he longs after sherbet. When an ass is over-fattened, he kicks his master: a bad servant does not deserve good treatment. Sing tipsy-like during the five days of your life, Kaminah! Time goes on, and soon passes away. Know your master, and love your tribe. You must not make your servant cry."

XII.— *Song of Adyn, the Daraghazi*.*

"Do not offer salt, my heart, to all comers. A black raven will never be a pigeon. Verily, every man is dependent on his clan. You will never make silver or gold out of a common stone. Not every one who dies in a desert is a martyr of the desert of Kerbella. Not every one who wears long hair is a Said†. Not every one wrapped in a skin is *Kalander!* It is noon; Mahdi sings the song of

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* *Daraghaz* is the name of a mountainous district in Khorassan, northward of Mushed, where the poet was born.

† The pious Saids let their hair grow from the first of Moharrem, and wear it forty days, without cutting.

Azan*. Do not worship the names of *Lat, Manat*†. Did you get from heaven the elixir of life, as you are trying to make a sugar-cane from a common one! Not every one whose name is Hamza fights like Hamza‡. Not everybody who lifts his arm up deserves to fight a martyr destined to the joys of Paradise. Not every one who bears a cup is *Jemshid*§. Not every one who looks into a looking-glass is Alexander. Aushik Adyn says, 'These are my fancies.' Not every one whose face is fresh has got upon it my Reyhana's mole. Is every body our Aly whose name is Aly? Not every one who wears a plume is valiant."

IX.—*Ghiraylu Song*‖.

"Do not go over the bridge built by a wicked man; better let the water flow away with you. Do

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* When the last Imam Mahdi (the Anti-Christ of the Mussulmans) comes upon the earth, he will begin his mission by singing the *azan* so loud as to be heard by the whole world.

† *Lat, Manat*, are the names of idols which were destroyed at Keahba by Mohammed; they are often alluded to in the Koran.

‡ *Hamza*, Mohammed's uncle, who was killed in the battle of Hud. His valour and victories are described in the poem of *Hamza-nahena*.

§ *Jemshid*. The miraculous cup which that prince possessed, as well as the famous mirror which Alexander the Great used for divination, are here alluded to.

‖ The Tatar tribe of Ghiraylus, from which the sovereign

not sleep in the shadow of a fox; better let the lion devour you. One night I had a hard stone for my pillow in a friend's house; but my tribe knows that I was not alone: God was my companion. I took a pen into my hands to write a letter to a friend of mine; the paper caught fire, and was burnt; my pen shed tears of blood."

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khans of Crimea (Ghiray) descend, is now-a-days scattered in many little populous encampments in Khorassan, and on the borders of the Araxes, near the frontiers of Russia.

POPULAR SONGS

OF THE

PERSIAN TURKS.

(Translated from the Perso-Turkish Dialect.)

SONGS OF

THE PERSIAN TURKS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE literature of the Persians generally, and their written poetry in particular, is far superior to that of the Turks. The greatest poets of the latter, although imitating Persian models, and often using the same language, could never create a production at all equal to the works of the Persian poetical Pleiades. But the case will be reversed if we compare the respective merits of the popular and unwritten poetry of the two nations. The pathos, freedom, spirit, and vigour exhibited in the improvisations of Kurroglou, as well as in the songs of the Tatars, Turkmans, and in the following specimens, far outreach those qualities in the Persian part of our collection. The reason of it may be traced to the circumstance, that the specimens we have given belong to an epoch by no means favourable to Persian nationality. Feeble, disheartened, poor, and enervated, the Persia of this day struggles for a precarious existence, in fear of two mighty neigh-

bours—Russia on the north, and England on the south. Popular poetry, being an exact expression of the moral state of a nation, cannot lie. Consequently, we find nothing evidencing a manly spirit in any of the songs of the modern Persians. Rioting in sensual excesses, they complain merely of love's torments; and appear as if striving to forget, in such indulgences, their former glory, wealth, and power, and to smother any aspirations to regain them. Those Persian subjects who are of Turkish extraction, are under the control of the same influences. Nevertheless, their warlike life in tents, exposed to inclemencies of weather, and incessant danger, keeps up a continual freshness of feeling, and a moral excitement unknown to their degenerate lordlings, wallowing in the corruption of towns and palaces; and has, naturally, cast its congenial hue over their popular songs.

I.—*Batyr's Song over a Sleeping Girl.*

"I fell in love with a Turkman daughter; she is asleep, she does not wake. A scarlet turban covers her head. She sleeps and does not wake. My eyes are red from crying. The smoke of my burning heart reached the seventh heaven. The happiness of the world awoke: mine does not wake, she

sleeps soundly. I came and saw her asleep; I clasped my arms round her slender waist. I felt gently her citrons with my hand; she sleeps and does not wake. They say he finds pleasure and delight whoever weds a maiden. A married woman is like an orchard in autumn. Modesty smiles in a maiden's eyes.

"Batyr says, I am burning. I measure with my paces the sea-shore. I burn for my beloved; she is asleep, she does not wake."

II.—*Mohammed Ghergher's Song.*

She. "Come, come, O singer! I'll learn from you what's that black mole I see on your face? What is man made of? Where did Adam settle when he was expelled from Paradise?"

He. "Come, list! my Peri! I'll teach you. There are two black moles on your own white cheek. Man is made of four things*. Adam, expelled from Paradise, went to Ceylon."

She. "What can one be satiated with without eating? What is postponed till doomsday? What was Nassim† skinned for? Who was hanged on the gallows?"

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* The clay from which God created man was kneaded from earth, water, fire, and air.

† Nassim and Mansur are two Mussulman deists, punished for their philosophical tenets which were at variance with those recommended in the Koran. The favourite exclamation of the

He. "One can feed one's eyes with the sight of a beautiful face. The judgment of men is postponed till doomsday. Nassim was flayed alive for calling out, 'I am God!' Mansur was hanged on the gallows in Aleppo."

She. "What was the dyke on the conflux of two rivers strengthened with? What will go round the world? Where are God's orders to be found? To whose lot has the Koran fallen?"

He. "Faith will strengthen the dykes on the conflux of two rivers. The snake* will go round the world till he comes back. God makes his will known in the Gospel, in the Bible, in the Psalms, and in the Koran. The Koran fell to Mohammed's lot."

She. "A handsome man will not reach his menzill without damage. A real singer will never forget what he has once learned. Whoever will not embrace the Mussulman faith, will be thrown into the fire on the day of the dreadful judgment."

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first being "Analhakh," which has a double signification, viz., "I am truth," and also "I am God;" the mollahs caused him to be flayed alive as an impostor assuming the attributes of divinity. Mansur likewise fell by order of the mufties of Aleppo.

* Satan, after having gone round the world in the shape of a snake, or, according to others, in the shape of a camel, will return on the day of the last judgment before God's presence, and ask his permission to swallow up all men. God will deliver to him all mankind, sparing only the Mussulmans of the Shcah profession.

He. "A love-mad nightingale will not turn his face from his rose. I have a hundred and sixty prayers on my tongue. Whoever does not follow the faith of Imam Jaffar wishes to fall the victim of Aly's sword."

She. "Shahzade* talks, cries, and laughs. She knew God, and became a believer in truth. Every body has a heavenly guide of his own. My soul passed from the hell of unbelievers to the paradise of the blessed."

He. "I will strive to obtain the grace of Mohammed and Aly. Whoever demeans himself so, shall eternally inhabit paradise. Ghergher† is my native place; my name is Mohammed. My road went that way."

III.—*The Contest of an Aushik with a Girl.*

She. "I am the grass on the top of a mountain. I am a sharp diamond-dagger. Be silent, aushik, or else I'll sting you. I, turned into a snake, into a dragon."

He. "I'll walk safe on the green turf of the mountain's top. I can throw a spell upon a snake. I know how to get possession of you. I, turned into a strong magic word."

She. "Do not talk to me, impious aushik. I, become a saint; I, turned into a dragon. Take the

* The name of the girl.

† On the coast of Araxes, near the ruins of ancient Julfa.

benedictions which I have deserved from heaven, but give me an answer. I, transformed into Nakir and Munkir*."

He. "Do not talk to me, impious goat. I become a saint; I turn myself into Khyber†. Take the merits which I have before heaven: give me an answer."

She. "I put an arrow to my bow; a coward will not withstand me. I rejoin a group of beauties. I, turned into a ruby of the purest water.

He. "I'll be a slave to my sweetheart's brow and to her auburn tresses of hair that fall gracefully on her shoulders. I rubbed myself upon a touch-stone. I became a coin of the purest gold."

She. "The bosom of a sweetheart is the garden of paradise. How many aushiks sigh after it! But

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* Nakir and Munkir, two inquisitorial angels, the executioners of God. As soon as a Mussulman is dead, they visit his corpse in its grave, and, armed with great clubs, they question him upon the principal articles of the Islamic faith. Woe to the culprit who cannot answer properly!

† A Jewish stronghold in Syria, famous for its gallant resistance to the prophet's troops, in the seventh century. It was finally taken by his son-in-law Aly, where he evinced, in many instances, prodigious valour. The name of the fortress was afterwards given, by the Sheahs, to every place rendered inaccessible by nature or art. For instance, the celebrated mountain pass between Jellalabad and Peshawur, frequently alluded to in records of the melancholy disasters of the British army in Affghanistan, is so called.

it is not accessible to every one. I, turned into the fortress Khyber."

He. "As I put my head on your path, I'll call the aid of my patron Heider*, and will take the fortress of Khyber. I, turned into Allahu-akber†."

She. "Sayadi‡ says, 'I am burning; now I rise aloft, now I descend. I burn at the break of the day; I, turned into a lantern, into a torch.'"

He. "Aushik says, 'O woe! O woe! thy beauty scoffs at the moon. Thou art a beautiful eyed she-camel. I am turned into a mad he-camel. Beware!'"

IV.—*The contest between a Gardener and a Shepherd.*

Aushik. "Two lords boast of their wealth. Wealth is agreeable to the soul. There once arose a contest between a gardener and a shepherd; and I'll try to make you a tale of it:"

Gardener. "I am fond of fruit; I have got figs, grapes and dry raisins. My glasses are full of wine. I am in a high flow of spirits. Is it not pleasant to drink, with a beauty by your side?"

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* One of the names given to Aly.

† Allahu-akber. Whenever the Turkmans, and particularly the Affghans, are going to fall upon the enemy, they tuck up the sleeves of their shirts, unsheath their swords; then with their right hands armed and extended over their heads, and with the left upon their eyes, they scream *Allahu-akber* (God is great), and charge forward.

‡ The name of the girl; *verbatim*, a huntress.

Shepherd. "I have got lambs fed upon milk. I have got milk and cream, sweet as honey. My cream is fit to be mixed with every dainty."

Gardener. "Among my timber is sandal-tree. There is enough to make pillars for houses; enough for window-frames too. I have materials for bows, I have wood for spears, necessary to a valiant ram in the day of battle."

Shepherd. "I take a walk by the cool springs. I pluck the buds of red roses. I send my butter from west to east, sufficient for Russia, Europe, and Turkistan."

Gardener. "Amongst my trees I have pomegranates; the poplars, the chenars (planes) throw a pleasant shadow. I have water on four sides, and blooming groves around. I want only a beautiful maid, to make my walks more pleasant."

Shepherd. "The gardener is a good-for-nothing man; he drinks wine, and is doomed to the eternal fire of hell. A man ought to live according to the commandments of God."

Gardener. "Do not boast in vain, O shepherd! the buds open every morning in my gardens. Let the beauties come and see them, and gather nosegays. A walk amidst flowers is befitting to beautiful girls."

Shepherd. "When we put on our furs in winter time, we feel so warm and comfortable, that we could go and defy the sultan himself. A heavy fog

will fall upon the army. The coat of mail and the cloak cannot be made without the assistance of my wool."

Gardener. "The silks that my mulberry-trees yield, are worn from head to foot by many a beau. Women weave it into brocades and silk stuff. Black hair is more beautiful when let loose, because it imitates my raw silk."

Shepherd. "Of my wool they make shawls in Cashmire; yellow, green, and scarlet ones. They make of it carpets, with flowers embroidered on four sides. They are very desirable in Russia, Europe, and Turkistan."

"The Farmer, arriving towards the end of this dispute, said, Do not boast, either of you. I am your sultan and your khan. Let me disappear for one hour, and all of you will starve from hunger. Everybody must eat."

V.—*A Love Song.*

"I am your victim, O my sweetheart! with hands painted with hanah. Let your waist be compassed with a cashmire shawl. Is there any other beauty as cruel as you? You are tall as a mulberry-tree. I have not eaten mulberries enough, this year. We did not sit together; our knees did not touch each other's. I had not enough talk with you. The stars in the sky are like golden ducats. Come once in the morning, another time come in the

evening. Nobody will mind it; all seeing you coming will say that you are my friend."

VI.—*Song by the Cradle.*

"Sleep, sleep, said I, stooping over thee; I heard thy voice in the night. May God save thee from the small-pox and the measles. My horse ran away with me. My menzill is far off; my bones grow rotten. O let thy father not know of it. My menzill is far off. I mounted a headless (hard-mouthed) horse; I crossed a river in the bed of which there were no pebbles. I passed the spot where a stranger died, forsaken by his companions.

"Sleep, sleep, my child! and talk with God. God be always with thee. Mother says *li, li.* 'Allow me, mamma, and I'll sing *li, li;*' and repeating *li, li,* he fell asleep. Sleep came gently upon my darling!"

VII.—*Bayat Song.*

"The aushik has no contract, no covenant on paper. A strange land is now my country.

"O my Aushik! when I was with her, a hundred days seemed to me as a twinkling of the eye. I used to see my beloved a hundred times a day. Once I did not see her, and it was the same to me as a hundred days of sorrow.

"Aushik! the flowers are for you, the nightingale is for you; for you is the rose! When you are abroad, I'll send you our native flowers.

"O my Aushik! do not take away my sweetheart. I'll pray to God for you. Take my soul, but do not take my sweetheart away.

"The stars of heaven bow to me and twinkle. I will buy a shift for my Reyhana. Though I am ugly, I will take a beautiful wife, in order to improve.

"I'll not go on the Araxes; that river is deep. I'll not drink of its water; it is cold. My eyes do not cry; God is merciful.

"There is only one aushik. There is only one pearl in the oyster-shell. Though there are many beautiful persons, I love but one."

VIII.—*Aderbajanian Song**.

"The snow fell on the mountains; it covered the blue-bells and the hyacinths. Thank God! our sweetheart will come to us.

"Do not throw stones†; I am wounded. My beloved is dressed in red, and I in black. There grow three rose-trees under the walls of the town; let their leaves fall down, but let their branches remain. I fell in love with you; it can't be helped.

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* This is one of the most popular songs in Northern Persia, and, like the four following, is usually accompanied with dancing. It is sung to the air No. 2 of the music printed at the end of this volume.

† In Persia, the houses being surrounded with high walls, and having only one entrance, lovers, in order to inform their sweethearts of their presence, throw stones over the wall.

You hold in your hand *baclava** sweeter than honey. A sweetheart is dearer than father and mother.

"I put my horse to the *Kotan*†; let my head fall a victim to her that passes this road. Come, I will elope with you to my country.

"She has a fan in her hand, and fans herself with it. The sight of a sweetheart refreshes the soul of a lover.

"I tied my horse to a tree; he got loose and entangled himself in a rose-bush. May all your enemies be hanged on the gallows.

"On the tops of mountains the snow does not get lower; where the rose-trees grow, the thorns do not get scarcer; though clinging every night to my bosom, my sweetheart does not get less loving.

"One cannot gather pomegranates under the walls of a fortress; not everybody is bold enough to speak to that beauty, so much like a green-headed duck. I cannot call you my beloved, before I press you to my heart.

"I saw her under the town-wall; she prattled to me her sweetest chit-chat. I fell in love with her. She wears blue shalwars and a new gown.

"Rise! and come to me, my girl! For God's sake do not throw those stones; I am wounded."

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* *Baclava*, a sort of preserve made of flour, sugar and spices.

† *Kotan*, a car with two wheels turning together with the axle-tree. In Georgia and in Turkey they call it *Arabah*.

IX.—*Jeyran.*

"Jeyran* has come to the Karabagh desert. I am a sacrifice to the eyes of Jeyran. She dressed her hair with the aid of a comb and a looking-glass. Perhaps sweet Jeyran will remain with us!"

X.—*A Love Song.*

"Rise up and come to the bala-khana†. To my bala-khana richly adorned. Give me a kiss for my trouble. Get up for Aly's sake; I am mad with love for you. Give me one kiss for Aly's sake."

XI.

"Do not put your slippers on; I shall die. Do not take your veil, O my beloved; do not leave us so soon. Sweet is your conversation, O my beloved; do not go; stop a moment. You are a rose, my darling. This is the best time for a chat, my sweet. Poppy flower, my darling! Look on the painted ceiling of this room, my blushing rose. Sun-flower, my beloved; I lose all patience, my dearest. There is a solitary room, my sweet. You are a flower of

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* *Jeyran*, the same species of antelope which the Persians call *ahu*. Here it is the name of a dancing girl, who at one time enjoyed a great reputation in Tabriz, and in whose honour this song was composed.

† The second floor of a house.

Khonsar*, my sweetheart. You smell like amber, dear. O, hasten our wedding, I am dying! I am dead! my beloved! O my sweetheart, with brows bent like a bow, with eyes sparkling with pleasure, do not go; stay a moment."

XII.—*A Love Song.*

"The Karabagh onion has the inside whiter than crystal. Get up and come on.

"Oh! oh! I am burning with love for you. I feel delight when walking round you. Let the river of Bagdad get dry, I do not care for it. Come and talk to me about the fate of Shirin, and of what became of her loving Ferhad. Your eyes call me; and my heart is musing. Now I know that you are an Armenian girl; that you are a heap of roses. Rise up and come to me!"

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* A district of the Ispahan territory, noted for the fertility of its soil, and the beauty of the flowers it produces.

PERSIAN SONGS.

PERSIAN SONGS.

INTRODUCTION.

ALL the following songs, with few exceptions, came to me from the inmates of the harem of the late Feteh Aly Shah. I was favoured with them, at different epochs, by Chalanchi Khan, the director of the shah's orchestra; by Molla Karim, his first singer; and by Rejeb Aly Khan, his first violin and dancing-master to the Bayaderes of the Teheran court;—names of high repute in the annals of the *beau monde* of Teheran. From that source, as from a central point, these songs, with their indispensible accompaniment,—the dance, disseminate themselves all over the country.

It would be too long, and too much out of place here, to enter upon the particulars of Feteh Aly Shah's private life. Suffice it to say, that he was the model of a gentleman in his country; and in this respect, his taste for literature, the fine arts, the toilet, and pleasure, powerfully modified the national rudeness of his subjects. By these means he succeeded in keeping his people quiet, during the thirty-six years of his reign; a task which no other ruler would have been able to perform, except

by using severe coercive measures. I hope, therefore, that the page from the history of the interior of his court, which the following songs unfold before us, will be perused with some interest. But the picture is not a flattering one. Many parts of these songs are so contrary to European manners, that I was obliged to paraphrase, rather than translate them. We cannot, however, blame the shah for taking pleasure in such productions. He was too much of a Persian to do otherwise. A Persian seeks in love only the gratification of sensuality; and his song, which expresses that love, and his dance, which is an illustration of his song, having but one tendency,—the exciting of sensual desires, are sometimes obscene and revolting. Music and wine, and a debauch, have in Persia the same meaning. The Koran strictly prohibits them. But the Mussulmans say, "If we are to suffer, let us empty the cup of pleasure to the bottom, that there be something to suffer for." Persons able to consult the text of these songs, will certainly admire the voluptuous elegance of the style in which they are written. In this respect the erotic poetry of modern Persia, has not, perhaps, its equal in the literature of any other country.

At the end of this volume will be found some of the most favourite airs, to which the following specimens are sung.

I.—*The Traitor of Lutf Aly Khan.*

[THE history of the bloody struggles between the Kurdish dynasty of Zend, and that now reigning in Persia, are well known. In 1208 (A.D. 1794), Lutf Aly Khan attacked and took the city of Kerman; but the next year, Agha Mohammed Khan reconquered it. The horrors of the merciless eunuch are described in MALCOLM'S *History of Persia*, vol. ii. c. 19. This historian says, "The numbers that were deprived of sight are said to have amounted to *seven thousand*. Some, who subsist on charity, wander over Persia, and recount to all who will listen to them the tale of horrors of this day of calamity." The following song is just such a one as these unfortunate blind men sang in the streets of Persian towns while begging alms.]

"At every moment the sound of the flute is heard, as if asking, 'When will our Lutf Aly Khan come?' Slender-waisted Lutf Aly Khan fell one dark night* on the Kajjar's tents. O! incomparable rider of the steed Karran! thou art like a lion in

* Verbatim, "he struck a bloody night." The fact alluded to happened A.D. 1792, at the village of *Mâyen*, thirty-one miles from Persepolis. The hero, deserving a better lot, Lutf Aly Khan, with a band of only a few hundred men, attacked upwards of thirty thousand Kajjar troops; and the victory would have been complete if he had not permitted his followers to plunder the enemy's camp instead of securing the foe.

the day of battle! After having tied up his tail, thou hast given him to drink on the field of Merdesht*; and having arrived the same day at Kerman, thou hast given him barley there. Thou hast given to the wind thy soul. Whenever he put his horse in full speed, he defied three hundred men!

"O Haji (Ibrahim)! Thou hast treacherously given him into slavery! He was thy pupil—thou wert his master. O Haji! he called thee his father. Thou hast delivered the king into the hands of Kajjars! Thou hast sent us to beg through the world, but thy end was worse than ours; and, moreover, the justice of God will avenge us upon thee. O Haji! Haji! thou art like a cake† with two faces. O Haji! I called thee father, and thou hast sent us a-begging, and obliged us to roam in strange countries. Thou wentest and sat with the Kajjars. The king, vagrant, and beggar have fallen in your town.

"O do not call him Haji! call him the scourge! call him the stone of the sewer! call him the misfortune of our souls! call him a man without honour

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* From Merdesht to Kerman the distance is about ninety-five miles. Lutf Aly Khan is said to have gone over it in thirteen hours, on his favourite horse Karran.

† *Náni-sauji* is a kind of cake baked on hot ashes, according to the Hebrew custom often alluded to in the Bible. As both sides of such a loaf are quite similar, the Persians compare it to a false and hypocritical man, "a double-faced man."

and faith! Thou hast sent me to Bender Busheir—thou hast given my family to the winds! 'God deliver us from the hands of his villainy.' That cry arose from earth to heaven*."

II.—*An Ispahan Lampoon.*

[This is a satire against the mollahs. A hen belonging to a poor widow at Ispahan once laid two eggs. One of the neighbouring mollahs hearing of it, collected some of his colleagues, and, under the pretence that it was a bad omen, they broke into the house, during the absence of the widow, plundered it, and killed and ate the hen. The next day the dancers and lutis sang all over Ispahan the following song.]

"That little hen of mine deserved to be the food of mollahs. I was not at home. I looked for her, thinking a fox might have caught her. Alas! I was not at home.

"Those little eyes of my hen were the mirror for newly-married people. I looked for her, &c.

"That breast of my hen was a dainty bit for the akhunds. I was not at home, &c.

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* More than once we find in the history of Persia that the treachery of ministers caused the fall of their monarchs. This very last line brings to memory "The curse of God on him who curses not Ibn Alkami;" an inscription which the inhabitants of Bagdad wrote on every wall, and over the gates, caravanserais, and schools, after the capture of that city by Holagu, in the 656th year of the Hegira.

"That crop of my hen was a gourd (cachkul) of dervishes. I was not at home, &c.

"Those feathers of my hen deserved to be a pillow for the heads of mirzas. I was not at home, &c.

"Those wings of my hen were like the brooms of Ferrashes. I was not at home, &c.

"That tail of my hen deserved to be the plume of the Serbazes. I was not at home, &c.

"Those little eggs of my hen are the dainties for the artillerymen. I was not at home, &c.

"Those legs of my hen were fit for the walking-sticks of the mollahs. I was not at home, &c.

"O might the guts of my hen be the turban of the mollahs. I was not at home, &c."

III.—*Girl in love with a European.*

"Frenghi! O poor me! what shall I do? Being angry with you I will rend my dress.

"Long is the night for the heartless lover! Come to my house; from the beginning of the night my door will be open. Firenghi, &c."

IV.—*A Complaint.*

"My little soul does not hear my complaints. Tell me where is the street you live in! When he hears me he will not be able to resist me. Tell me the name of the street where you live. O Agha! Mirza! tell me where. Give me a cup of wine.

Now when you have got another sweetheart, tell me you want no more of me."

V.—*The Flight.*

"Come let us fly from this country, I and thou. Come to the garden; take me by the hand, or let me cling to thy skirt. O come to the garden; throw thyself upon the bosom of thy beloved."

VI.—*The Gardener.*

"The nightingale sings his *cheh-cheh* at the foot of a rose-tree. O gardener! thou art the cause of my misfortune. Thou art drunk with the fruits which produce wine. Would to God that the gardener was dead, and that we might, without witnesses, pluck the roses. My sweetheart's neckerchief is lost; it was caught by a thorny branch at the bottom of a rose-bush."

VII.—*The Shahzada's Bayadere.*

"Now come, now! Take off the slippers, and come up stairs. Ay, ay—I am taken ill. O woe to me! O woe! my heart is scorched with love-fire! Shahzada (prince) is my protection against injustice; protection against the khans and their sons. He is my shelter against the rainy clouds —my refuge from the hands of an ignorant vizier."

VIII.—*Come to-night.*

"Come to-night to my house, my darling. Stay, my soul, all the day to-morrow, for my heart's delight. I said, 'are you not as beautiful as a peacock? All your features vie in beauty with each other.' I look at you as upon a sugar-cane; you are all sweetness from head to foot. Come to-night, my darling, and stay to-morrow for my heart's delight.'"

IX.—*A Lover's Oath.*

"For brows so beautifully bent, the *vasma* is not wanted; oh no! no! What shall we do then, O my dearest soul? For eyes so inebriated with love's nectar the *surma* is not wanted. What shall I do then? For a breast, delicate and smooth as crystal, the shift is unnecessary. What shall I do then, my dearest?"

X.—*The Kurdish Girl.*

"Thou art more alert than a Peri. O thou sweet one, thou saidst to me, 'I have salt' (I am witty*). Thou art more delicate than a leaf of rose. Now when thou hast another lover, nothing

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* Salt, in Persian, is often employed for mental and physical endowments, just as are the French expressions, *du sel*, *du piquant*. It is the "attic salt."

is left to me but patience in God, and complaints against fate."

XI.—*The Bayadere-Serdar.*

"Come, Serdar, and do me justice. Let me go back to my country. Come, master, s'death! come let thy black hair loose and come. Anoint with *vasma* thy brows, black and subtle, like the snake's tail; oh, come! We shall sit together; talk, laugh, and tumble on the beds of flowers. I shall remain faithful to thee till doomsday."

XII.—*Zarina.*

"Thou hast tortured thy lover to death, Agha-Jan! Thou hast written a letter to thy wooer. O my wanton Zarina, how beautifully art thou shaped! The charms of the faithless Zarina are without a fault. Hyacinths and corals are interwoven in thy necklace; a precious pearl hangs under thy bracelet. O how charming is Zarina, my love. Her beauty is perfect."

XIII.—*A Lover's Gift.*

"With my gold I bought some *vasma*, for the brows of my darling. O that sweet, sweet girl is more delicate than the flower's chalice.

"I bought some *surma* with my gold, for the eyes of my darling. O that sweet, sweet girl, &c.

"I bought with my gold a comb for the hair of my darling. O that sweet, sweet girl, &c."

XIV.—*A Lover's Humility.*

"I will sleep in the *dallan**, only, O my host, do not send me away. Tired and full of grief, I will sleep fast; only, O my host, do not send me away.

"Whatever I attempt nothing brings any solace to my heart. A stork† in the air will not be a mollah's child, O my host, &c.

"I will sleep in the dirty sweepings of thy poultry-yard; only, O my host, &c.

"I'll sleep under the packsaddle of thy mules, I'll shut the door, I'll turn out the hens and call in thy cat; but oh! my host, do not send me away."

XV.—*An Armenian Girl.*

[The late prince of Shiraz, the well known Fermanfermah, having fallen in love with an Armenian girl, this song was composed and sung throughout all Persia.]

"Joy and bustle resound in Shiraz; a sugar-mouthed girl came there. Faith! Reyhana, come and embrace the Mussulman creed.

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* *Dallan* is the outward part of Persian houses, where the dogs commonly sleep.

† The stork is in great veneration among the Persians. According to their creed, he, every winter, makes a pilgrimage from Persia to Mecca. For this reason they call him *Haji lalak* (pilgrim stork), sometimes, *Mollah lalak;* and they suppose that the sound of his voice contains some mysterious prayer to heaven.

"Truly! I will not turn to the Mussulman faith. I wo'nt be a Mussulman. If I do so, I shall be killed. O Shahzade! restore Reyhana to liberty.

"I'll give thee a turban and a calotte; I'll give thee a cashmere shawl and a satin petticoat; I'll give thee a dagger richly set with diamonds. I'll bestow on thee riches and plenty. Come, Reyhana, and embrace the Mussulman faith.

"I do not want either a shawl or a petticoat. I want neither a turban or a calotte. I entreat you in the name of Allah, Shahzade! restore me to liberty."

XVI.—*Manushah.*

"I will throw my arms round thy neck, I will raise thy buckled hair. I will kiss that mole on thy face, hidden under thy tresses. Thou hast branded me. Manushah! Oh! how sweet it is to talk with a loving beauty."

XVII.—*The Invitation.*

"I am fond of those silvery breasts, peeping out from the opening in thy shift. O thou flower-bed of mine, thou hast torn me from my friends and relations; my beauty, my flower garden. Come! let me kiss thee, O my solace! Let us caress each other; come, O thou torment and delight of my

heart. Who is walking there, thou or a tall cypress? Or is it an angel in human shape*?"

XVIII.—*The Difficult Choice.*

"Which is then the most beautiful part of her? Oh Jauni! Jauni! The mole upon her neck or her delightful gait; which? Her white shoulders, or the plaits of hair curled gracefully from behind her ear; tell me which? Her nicely circled brow; the tresses of her auburn hair; her mellow eyes or her ruby arms; which of them?".....

XIX.—*Yellali.*

"A rose is blooming upon one of his cheeks and a rose upon the other. My lover wears a plait of hair. *Yar yellali*†! Round his lips, that cup of pleasure, a delicate down springs forth like hyacinths. I go mad, Yellali! How gracefully his form shoots out from the shawl. O my beloved Yellali! His head is the moon in full splendour. Oh Jehanghir-Khan, peace of my soul, O my beloved Yellali!"

XX.—*The Happy Husband's Recollections.*

[In order to understand this song, in which a husband calls to his wife's remembrance the early days of their love, it is necessary to know the order

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* The last lines are from Saady.

† *Yar yellali*, is an exclamation of joy, "hail, friend!"

of a Persian wedding. There are many descriptions of it given by different travellers; but the most complete one is Fraser's, in his *Persia*, as it is nearly a *verbatim* translation of a description given to him by a Persian friend.

First, the *Dellahla** frequently visits the families of the young man and the maiden, praising them severally. When the two families agree, their friends and relations come with congratulations; and, on those occasions, they are regaled with sweetmeats, sugar, dainties, &c. It is called *Shiríní-khúran*. Then the bridegroom sends his presents to the bride, which consist of shawls, jewels, and various sorts of stuff for dresses, and which the servants carry through the streets in trays, on their heads, accompanied by music. Then the astrologer appoints the lucky hour, and the bride's female friends come to her house, and cut out the dresses; the making of which is usually enlivened by music, dances, &c. Next follows *akd besten*, "to tie the knot," viz., the wedding. Neither the bridegroom nor the bride are present there, but each of them appoint a male friend to be a proxy, *wakíl*, who go to the mollah, say the wedding *sígha*, and write the contract. From that time the young couple are united; but they do not then live together, and

* *Dellahla* is a professional (usually an old wench) *chargé d'affaires* of lovers and persons wishing to get married.

they are not allowed to speak to or see each other. In the evening, when the parents of the bride are to give her up finally to her husband, women take her to the bath, paint her heels and palms with hanah, anoint her eyebrows, bespread her forehead with golden dust, dress her, and take her back to her parents' house. Men perform a similar service to the bridegroom, assist him in dressing, and accompany him to his house, where supper is immediately served. After which, they leave him, and go, with lighted candles and torches, to the bride's house. Her relations do not at once give her up, but keep up a kind of contest for a long time, which sometimes comes to serious blows. At last, the bridegroom's friends carry her away, and transport her in triumph through the streets to her husband's dwelling. The highest magistrates, and the nobility, do not refuse to assist in such processions. When the bride is richer, or of higher birth than the bridegroom, the latter is obliged to meet her on the threshold of his house; otherwise, he waits for her in the *boudoir*, where they are to spend the night. That night is called *chebi zeffaf*, as the Romans used to say, *nox solvendi zonæ*.]

"Nana, my soul! my heart throbbed that night when I saw that a *Dellahla* was sent for. O thou, my cup full of pleasure! my heart was undone that night when I saw that they began eating the sweetmeats of the betrothed, Nana, my soul! O my

shining moon! That night when I saw them cutting out thy dresses, my heart melted, Nana, my soul! O thou star of night! That evening when I saw them serving thy shalvars, my heart drooped, Nana, my soul! O rose of my love's flower-garden! That evening when I saw that they would marry us, my heart overflowed with blood. Thou hast been so faithful to me! And when I saw them take thee to the bath, my heart burst, Nana, my soul! O thou balmy *zira** of Kerman. When I heard that they began beating on the timbrels, my heart sunk, Nana Jan, my little apple of Ispahan! That night when I saw that they bespread the golden dust upon thy forehead, my heart could not withstand it, Nana, my soul! O fruit of my love's orchard! That night when I saw the nuptial banquet, it was all over with my poor heart, Oh my walking cypress! That night when I saw them bringing thee to my house, my heart was lost in rapture, Nana, my soul! My bright moon! Ah! but in that happy night of our union, when I felt thee at my side, my own for ever, ah! then, at last, my heart got cool and quiet, Nana, my soul!"

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* *Zira*, an aromatic plant, growing in the environs of Kerman and on the mountain of Ahlemút. Its fragrant seeds are used in making pillaw, and are esteemed a great dainty by Persian epicures.

XXI.—*A Persian Beauty.*

"O, my beloved! Thy brow is like a sword; thy hair like a chain; thy eyelashes like arrows; thy bosom's garden is like the vale of Cashmire; thy beauty is the conqueror of the world!"

XXII.—*An Accident in the Garden.*

[This song, which enjoyed great reputation at the court of Teheran, in the last years of the reign of Feteh Aly Shah, was composed on the occasion of some act of infidelity detected in the harem of his eldest son, Aly Shah, better known under the name of Zilli Sultan.]

"My little beloved maiden, tell me the truth. I'll lavish caresses and kisses on thee. I'll give thee many new dresses; tell me, who has combed thy hair? Who?"

"Upon my word; upon Aly Shah's soul! I went into the shah's garden, and there a friend has plaited my hair; a female friend, indeed."

"My tiny little girl confess, and I will caress and kiss thee. Who has anointed thy eyes with *surma?* Who? Tell me the plain truth, Who has scented thy hair? I will not persecute thee; I will share thy anguish, only tell me who did it?"

"Faith! I swear, Oh master of my soul! a friend has anointed my brows, and scented the tresses of my hair; a female friend, indeed, has done it."

"My little girl, my soul! tell me the truth. I'll give thee money; I'll be thy servant,—thy slave. Who bit thy face? Who?"

"Upon my word, I do not tell a story. Upon the soul of Aly Shah! it was a friend who bit my face; a female friend, indeed!"

"My darling, my sweet, my dear! I'll bestow a thousand favours on thee; only confess who has kissed thy lips?"

"Faith! upon thy children's soul, it was a friend that kissed my lips; a female friend, indeed!"

"Then, tell me, good-for-nothing jade; I'll force thee to tell me the truth. I will flog thee with rods; I'll brand thee with hot iron. Tell me, who has torn thy shalvars?"

"Upon my word; upon the soul of Aly Shah! I went to the shah's garden, to take a walk, and to see people. I was passing by the garden-keepers, when, lo, a thorn did tear my shalvars!"

XXIII.—*Hellaji**.

"There is my neck, Hellaji! Draw thy sword, Hellaji. There is my hair, Hellaji! bring thy comb, Hellaji. There is my brow, Hellaji! fetch thy lance, Hellaji, with a slender form, Hellaji!

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* *Hellaji*, which properly signifies a cotton-cleaner, is here the name of a dancing girl, once famous in the fashionable world of Teheran.

There is my head lying at thy feet; trample upon it Hellaji! There is my breast, Hellaji; ready for the blade of thy dagger, Hellaji!"

XXIV.—*Leylah.*

"O my soul, Leylah! I am your victim whenever you look upon me, O Leylah! Come nearer, O my tall one, come nearer, with thy arched brows. Come, O peace of my soul, come nearer, thou walking cypress. O shah of the world of beauty; my beloved! I swear upon the name of thy God, on that silvery dress of thine, on thy golden scarf. I swear upon the two tresses of thy hair, upon those black eyes of thine, O Leylah!"

XXV.—*Turkanna.*

"Hear Turkanna! Turkanna! I saw thee last night in my dream; I was kissing thy scented hair. I was pillowed on thy breast. Tell me the meaning of that dream, Turkanna?"

XXVI.—*Baba Tahiri.*

(A Mazenderanian poet.)

"Oh, God! my heart will meet with a misfortune. O rosy-bodied zephyr. When looking on thy beauty, the eyes sin, the heart suffers. O promise-breaking sweetheart. Woe! woe! my beloved. My heart will never recover. I warn it, but it never heeds my warnings. O faithless! O rosy-bodied zephyr!"

XXVII.—*A Kurdish Song.*

"Who is there? who knocks at the door? who gently taps? My heart beats. The bird of the heart flutters with his wings. So! so! I am afraid! ah! I am trembling. A drunken lad will wound me with his khanjar. My heart is beating.

"The town of Shushter caught fire; Dezful is all smoky and dusty! Nobody is coming, nobody is going out. I inquire everywhere. Ah! but if you see a beauty coming from those towns, do not touch her handkerchief,—her cambric handkerchief. Do not touch her breasts,—two Ispahan quinces. Hark! who knocks there at the door?"

XXVIII.—*Mulka, the Kermanshah's Beauty.*

"The bed, the pillow, my golden coverlet, all is ready. Mistress of the world. By God! thou art my soul! my sweet soul! Súzan! my soul, yes thou! thou!* If thou hast got a mole, I swear by thy mole. If not, I swear by thy eye. But thou wanton Mulka! my gold mine, where art thou going? Towards what place dost thou direct thy steps? Woe to my broken heart! Whom shall I

* The abrupt and somewhat skipping style of this song must be ascribed to its choral nature; this one as well as the greater part of the Persian songs in this collection, being performed by dancing girls, who express the meaning of them by gestures as well as the voice. It is written in the Kurdish patois.

entrust with it? Thou art going to Shiraz. God be with thee. Let the water of Roknabad be wholesome to thee, my child."

XXIX.—*Sakina.*

"From behind the bath a voice reaches me. It is the sound of her slippers trampling on pebbles. Upon my soul, thou hast carried away my heart, O my beloved! Behind the Ghenjina bath* lay Sakina's red shalvars. She has two moles under her breast; but it is a secret; do not reveal it to anybody."

XXX.—*Gulam-Shah.*

"Gulam-Shah! come, let us retire from this country. Take my hand, and I'll get hold of thy skirt. Beautiful art thou! Upon thy silvery arm, golden bracelets glitter. Thy arkhaluk† is made of the cashmere shawl; thy chepken is variegated with many colours. Thy fondness has killed me; thine eyes inebriated with love have slaughtered me. Thy swan-like neck has enslaved me. Thy prominent breast, like that of a sporting hawk, has maddened me. Give me advice for my distress. Kill me, or let me go with thee. We will go onward and

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* The name of one of the public baths of Shiraz.

† *Arkhaluk*, a sort of undergarment in Persian dress. *Chepken* means a jacket worn by women.

onward, till we both fall ill; thou from grief and solitude; I from seeing thee suffer. Let us go, O Gulam-Shah! In the gulistan of thy beauty, the parrot is ashamed of its feathers. The lover throws gold upon thy hair. I was sleeping in a bower; a mountain breeze awoke me, and my love for thee rushed again on my memory. But thou art gone; when shall I see thee again, O, Gulam-Shah! grief prays on my poor heart."

XXXI.—*Remember Bistún!*

"I am the sacrificial ram, tied to thy hook, doomed by fate to bleed under thy knife. O good-for-nothing flirt. For God's sake, come, or invite me to thy house. Either with the head or with the sword*. O, my beauty, do not be hard. The slave or the chain†. Do not be hard. Remember the hours we have spent under the rocks of Bistún. I am bewildered by the mole of the girl in green shalvars. Thy brows are like an arrow; it pierced through my heart, and is fixed there down to its very feather. There are hyacinths in the bazaar; O my mistress, do not be hard. I'll kiss off thy lips, do not be hard."

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* This proverbial expression, not unlike the famous Spartan exclamation, "with the shield or upon it," signifies here, "yield to me or kill me."

† Love me, or accept my love.

XXXII.—*The Dearth.*

"With a dervish's wallet in my hand*, I went a-begging. Lo! fifteen pounds of wheat cost seven Feteh Aly Shah's tumans. O our father! our soul! would thou also sow and spin for us? Thou sayest 'yes,' to everybody; 'no,' only to us!"

XXXIII.—*The Tehranian Flirt.*

"The wife of Mirza Jan wears a veil interwoven with gold; by that sign you can know her. Mirza-Jan's wife is a tall woman, a true walking cypress (peace to her lover's soul) in a cambric shift. Small are the hands and feet of Mirza-Jan's wife; slender is the waist of Mirza-Jan's wife. Oh! let me fall a victim to her charming face. How gracefully girdled is this wanton beauty. I am the slave of her slaves."

XXXIV.—*My Darling.*

"My darling soul does not hear my complaints; my white one, my rose, my willow-leaf. And when she hears them, she will do me no good, my white one! Come at the fall of night, and we will talk of

* In 1836, during the time of general dearth in Persia, the late Feteh Aly Shah, following the advice of some of his ministers, ordered all the wheat in the country to be bought on his account, and sold it at a very high price. The Persian people found but a poor revenge in this lampoon.

roses and jessamines. I am drunk, dead drunk, O European rose!

"If my little soul is a native of Arabia, two corners of her lips shall serve me in lieu of a wine glass. My beauty is preparing her travelling packs; she fastens her red shawl round her waist. O my beloved! do you know what that separation will cost us? Thou art gone, when shall I see thee again? Thou hast a hundred times branded my poor heart. I come to see thee once more, to tell thee the secret of my heart, and then go away.

XXXV.—*The Groom's Bride.*

"I won't be a gardener's wife; he would throw dust into my eyes. Whatever a gardener does, he surrounds and illuminates it with lamps. He comes, knocks at the door. I go to open it for him, and he gives me a blow on the head with a spade.

"I'll not be a mollah's wife, he would throw dust into my eyes. Whatever a mollah does, he does it with his *surei touhid**. He bends a man in two. He comes and knocks at the door; I hasten to open it for him, and he strikes me on the head with his turban.

"I will not be a milkman's wife; he would

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* *Surei touhid*, out of the Surats of the Koran. As we would say, whatever a priest does, he begins it with his *Pater noster qui es*, &c.

throw dust into my eyes. Whatever he does, he does it in six and seven scores, as if he was milking He comes and knocks at the door. I run to open it for him, and he throws into my face a milking pot.

"I will not be a druggist's wife; I would sooner have my head covered with ashes. The drugs prepared by him purge you like rhubarb. He comes and knocks at the door; I hasten to open it for him, and he throws his mortar into my face.

"But I will be the wife of a master of the horse. Whatever a groom does, he does it more vigorously than anybody else. Such-a-one!"

XXXVI.—*The Serraf's Son.*

"I was passing by a serraf's shop*; Oh, serraf's son! thou art my soul, my life! The fire of thy love is burning my soul. Thy mother is my guest this evening. You must either heal and cure my heart, or shut your shop and leave off thy trade. I should like to play with, and caress thee; I should like to sacrifice myself to thee. I walk round and round, but thou dost not notice me. If thou dost not love me, I will go back.

"I was passing by an attar's shop. Oh! attar's son! thou art my soul, my life!"

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* *Serraf*, dealer in money; an Asiatic banker.

† *Attar*, a druggist, a chemist.

XXXVII.—*Shah-Susana.*

"My heart is longing, is aching, to repose but a while on thy bosom. It longs to be thy servant every night, every midnight, O Shah-Susana. Thou my Leyli! Thou tormentest my soul. How happy should I be were I thy shift; I would cling every night, every midnight, to thy very bosom. My heart wants to be thy garters, to kiss thy knee every night, every midnight. My heart wishes to be thy dress, to wrap close thy slender frame every night, every midnight. My heart wishes to be thy jacket, and so by night and by day shelter thee, cover thee*."

XXXVIII.—*A Suitor.*

"I am doomed to be for ever faithful to thy unmussulman mole. Say but the least word and I will sacrifice myself to thee. Thou creole beauty, sweet little soul, thy eyes are moist with pleasure's tear; thy two tresses of hair are charming; thy teeth of shining white, resemble pearls. I do not like to go into foreign parts; thou hast sent me away. If I die there, my unrevenged blood be on thy head! Thou hast let thy auburn hair fall upon thy face, as if blending day with night. Thou hast let loose thy hair upon thy face, to be a canopy

* The Persians sleep dressed, even in summer time.

for it; thou hast blended day with night, in a delightful twilight of love!"

XXXIX.—*As you Like.*

"I am a slave to that mole on thy lips; as long as I live I'll kiss it. Love me if thou likest, if not, hate me; in either case, I'll be all, all for thee. I will be a slave of thine eyes. Come if thou likest; if not, do not come, if it suit thee better. Remain, or do not stay, just as thou likest. Thy arrow pierced me through; I rave with love for thee. Sit down if thou likest, side by side with a madman, if not, don't sit. Go away or remain as thou likest; I am thy victim, thy devotee! I should like to be thy guest for one night; for woe or happiness."

XL.—*Two Cords of the Guitar.*

"Of the two tresses of thy hair I will spin two strings for my guitar. What canst thou expect from a loving heart. My Agha! no—my soul! no—my madcap! no—You grant 'yes' to everybody; but when I ask for a kiss, there is a cold 'no' for me alone. Oh! were I marble, I would spread myself as a floor under my sweetheart's feet. Thy height and shape are like unto a cypress *naz**. Thy two eyes are like those of a hawk. Thou

* There are many sorts of cypresses in Persia distinguished by particular appellations, as *servi-tuhi*, *servi-azad*, *servi-naz*, &c.

hast thyself said thou wouldst come. Where is then thy promise? Lo! I am alone, and midnight is come."

XLI.—*The Spring.*

"You are fond of listening to the sound of the flute; you ramble over all the meadows; you have revived again. Brethren! the new spring is come. The spring, oh my dears! The autumn is gone, the spring is come. Why do not you dress yourself in velvet? Why do not you get acquainted with us? Is the velvet so dear? my Feramerz is in love!"

XLII.—*Two Drunkards.*

"By our side are fifteen pounds of grapes, and fifteen pounds of wine. We are both tipsy, both in love, both half-seas over—yes. Which garden are we to go to? To that where the nightingale has its nest—yes. Away with your snares, master bird-catcher, begone, mirza bird-catcher! do not kill my wailing nightingale. Nightingale's voice is like that of my sweetheart—yes. Which field shall we go to? To that field where the gazelle has its favourite haunt—yes. Do not chase her, Sir hunter, mirza hunter, do not kill my thoughtful gazelle. The eyes of the gazelle are like those of my sweetheart—yes. Which stream shall we go to? To that stream where deep, deep, the fish has its abode. O agha fisher, O mirza fisher, do not catch

my melancholy fish; the ears of that fish are like those of my sweetheart—yes. Hark! what an uproar arises in that town! All the charms possessed by so many beauties you have in your own person."

XLIII.—*The punishment of Hashim Khan Lori.*

[This song was made for Hashim Khan, a powerful chief of the Lorish tribe, who was blinded by order of Feteh Aly Shah. He was a great friend to Amin-ud-Doulet, and possessed great influence in Ispahan, particularly amongst the *Lutis* of that town. The enemies of Amin had secretly accused him before the shah, of conspiring against his authority, with the intention of usurping the throne; and of secretly arming for that purpose, the Lutis. Amin hearing of that accusation, was struck with fear, and in order to get out of the difficulty, advised the shah to get rid of Hashim Khan. The whole intrigue was so cleverly conducted, that the latter had not the slightest suspicion of it. In order to execute the preconcerted plan, the shah went himself to Ispahan, where he was met by Hashim Khan in a pompous *peshvaz*. The shah overwhelmed him with favours; as a token of the highest esteem, bestowed on him a dress of honour (*khelat*), and in order to remove any kind of suspicion, he presented him in the evening with another; but the next day, having called him to the selaam, he ordered his eyes to be pulled out. The father of the

unfortunate Hashim Khan begged to ransom his son's eyes for five thousand tumans; but the shah answered, that so rich a man ought to begin his bargain by offering ten thousand instead of five thousand. Amin then ransomed Hashim's eyes for forty thousand tumans. After many tergiversations, the shah took a bill of exchange for that sum. But it was of no avail; for the ill-fated victim, a few days after, by order of his inexorable master, was first blinded, and then put to death. Amin was obliged to pay the promised sum, but the crafty courtier soon afterwards repaid himself out of the property left by Hashim Khan. European travellers who have visited the court of Feteh Aly Shah, having frequently spoken of Amin-ud-Doulet (the father), I think it superfluous to enter here into any description of that extraordinary man.]

"O Hashim Khan! what has become of your golden veil, by the river Zinderúd? What had you to do with the arsenal? How could you wish for the war with the Kajjars, you mad-brained! I told you not to go to Bidabad*. You gave your eyes to the winds; why did you meddle with the war with the Kajjars, you foolish man? Where is your golden candlestick? where your lamp set with precious stones? where are your faithful friends? Why

* The name of a part of Ispahan where the khan had his palace; literally "a plantation of willows."

did you meddle with the war with Kajjars? Where is your famous shirt? your costly dresses? The fire broke out in your Lumban*. Where is your silvery brazier? where your diamond snuffers? where are your seventy, eighty spare-horses (*gadak*), which, richly caparisoned, preceded you wherever you have been travelling? All gone! gone for ever! Why did you meddle with the shah, you madcap?"

XLIV.—*The Innkeeper's Daughter.*

"O innkeeper's daughter! O my queen, my sultana! Let me look at your brows, and I will tell you who you are." 'How do you like my eyebrows? You are dying with the trouble they caused. Is it not so? O merchant! did you not see the bow in the bazaar? my brows are like it.'

"Oh innkeeper's daughter, my soul! Show me your eyes, and I'll tell you what they are." 'How do you like my eyes? Did you see a pearl in a jeweller's shop? My eyes are like that gem.'

"Oh innkeeper's daughter, my soul! show me your nose, and I will tell you what it is like." 'Well, look on; how do you like my nose? You are dying with the trouble its profile caused to you; are not you, my lad? Did you see a roll of cinnamon in the bazaar? My nose is like it.'

* The name of another quarter of Ispahan where Hashim Khan lived, inhabited by nearly forty thousand Lórs of his tribe.

"Oh innkeeper's daughter! show me your lips, that I might tell what they are like." 'Well, how do you like my lips, O merchant? Did you see a silk thread in the bazaar? my lips are thin and smooth like it.'"

XLV.—*Nerghiss-Khanum.*

"My beauty, my soul, Nerghissa! Nerghissa! Come, and we will strew the roses round us, and pour, and pour the wine into the glasses. 'We will take off the old carpet and lay a new one' (Hafiz). Whenever I am far from you, I am ashamed of it in my heart's core. I wear on my neck, like a turtle-dove, a collar, the mark of slavery. If sorrow comeo n, wi th all its cohort, to spill the blood of lovers, I and my cup-bearer united together will overthrow that threatening host."

XLVI.—*The Murderer of his Daughter.*

[In 1815 a father killed his daughter in Resht, for her being in love with her cousin, contrary to his wish; and it gave occasion to the following song:]

"Daughter, my soul! I entreat thee by my brother's death!—Do not kill me, father! I am innocent. By all you love the best, I know nothing. Pity my tears! Do not kill me; I am innocent! Forward the news of me to my aged mother; pray her to forgive me the uneasiness of those sleepless nights she passed when she fed me with her milk.

Carry the news of me to my uncle. My father stabbed me in the side with his *khanjar*. Carry the news of me to my aunt. My father has pierced my breast through with his knife. Carry the news of me to my relations. My father severed my head, and threw it under foot. My cousin was travelling; he knew nothing of my misfortune. Do not kill me; I am innocent!"

XLVII.—*Zulfakkar Khan's Death.*

[A song of one of his servants.]

"Your gun, from the manufactory of Loristan, shines like a spring cloud gilded by the rays of the sun. O Serdar! your place is now empty; you were my master! Your gun from the manufactory of Cabúl, shined in your hands like a bunch of roses. Your ball never missed a flower put in the middle of my front hair*. Behold what the Serdar has done now! When his grey horse was saddled, how beautifully he looked on his back. The Serdar decided, and Telabad† arose. Serdar's days became

* The song alludes here to Zulfakkar Khan's custom of sticking a rose in his servant's hair, and striking it off with a ball.

† *Telabad*, a fortress near Semnan, built by Zulfakkar Khan. He was one of the most accomplished men at the court of Teheran. Born in Semnan, he distinguished himself in many battles with the Uzbegs and Turkmans. The king, Feteh Aly Shah, honoured him for a long time as his generalissimo, his friend,

dark like night. Who would have thought it? He was permitted by the shah to go to his country. At midnight he loaded his camels, ready for the journey. He turned their heads towards Sebzevar. He loaded them with the heads of Uzbegs. Oh, man from the flat open country, where is thy tent of pearls*? O Serdar, your place is deserted. Behold what Serdar has done! You were my master."

XLVIII.—*A Lesson in Dancing.*

"O cruel flirt, leave off thy cruelties! O you merciless ravisher of hearts, abate the sufferings of hearts which you have tormented! You dancing bayadere, I am thy victim, and am proud of such a destiny. Dance on! on! poise thy graceful shape to the tune of the song, and let me die for thee. Come nearer, my dear soul; do not go away. Do not be too shy. So, so, my girl! do not give me that coquettish glance, but let me depose my head under the heels of thy feet Dance on! on, my beauteous girl!"

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and heaped upon him all imaginable favours; but at last growing suspicious of his increasing influence in the country, he sent him to perform a pilgrimage to Mecca; and after his return, killed him.

* This famous tent is supposed to have been brought from India by Nadir Shah. After the death of Agha Mohammed Khan, it was left to his successor, Feteh Aly Shah, who ordered it to be stripped of its pearls and precious stones; and then, as a mark of great distinction, made a present of it to Zulfakkar Khan.

XLIX.—*The New-Year's Gift.*

"The new year is come—I want to get a gift from thy lips; thou mine of liberality. I wish to have it to-day, to-night, because I love thee. Get up, and let us go. I wish to reap my kiss on this little black mole under thy chin. Grant me this favour to-day—I cannot wait till to-morrow. O you pitiless, frolicksome girl!"

L.—*The Rose's Answer.*

"I was looking yesterday for rose-water on the meadow. I saw amongst the roses a faded one; it was bruised like me. I said, 'What fault have you committed, that they have burned you upon the fire of love?' It answered, 'I was for awhile merrily smiling in this garden—O woe to me! I saw last night, in my dream, the face of my lover all radiant with beauty. It seemed to me as if I was in the garden of hope, gathering flowers. They were all thornless and fragrant. The morning-bird, jealous of my pleasure, awoke me with his shrieks. Oh! would I had never woke till doomsday!'"

POPULAR SONGS

OF THE

INHABITANTS OF THE SOUTHERN COAST OF

THE CASPIAN SEA.

(Translated from the Ghilek, Taulish, and Mazenderani Dialects.)

SONGS OF

THE GHILANIS, ETC.

INTRODUCTION.

THE songs with which we here present the reader were collected among the nations inhabiting the southern coasts of the Caspian Sea, between the river Astara, which separates Persia from Russia, and the river Karassou, on the frontier of Persia and Turkmania. The idioms, or different patois, spoken by those nations seem all to have a Zendo-Persian origin, mingled more or less with Turkish alloy, and, in some degree, vary in almost every village of the different districts of Ghilan and Mazenderan. They, however, can be classified in three general divisions :—

First.—The *Taulish* dialect, spoken from the desert of Moghan to the mouth of the river *Dinachal*, separating the Ghilan district of Resht from that of Gasker. The Zend elements occur in this patois most conspicuously.

Second.—The *Ghilek* dialect, used by the nation of the same name, the Ghilanis, properly so called, extending over the above-mentioned coast from Dinachal to the mouth of the river Pilorud.

Third.—The *Mazenderani* dialect, used from the river Pilorud to the mouth of the Karassou, which separates Persia from the Turkman Yemúts.

The present songs, considered with respect to their merits as literary compositions, present this peculiar feature, that they comprise in themselves all the elements of the lyric poetry of modern Persia. Their external form is always a distich, in which the poet's idea must be entirely comprised. It is the distich of the most ancient poetry in Asia, —that of the Psalms of David; and what is more singular, resembles the style of the Book of Proverbs, and still more so the Song of Solomon. As regards the Persian poets, we discover here not only ideas, but even expressions, analogous to those of the most popular compositions of Iran. The question then arises, did the people borrow their ideas and expressions from the poets, or the poets from the people? Be that as it may, it is certain that the Ghilanis give to their own songs the name of *Pálevis*, and that the two princes of the Persian Parnassus apply the same denomination to their compositions:

بلبل برشاخ کل بەغزلهای پهلوی
می خواند دوش درس مقامات معنوی

"Yesterday the nightingale, perched upon a branch of a rose-tree, sang the lessons of mystic philosophy indited in *Pehlevian* verses.—HAFIZ.

تاخواجه می خورد به غزلهای پهلوی

"That the Master might drink wine at the sound of the *Pehlevian* verses.—SAADY.

The philological analysis of these dialects is well worthy of attention, they being so utterly unknown in Europe, that von Hammer* reckoned them the *terras incognitas*. After him, Rask, alluding to the same desideratum, says, "No language in Farhang Jehanghiri is assigned to the provinces of Shirvan, Ghilan, and Aderbaijan, just the very country where Zoroaster, by every tradition, is said to have flourished†." And indeed the existence of the Zend in ancient Persia, as a language commonly used,—a problem which that learned professor maintained against the opinion of Erskine,—finds here, not merely a corroboration, but, I venture to say, a definitive solution.

Let us begin with words purely Zend or Sanscrit.

Hadha, Zend; *hata*, Ghilek‡ "here."

Vash, Zend, (otherwise *vas*, "to grow, to multiply,") and *vash*, Ghilek, "a plant, a herb." The previous existence of that word in modern Persian

* "Von diese sprache die wie mehrere andere dialekte, so ehmals in Persia geshprochen wurden, in Europa noch unter die *terras incognitas* gehört, etc."—*Mines de l'Orient*, vol. iii., page 64. Vienne, 1813.

† *Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society*, vol. iii.

‡ In quotations of Zend and Sanscrit I preserve the orthography given to them by the learned Burnouf.

can be traced in *rivas*, "rhubarb," the two syllables of which ought to be written separately, and translated, "Rhea herba."

Azem, Zend, and *azem*, Taulish, "I."

Us, Sanscr., and *ez*, Taulish, "his."

Vatch, Sanscr., and *vaj*, Taulish, "word, verb."

Ghena, Zend, "a woman," and *kine*, Taulish, "girl."

Kissorim, Sanscr., *kija*, *kaussi*, and *kor*, Ghilek, "girl."

Pereta, Zend, and *purd*, Ghilek, "bridge."

Maogho, Zend, and *maunghe*, Ghilek, "the moon." It is remarkable that the Ghilanis use this word only in the acceptation of "moon." Whenever they wish to express "the month," they use the word *máh*, (in Zend *mahyo*,) a substantive, which, in modern Persian, is used indifferently for both "month" and "moon."

Ahme, Zend, and *ahmaim*, Ghilek, "we are."

Arkh, Sanscr., "value, merit," and *nerkh*, Ghilek, "price."

Das, Sanscr., "to shine, to destroy," and *das*, a great knife, made of one piece of iron, which the peasants of Mazenderan and Ghilan always carry about them and use as a hatchet, a pruning-knife, and a dagger.

Usâdâvena, Zend, "depositary of intelligence," and *hushdâré*, Ghilek, "he is ingenious." A modern Persian could understand it, but he would say, *hooshyar-est*.

Verzou, "an ox," and the Zend word, *verez*, "to act, to work." The Ghilanis made of it *verzekiar*, "the labourer," and the Persians, *verzeghiar*, in the same sense. The latter call also *verzish*, the exercise with a club (*mil*), used by the amateurs of the *zour-khana*, to improve their muscular strength.

Adi, "now," Mazenderani and Sanscrit.

The words *serachine*, "the rice straw," *verjeene*, "the weedings," have quite a Zend appearance.

Oushen, and *oushahina*, Zend, a name of a spirit, and of the second part of the night, correspond with *shevauheng*, Taulish, name of a star which shines in the east towards the morning, Persian شبا اهنگ.

The Taulish language, as we before observed, seems to possess much more affinity with the Zend than that of all the other people inhabiting the southern coast of the Caspian Sea. The characteristic feature of that dialect, as the original of the songs prove, is the abundance of vowels *ai*, *au*, *ao*, *aei*, *aoa*, &c., as if it had borrowed from the Zend its fourteen diphthongs, and its three tripthongs. We also perceive in it the same care in avoiding the meeting of two similar vowels. The letter *l*, so contrary to the nature of the Zend, is very seldom to be met with, and then only in words adopted from the Persian or Turkish.

But let us proceed: It is the same with the language as with the nation itself. The inhabitants of the forests on the southern side of the Caspian Sea,

protected on one side by a stormy sea, on the other, by a chain of the Alburz mountains, of difficult access, and, on account of morasses, having a very unwholesome climate, were, for centuries, free from foreign influence. They embraced Islamism long after it was established in other Persian provinces. The reluctance with which they yielded to new impressions can be traced in their language. Their words reluctantly leave their Zendian attire in order to take the modern Persian one, and form, so to say, an intermedial link of concatenation between the latter and the Zend.

Cheshm, Pers.; *chesh*, Taulish; and *tchesh*, Zend, "the eye."

Merg, Pers.; *merghe*, Ghilek; and *markha*, Zend, "death." *Dest*, Pers.; *des*, Taulish; and *des*, Zend.

Many words, now out of use in modern Persian, as *veshem*, Pers., (whence the nickname, *veshemghir*, given by Ferdoussy to Kaus, who was fond of hawking quails,) and *ooshoom*, Ghilek, "a quail*;" *enders*, Pers., and *enderz*, Ghilek, "an advice;" *nekhcheer*, Pers., and *necheea*, Taulish, "a wild goat, game;" *sitaish*, Pers., "the praise," from the Zend, *staíshni*, "praise," and *staómi*, "I glorify, I praise;" *khaunmaun*, Pers., from *umḍna*, Zend, "the house;" *boom*, Pers., from *bhumi*, Sanscr., "the earth, the land;" *gunah*, Persian, and *aénagh*, Zend, "a sin;"

* In modern Persian, this bird is called *bilderchin*.

enjumen, Persian, and *hamjamani*, Zend, "a conversation, a banquet, a party of pleasure," &c. All these words, I say, particularly those common to the modern Persian and the Zend, are still preserved amongst the peasants in question, and give way with difficulty to the exterior re-action. But as this last is daily encroaching, we can perceive that nearly three-fourths of the following songs, though collected on the spot, are written in pure Persian. At the present time, the nobility of those nations speak the language of the court better than their native dialect.

If, from single words, we pass to the proper names of different localities, we perceive there the same Zendish origin. A short glance at them will enable us, at the same time, to glean some historical reminiscences. Anquetil du Perron finds the derivation of the modern *Ouroumia* in the Zend *airyaman*. Burnouf saw the present Khorassan in the *Garizan* of the Zendavesta.* Following their example

* I cannot agree with that learned professor in his opinion upon *βαρκανιοι*. Rather than look for their origin in Jorjan, or Gurgan, I would trace it in *Baraghan*, a delightful valley twenty-three English miles long, interspersed with numerous villages, with a *chef-lieu* of the same name. It is situated northwards of Mazenderan, and is distant thirty-two English miles from Teheran. The river *Kurdan*, which flows across this valley, leaves its mountainous bed near *Kerej* (Greek, *χοραξ*), and loses itself in the irrigating canals of Shehryar and Soujboulag.

we venture to offer the following surmises; the more so, as the places alluded to are in the countries, or border on the provinces we are speaking of.

The town of *Kazbin*, which the natives pronounce Kazvin, may derive its name from *Asvini*, a Brahman nymph.

The mountain of *Savalan*, commanding the city of *Ardebil*, reminds us of *Savel*, the proper name of a div mentioned in a passage of the tenth fargad in the Vendidad. Even the first syllable in the name of that town, *Ard*, signifies, in Sanscrit, "to kill, to exterminate."

Is not *Mazenderan* an alteration of *Mazdaran*, particularly as *maz*, in the Sanscrit, signifies "great;" and *daran*, in Mazenderani, is the plural of *dar*, "tree?" That country being covered with immense forests, nothing more natural than that the inhabitants of deserts and barren mountains, struck with its woody appearance, might have called it "the country of large trees."

Sari, which Sir W. Ouseley judiciously refers to Zadrakarta of the Greek geographers, might have its etymology in the Zendan *zarya*, "yellow, green, golden." And, indeed, looking on that town from the surrounding ramparts, the roofs of its houses seem to disappear in the thick foliage of the orange, lemon, and other trees of that sort. The natives are very fond of the effect produced by the yellow of oranges upon the deep green colour of the leaves.

On that account they leave a great part of the riper fruit upon the branches, so that, on arriving at Sari at any season of the year, the traveller is sure to find the orange trees loaded with their golden treasures.

Astara and *Astarabad* are both derived from the Zendish, *ustro*, "camel;" in Persian *ester*, *chutur*, and *ushtur*. The name of the "country of camels" is by contrast applied to those two sandy extremities of a vast tract of woody and swampy lands, where the sloughs and forest vegetation finish, and the sandy plains—the country of pastoral nomades and camels—begin. The marshy roads in the country situated between these two points are practicable only for mules and the native horses. It is not difficult to find there, particularly in Ghilan, individuals who never saw a camel, notwithstanding their proximity to the deserts.

The town of Resht, the capital of Ghilan, the climate of which is so perilous that the proverbial saying is, "wilt thou die? go to Resht." مرگ میخواهی رشت برو. That town, therefore, may probably have had its name from *irista*, Zend, and *richta*, Sanscrit, "death."

But I venture to affirm nothing dogmatically: let the learned decide. I only ask, can we consider as merely accidental such a confluence of hints coming in support of the assertion, that the Zend language, far from being known only to a privileged caste, was, on the contrary, spoken by the whole

Persian nation? Otherwise, how could the ignorant foresters of Ghilan and Mazenderan have retained it?

As to remains of antiquity, no country is so hostile to their preservation as Ghilan and Mazenderan. Vegetation is accelerated there with such extraordinary vigour by the extreme heat and humidity, that a house sometimes gets covered with plants before its roof is finished. An abandoned edifice is so soon altered as not to be known again. To a deluge of rain, which pours continually for months, succeeds the heat of a sun worthy of a tropical region. In the walls split by these sudden changes of temperature, the fig-tree settles itself, and dips its penetrating roots; the pomegranate and box-tree join in the work of destruction; and, in a short time, the ground where the building stood is overgrown with plants and trees. In this manner, entire cities have fallen in ruins, and disappeared. The historians of the country are ignorant of anti-mohammedan annals, and remain silent. Therefore, in the present state of the ancient geography of these territories; we have no other means of following up the few traces left us by Greek and Latin writers, than the poor resource of judging by the similarity of the still-existing names. It is in this way, in default of a better, that I have tried to explain the notions of Strabo (G. book xi.) on the ancient inhabitants of Ghilan and Mazenderan. Strange to say, all of them, with the exception of

the Amardii, may be found in the names of villages and mountains as they are now known by the natives.

The *Γελαι* of the Greek geographer are, without contradiction, the modern Ghilanis, who are still called collectively *Ghil*, and their language *Ghilek*.

The nation of *Καδουσιοι* left its trace in *Kadousera*, "the palace of Kadou," a village one day distant from Resht, being in the precincts of Kohdem. Besides there are in Ghilan two other villages *Kadah* and *Gauda* near the town of Fumen.

The name of the *Οὐϊτιοι* yet exists in that of the village *Vïaïa*, situated on the right bank of the river Sefidrud, in the mountainous district of Rehmetabad. In a Persian manuscript تاریخ خان‌احمد relating to the disturbances which took place in Ghilan during the reign of the Shah Ismael of the Safavian dynasty, I find that this province was divided into two nearly equal parts, separated by the river Sefidrud. The part on the left side of the river was called *Baïapes*. Its capital was the city of Fumen. The other part abutting to the right bank of the river, the capital of which was the city of Lahijan, was called *Baia-pish*. These two names signify the *Baias* on this side, and the *Baias* on the other side of the river. The third vestige of the appellation in question might be traced in the name of the village *Vïe*, belonging to the district of Deyliman.

The *'Αναριακοι* have only one place, in my know-

ledge in Ghilan, which reminds us of them, viz., *Anari-kull*, "the hill of Anari," on the left side of the Sefidrud, opposite the well-known caravanserai of Rustemabad.

The Δερβικαι have given their name, or perhaps received it from one of the highest Alburzian mamelons in Ghilan, I mean the mountain of Dulfek (pronounced by the natives *Dervek*), situated about thirty-two miles SSE. of Resht. Upon the western declivity of this mountain, is now settled the Kurdish tribe of Emmarlou. On the opposite side, which overlooks the sea, lies the district of Deyliman, the native country of the dynasty of Deyalimas; and a little lower is situated the city of Lahijan. The position of this nation is determined by Strabo himself, who says that the Tapyrii lie between the Hyrcanii on one side, and the Dervekii on the other. A modern geographer would describe the same position thus: "Taberistan is situated between the river of Gurgan and the mount Dulfek."

Lastly, the Δοκουσιοι of Strabo, have the equivalent of their name in Dakou*, a mountainous country on the eastern borders of Ghilan. The inhabitants of Tunakabun, a district of Mazenderan, go there to spend the dog-days; it is their yeïlauk. Besides, in the Rudbari-Zeytoun, not far from the conflux of the rivers Shahrud and

* This word means in Zend, "a province."

Kyzzyl-ouzan, there is a village called Dougaha. The peasants find, in its old cemeteries, ancient armour, medals, cameos, &c. I have shown one of them to Major Rawlinson, who has deciphered the inscription, *apushtan*, "imperishable," engraved upon a ring of cornelian, round a head, reminding very much of those which are seen upon the coins of the Arsacides.

These relics of the language of the Zendavesta and of the nation of Shapur, forgotten in the shadow of forests old as the world, may prove to be a valuable acquisition. The labours of Anquetil, Rask, and Burnouf, have brought the knowledge of Zend to a considerable degree of perfection. Through Major Rawlinson's exertions, the possibility of reading the cuneiform inscriptions is greatly advanced. But we can scarcely hope to arrive at a solution of the difficulties, without a Zendish Dictionary, —the want of which impedes further progress on the road these learned men have opened,—unless it be in the profound study of the dialects spoken by the natives of Kurdistan, Louristan, Shirvan, Ghilan, Mazenderan.

The destructive influence of Islam, has not yet done its work. We are told that on the banks of the Araxes in Karadagh, whole villages speak the Zend. The Goudars* of Asterabad profess a reli-

* The small population of Goudars, amounting to some three or four thousand families, is settled between Eshreff and Aster-

gion, and speak a language, which have nothing in common with their Mussulman countrymen. The Maraughis of Rudbari-Alemout carefully conceal their mysterious religious rites from the curiosity of those who are not initiated into them. Many similar sects are to be found among the Kurds. Inquiries into the nature of these rites would not be an unworthy object for modern travellers in Persia, and we should be happy, if the present collection of songs should forward them. A previous knowledge of the Zend and its dialects, and perhaps Pehlevi also, would be indispensable to secure the success of such an investigation. Unfortunately, I was deprived of that advantage, never having studied the Zend, nor even having ever seen either a grammar or a dictionary of that language. The few philological comparisons, I have made are principally gleaned from Burnouf's *Commentary upon the Yaçna*, and from some other fragments and dissertations, for the perusal of which I am indebted to the complaisance of Mr. Norris, Assistant Secretary of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland. The resemblance was so striking, as to be perceived at the first glance.

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abad. Their chief occupation is to kill the wild boars who destroy the rice-fields of the farmers of the place, for which they receive a reward. They do not intermarry with the Mussulmans, have their secret creed, eat pork, and speak a language quite different from the Mazenderani.

I.—*Nourouziha.*

[*Nourouziha** is the name given now-a-days in Ghilan to ambulating boys, (somewhat like chimney-sweepers, on the first of May in England,) who sing felicitations on the New Year's day. Groups of urchins from eight to twelve years old, perambulate villages and towns, singing before the doors the following songs; and in reward, are presented with different trifles, consisting of fruits, eggs, pieces of money, &c. It is remarkable that amongst these joyous songs, there is a sad one, on the death of some foreigner. Its doleful, lengthened tune draws forth a reluctant tear, even from the eyes of an indifferent hearer; and the impression is the more touching, as all around is joyful. On hearing it, one is put in mind of the coffin, which the ancient Egyptians carried round the tables at their gayest banquets. Their song *Maneros*, must have been something like the one here alluded to.—(*Herod. Euterpe.* § 78.)]

Chorus.

"Hail! Hail, Agha! we bring thee greeting. If we are allowed, we will enter thy house. May Nouruz bless thee! The new year prosper thee!

Solo.

"Agha! I greet thee, Mirza; I salute thee; I am thy servant, I pray for thy soul.

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* Plural of *nouroozi*.

Chorus.—"We congratulate thee on the new year's day,—may it be prosperous to thee!

"O host, before whom we stand, do not send us pennyless to the mountains. If there be no halva* let us have dendaku. Put aside my share.

Chorus.—"We congratulate, &c.

"I went up to the bridge. I saw a Kurdish girl. Ha! good-for-nothing one, thou hast ravished my heart.

Chorus.—"We congratulate, &c.

"O daughter of Mollah, how can I know what is the matter with thee? Rubies and pearls shine on thy hand. Say who gave them to thee?

Chorus.—"We congratulate, &c.

"Nouruz, halloa! huree†! Beautiful roses *suri* are not budding yet; those roses of the prophet‡.

Chorus.—"We congratulate, &c.

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* *Halva*, a dainty the Persians are very fond of. It is a kind of cake made with rice flower, honey and spice. Gheskar, one of the districts of Ghilan, is noted for the best halva. *Dendaku* is also a sort of halva.

† The ejaculations of joy, having no meaning; but *huree* may be some echo of the Zend *Ahoura*, "holy, divine," one of the epithets of Ormuzd.

‡ The prophet's forehead being once in perspiration, some drops of sweat falling to the ground caused roses to spring up. *Suri* may be a corruption of Persian سرخ "red, scarlet." M. de Bohlen teaches us, that *Sori* in Sanscrit is equivalent to the Zend *Ahoura* we have just now spoken of.

"Nouruz arrived, hail to Nouruz! The world became happy. Nothing remained but serene day and its blue spotless sky. Father, then give us a new year's gift for Nouruz's sake.

Chorus.—"We congratulate, &c.

"Oh! for some buds of orange-tree. Oh! for some buds of tureng-tree*. I neither ate any, nor saw their hue. I would rather see the hostess dead.

Chorus.—"We congratulate, &c.

"Look at the moon; its orb is shining. Thou sleepest, I wake.

Chorus.—"We congratulate, &c.

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* Preserves of orange-flower are the favourite sweetmeat among the Ghilanis. The country abounds with a great quantity of different species of lemon and orange-trees, distinguished by special names, viz.: *baudreng*, a kind of citron, the size of which reaches sometimes that of our melon; *Naureng*, sour oranges; their flowers have a peculiar fragrance, and the district of *Lahijan* is famous for the preserves made of them. This is a favourite dainty in the harems of the Shah. *Narenj*, sour orange. *Limu*, sweet lemon. *Patavi*, larger and more sour than naureng. *Bauleng*, or monster citron, still larger than baudreng. *Tureng*, distinguished from other species by a wart or excrescence on its upper part. *Tuisebz*, of the same size as patavi, so called from the green colour of its pulp. *Tuisurkh*, like the preceding, but the pulp is of a red colour. *Panpahna*, round and flat, like a large turnip. *Portukal*, a very inferior sort of orange. I give this description in order to show how rich the Flora of Ghilan is, and to point out, at the same time, a remarkable circumstance, that all these fruits are known in India under the same appellations.

"Hail, bride with a kerchief on thy head! Oh! for the sake of your departed mother, never be ill.

Chorus.—"We congratulate, &c.

"The bride is embroidering. Do not conceal yonder eggs in chaff. Bring some and put them in my lap; we are thy children, thou art our mother.

Chorus.—"We congratulate, &c.

"Hail to Nouruz! prepare my swing. Open the door for me. My dress (*kaba*) has forty tapes. I have lost my cap, give me another.

Chorus.—"We congratulate, &c.

"It is just Nouruz! Where shall I tie my black horse? Faith! I shall not tie him on barley or wheat, by Allah, unless you present me with a handsome gift.

Chorus.—"We congratulate, &c.

"O my friend! How fine is thy waist! I am the slave of the mole upon thy lips. I am a victim to thy plaited hair.

Chorus—"We congratulate, &c.

"My miss prays in the corner, pokes the coals, and, by and by, sifts the plums for the pillaw. Make haste; grant me a gift; my friends are hungry and cannot wait any longer.

Chorus.—"We congratulate, &c.

"O husband of one wife! she sits at the door of the house. She combs her hair with a comb. Is it

now winter, that she is not allowed to take a walk?

Chorus.—"We congratulate, &c.

"Whose is that house? It is Mirza Malik's wife's house. She surrounded herself with eggs. One egg is missing. I have stolen it for my new year's present.

Chorus.—"We congratulate, &c.

"Will you give one? I'll take it. Will you give me two? I'll take them. If you won't give me any, I may die of sorrow, and then you will be the looser, being obliged to pay for my shroud and funeral expenses.

Chorus.—"We congratulate, &c.

"The handle of thy *daz** is of ivory. Thy son became a Kuzzilbash†, and is the commander over all of us.

Chorus.—"We congratulate, &c.

"The hostess has a rose on her head. She sits in a house built on the top of a hill. O my happiness! O wreath of my head! may God bless thee with a son.

Chorus.—"We congratulate, &c.

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* *Daz* is a large knife made of one piece of iron; its shape resembles that of our bill-hook. A Ghilani peasant wears it always at his girdle, and to him it is as indispensable an article as the dagger is to the inhabitants of other provinces of Persia.

* Viz., the servant of the king of Persia.

"O fifer's daughter! thou hast displayed jewels and pearls all over thy head. Thy look has killed me!

Chorus.—"We congratulate, &c.

"Where shall I fly? They turn me out of the miser's house. The thorn pricks my bare feet. The avaricious landlord cries, 'Beat him! Give me soon my fare!'

Chorus.—"We congratulate, &c.

II.—*Loulou, or Reapers' Song**.

"You have sung, 'Holloa, holloa, ho, Leylah! lay, lay, lay! O sweetheart, lalay!'

"Holloa, holloa! the shah arrived at Kazvin, and presented my master with a saddle for his horse!

"Holloa, holloa! the shah came on foot. Thank God, our master has got great riches.

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* The vast rice-fields spread all over the southern banks of the Caspian Sea are chiefly committed to the care of women. It is an interesting but melancholy sight to see them there, in the heat of summer, employed in weeding or transplanting the rice. Bent nearly horizontally over the ground, knee-deep in water, exposed to a heat of 36° Reaumur, they work unceasingly from dawn till sunset. Now and then one of them goes to fetch a pitcher of water, sheltered under the shade of a tree, and brings it to her companions, who, thus refreshed, stand in a row, sing in chorus a few stanzas, and again stoop to work. The sad and monotonous tune of these songs, repeated by the echo of the Ghilan woods, makes a very agreeable impression, and is heard from afar.

"Holloa, holloa! I went to the mountains, and ate the bread of the mountaineers*.

"My lord is renowned in Ghilan. There is in my house a whole bundle of tobacco. Master's vessels sail for *Bakku*†. At *Rudbar*‡ alone there are seven *khalvars* of roses. Would to God that our landlord's sword were sharp.

"The flower of sweet basilisk has round seeds. Our master's drawing-room is like the shah's *divan-khanah*.

"Holloa, holloa! the quail is playing. The white-breasted lord brandishes his sword.

"The lord's house has a staircase of seven steps. The lord's women keep it neat, and have wonderfully adorned it.

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* Strange as it may appear to a European reader, the poorer classes of the provinces of Ghilan and Mazenderan not only never eat bread, but consider it as a very unhealthy food. An angry husband there, scolding his wife, says, "Go! eat bread, and die!" which is equivalent to our "Go, and be hanged." Their main food is boiled rice, with a bit of salt fish as a ragout. At any time of day you are sure to find an ample provision of it in the pocket of the first peasant you meet. We find something of this kind in the ancient history of England. "Des Ecossais chasseurs des montagnes, se croyant plus nobles que les Pictes leurs voisins, les appellaient par dérision *mangeurs de pain de froment.*" —THIERRY, *Conq. de l'Angl. par les Normans*, vol. ii., p. 70.

† *Bakku*, alias *Badkuba*, a well-known Russian seaport in the province of *Shirvan*.

‡ *Rudbar* is the name of a mountainous district in northern Ghilan, renowned for its plantations of olive-trees. *Khalvar* is a weight equal to about 750 pounds, English.

2. "Yallelly, yallellah! beloved sound of yallellah! This yallelly, yallellah, pleases me; O my sweet girl, why are you so fond of my brother's embraces? Yallelly, &c.

"You have been embroidering, seated in the *tallar**. You presented us with a bundle of raw silk. Yallelly, &c.

"May I die for those crystalline hands; with one needle you make a thousand pictures. Yallelly, &c.

"O you with large eyes, bright and open like cups. You have two young citrons nestled on your breast; why are you so inexorable? In despair I shall kill thee with my sword or my daz. Yallelly, &c.

"I'll put my lips on thine; I'll gently bite thy face with my teeth. Yallelly, &c.

3. "O singers of loulou! O reapers! The khan has come on our rice-field—our slender girdled khan. I bring you this news, you merry girls. I say to the beloved lord, 'Take the sickle, the sickle! Among a hundred youths thou art taller by a head. Merry girls, put aside your shy faces, and be merry.'"

III.—*Pahlevis*†.

1. "Daughter of a Peri! hear me, daughter of a Peri! O had my mother never borne me!

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* *Tallar*, or portico, "open hall," is the front part of the house, supported with wooden columns, where the families sleep, and pass the greatest part of the day during the hot season.

† It is worthy of investigation why the Ghilanis apply *pálevis*

"My mother, having borne me, died. I was given up into the nurse's hands. Heaven did not assist me! The nurse died! I was left to suck goat's milk. Heaven did not assist—the goat died!

2. "O mother, mother! bless me, and forgive me for the milk and the sleepless nights you passed when I sucked from thy breast! Plant flowers and trees on my grave. Dig my grave on a hill, that the rising wind may carry my dust to my country!

3. "Oh! the condition of being a stranger in this country has oppressed my heart. Fate put a chain on my neck. Fate! take this chain off. The dust of a foreign land sticks to the skirts of my coat.

4. "You have tied together the two ends of your kerchief in a graceful knot on your forehead. You are carolling on your father's field like a betrothed one. Your plaited hair smells like violets. O, whoever will kiss you, may his lips wither dry! You are sweet like Syria's honey; like new, tender paste. God knows that my heart has chosen you."

IV.—*The Death of a Foreign Youth.*

"Ya Allah! ya rebballah!*"

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to the songs composed in their own idiom, while to the songs written in pure modern Persian, they give the name *tassnif*, viz., a regular versification; a composition made according to the rules of art. We have alluded to this circumstance in the introduction.

* This burthen is repeated after every stanza, and signifies O God! O Lord God!

"I went into a mosque, and in a corner I saw a youth. He was lying sick. I asked, 'Youth! where are you from?' He answered, 'I am from the city of Bulgar*.' 'Young man,' said I, 'are you acquainted with any body here?' He said, 'I have neither father nor mother who would partake my sorrow. A foreigner has no where to lay his head on. An orphan finds no sympathizing heart, no sweetheart. Physicians call on the sick to give them advice. They come to me and whisper on my head,—He is but a stranger!'

"I asked, 'Young man, what is it you want?' He said, 'An apple, and half a pomegranate.' I went to a bazaar, and bought an apple and half a pomegranate. I returned to the mosque, to the very corner. The youth was no more. I carried him on the border of the river Rudbar; I washed him, and, like a father, I enveloped his corpse in a shroud.

"'Sexton,' called I, 'dig out a grave for the youth.' I carried the sand away with my own hands; I dug it out breast deep.

"I came up to the grave of the youth. I heard him groan. I said, 'Young man! I perceive that you sigh.' He said, 'I did not enjoy my youthful

* The Ghilanis have already forgot the connection which they must have had in olden times, with the Bulgars living on the borders of the Volga. They, however, call the tanned leather imported from Astrakan, *Bulgar leather* (bolgari).

days. Blow, blow on, morning breeze! carry news of me to my aged mother. Tell her,—O my kind mother! thou dost not know what happened to me. I was a fresh rose on the meadow, but on a sudden the leaves and branches dropped down. Mother! thou sattest up long nights giving milk to me. Come, and bless the milk I have sucked from thy lovely breast."

6. "The moon is wonderfully high, and stars behind her. When will the chief of the caravan begin to put on the pack-saddle? I travel three menzills in one night, at full speed, to my faithful sweetheart."

7. "I have tied upon my hand the bracelet from thine own. I am young and alert. I have devoted my heart to thee. I am young and fresh, as an apple, as a pear. I will hug thee, and in thy embraces I will remain the whole night till to-morrow."

8. "We fell in love with one another. May death never separate us! We will pile up a heap of roses, and sit down in its shadow. God! let wicked men die, so that we might never see their shadow."

9. "There are two pomegranates, two apples, and two nuts. We are two lovers, both faithful. Two enemies fell in between us; but God assisted us; they both were taken ill."

10. "With an oppressed heart will I go on the top of the mountain. I saw a small basilisk on the stony ground. Every one asks, 'Why are you so

sad; always sad?' 'Why did I let my dear beloved escape from my arms!'"

11. "Come, girl, I'll kiss thy lips. With my two hand-palms I will take thy two citrons; thy citrons white like snow. Let me have one kiss; but so that thy mother may know nothing about it."

12. "Let violets and poppies shoot up around; the enamoured will shed tears, and lament day and night. I pray,—May my sweetheart's life last a hundred years long. Say, Amen!"

13. *Query.* "It snows, it rains; he does not get wet. Pearls, like rain, fall into the sea. Gold falls upon earth. Who is it? I ask of you *Palevi-Khan**, What bird has got sixty-one wings?"

Answer. "The sun that rises from the east, plunges into the sea and does not get wet. I, Palevi-Khan, answer thee,—The Archangel Gabriel has got sixty-one wings."

14. "Come maiden! In token of our acquaintance, throw thy arm, painted with hanah, round my neck. If any evening you do not call on me, I shall become a kallendar for the whole night, till the dawn of day*."

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* *Palevi-Khan* (from the verb *khaunden*) is a professional singer of the Ghilani songs. A man who knows by heart all the poem of Ferdousy, or all the book of Mahomet, is called *Shahnamah-Khan*, or *Koran-Khan*.

* An allusion to the Persian *dervishes* or *kallendars*, who pass the night in prayers and holy ejaculations: Ya Aly, &c.

15. "O my darling! lofty, unattainable thou art on high. Thy hair is plaited in fourty Frenghi tresses. Many of us thirst for thee. But God knows for which of us thou art longing."

16. "I am an inhabitant of Kalkhal, thou art one of Daliman*. O how much I am pleased with thy kindness! Upon thy youth I intreat thee, do not desert me as long as you can."

17. "O let me fall a victim to the girdle that incircles thee. My soul, my dear, come! I die of the brand thy love has burned on my heart. Whenever a day passes without my seeing thee twice or thrice, I inquire after thee of the birds flying in the air."

18. "O were I on the top of a mountain with my sweetheart! Crystal and jessamine, me and her. Crystal and jessamine. She, the night-flower and I. O! but to die in one shroud! me and her."

19. "The water of Safidrud* reaches to my

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* *Kalkhal* is a mountainous district of *Adarbaijan*, close to the northern frontier of Ghilan. *Daliman* is also a mountainous tract of land belonging to the territory of *Lahijan*, the mother-land of the Deyalim dynasty.

† The *Safidrud* is the largest river in the province of Ghilan. Properly speaking, it is but the continuation of the *Kyzzyl-ouzan*, which, after its junction at *Menjill* with the river of *Shahrud*, changes its name into that of *Safidrud*, and under this new appellation empties itself into the Caspian Sea, at a place where there is a famous fishery of sturgeon.

very neck; it upsets me, it carries me down. Ye Mussulmans! hold me by the hands, by the neck. I have got a bride; I must not die."

20. "Mussulmans! I am coming in a boat to fetch the maid of Resht. I will strew her road with flowers. Let it pour down a shower of swords, I'll not return."

21. *He.* "Come hither maiden. Thy father is a beggar; tell me then, where hast thou got that pair of eyes, rich in beauty, like narcissus?"

She. "What's that to thee that my father is a beggar? It is God that has bestowed on me that pair of narcissus-like eyes."

22. "Come, nightingale, direct thy flight to this street. Sing thy tune, and carry news of me to my beloved. When thou seest him lonely in a corner, tell him: O merciless giaour!"

23. "Mussulmans! I went to a broken-down bridge. I saw a beautiful girl sitting there. Maiden! said I, give me one kiss. Stand aloof, answered she, my wrathful mother sees us."

24. "I am green*; my lover dresses himself in green. He lives at Barfrush. If you wish I'll tell you how to find him. He sells roses in a calico shop."

25. "I am sometimes at Laur, sometimes at

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* *Sabz*, that is, tawny, sunburnt, like the mulattos.

Laurijan*, sometimes in the province of Mazenderan; sometimes I pitch my tent at Tehran, but always with my sweetheart."

26. "Crow with black head, thy wing flutters like a swing. Flying from thence, hast thou not seen my lover? Shouldst thou see him alone, tell him: O merciless Giaouress!

"Crow with black head, with pearl neck. I'll intrust thee with a message, canst thou find him? Should his mother inquire about the health of her son, tell her, 'Thy son is dying.'"

27. "O my spring! how beautiful thou art, Sherefnissa! my soul! Thy breasts are like two ricks of corn, thy bosom like a flower-garden. It is so long since I saw the faces of my friends, that I do not know whether we have spring or winter."

28. "Girl in red shift! Thou hast tied thy hair with three ells of khama†. Thou didst not give me any kiss, though I asked thee so many times. And at last thou camest of thyself and kissed me, unasked.

"Red-shifted girl! thy forehead is like a moon. I'll marry thee before the nughan‡. Thou shalt sit

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* *Laur* and *Laurijan*, are two mountainous districts between *Tehran* and *Amul*, both on the declivities of Demavend.

† A sort of calico.

‡ *Nughan* is the time when the raw silks of Ghilan are exposed for sale, commonly from June to August; the "silk-market."

a hundred years at my house; and when they shall convey thee to me, I'll strew the road with gold."

29. "The sound of the kaleon* delightfully tickles my ear. I am fond of smoking the kaleon through a long naipitch, and of amusing myself with thoughts about this wonderful ordination of God, that wicked men have got beautiful wives."

30. "My darling! thou art in the mountains; I am in Ghilan. Thy shirt is dirty as a foreigner's. I'll wash it in the water of Zemzen† with Tehran soap."

31. "O tall maiden! invite me to thy house. Place me under thy lips—thy teeth. Should I prove faithless to thee, draw a dagger, and kill me as thy victim."

32. "Come nearer to me, maiden! Thou art surprizingly proud. Thou hast roasted me by the fire of thine eyes. Thou hast stuck me on the spit by the tyranny of thy proceedings. Ah! do not burn me any more. I confide in the providence of God."

33. "O Mussulmans! my heart burns and fumes. A certain father has a beautiful daughter. I will tell you how you are to find her. Before the door of her house grows a mulberry-tree."

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* *Kaleon*, the favourite pipe in Persia, as that of *narghila* is in Turkey, and *hokka* in the East Indies.

† The holy water of the Mussulmans.

34. "Sakína! get your slipper-tips made of gold. Sakína, listen to my prayer. Why do you go on foot to bathe? You had better place your slender foot on the stirrup of my horse."

35. "Thou art my nightingale, and my shrub of roses. O would I could rest myself between thy two citrons. Might I pass one night in thy dwelling, there would remain no other desire in my heart."

36. "The rose of thy face has many black moles. He kisses them who has got great riches. I am poor, and have no wealth, but a heart full of sorrow, and rent by many wounds."

37. "Why art thou walking on the shore of the gulf? Hast thou lost a dear friend? Hast thou no fear of God in so dishevelling thy auburn hair?"

38. "Bring the Word of God (Koran), I will prognosticate for thee; and, on the lot being drawn, I shall learn something about thee. The Word of God says, that thou hast some views on my soul, and that, as long as I live, I shall not take another mistress. It is so indeed."

39. "I arrived, at midnight, at the mosque of *Madína*. The bracelets on Sakína's wrists are silver ones. Give me one of them; I will tie it to my girdle; I will embrace the youthful Sakína."

40. "Blow, wind, blow, blow! Carry tidings of me to Sakína at Astrabad. Throw both thy wings on her neck; breast to breast."

41. "On the night, between Friday and Satur-

day, I left Kerman. For the sake of my beloved I made three menzills in twenty-four hours. I arrived, and not finding my sweetheart, I tore my dress to the very skirt."

42. "Mussulmans! fortune does not favour me. Whatever is written down, and noted, in heavenly records, is past remedy. It is in vain that I lay gins in the mountains, and nets in the sea. Does fate prevent a bird falling into my snares?"

43. "My heart is oppressed; thou hast scourged it. I was white, thou hast made me black. I was a bird of freedom, and fluttered my wings everywhere. God knows how my feet got entangled in thy snares."

44. "I went upon the mountain top to tend the herd. I saw there a girl; I was stupified. I said, 'Lass, give me a kiss.' She said, 'Lad, give me some money.' I said, 'The money is in the purse, the purse in the wallet, the wallet on the back of the camel, the camel in Kerman.' She said, 'Thou wishest for a kiss of my lips; the kiss lies behind the teeth, the teeth are locked up with the key, the key is with my mother, who, like thy camel, is at Kerman.'"

45. "I went upon a mountain top. I lamented; I implored the Prince of the Faithful (Aly). O Amir of the faithful; O Shah of the valiant! My heart is sad, make it merry."

46. "There is a wonderfully beautiful mole on

thy face. The whole country of Ghilan is at thy service. From Ghilan to Shiraz, all are victims to thy lips full of smiles."

47. "The moon rose above the top of a high mountain. I hear the trampings of a shoe-tip. My heart told me, 'Thy revolted one is turned in submission.' The tongue uttered, 'Do not be anxious, thy soul, thy heart's heart is returned home.'"

48. "The sultry weather is parching. My soul! let us sit down in the shadow, and drink some water. Mind, lest we should regret too late our not having enjoyed our youthful days."

49. "My heart is oppressed; my voice fails. Cruel fate does not favour me. I do not know whether it is owing to my evil star, or if it is fatality sucked up with my mother's milk, that wherever I find a friend, a foe appears on a sudden."

50. "Red-shifted maiden! I complain of the wound thou hast inflicted on me. I wish for fruits of thy orchard. If thou sellest them I am thy buyer; if thou givest alms, leave some for me."

51. "Red-shifted maiden! my hand is reposing on thy shoulder. Whenever I see thee, the blood boils in me. My blood is like sea-water; a wave draws on a wave. To-day I am thy guest; to-morrow I leave this place."

52. "I am a white falcon. The summits of mountains are my fatherland. I stroll through the world wherever my heart desires. I stroll from

town to town. When I am dead, my own wing will be my shroud."

53. "I am a white falcon with many white and black spots on my gullet. My nest is on a branch upon the mountain. Sportsmen chase me, yet Rustem Zal's son himself cannot overtake me."

54. "Like nightingales in the gardens, thou drinkest water, water.

"The citrons on thy breast are budding round, round. Who allowed the enamoured to sleep in the morning? Thou sleepest, and thy mulberry plantation is browsed by oxen, oxen."

55. "The entrance to the road belongs to thee, the road to me. Thou hast got black hair, I have got a comb for it. Bring thy black eyes, I will throw *surmah** into them. Thou hast got a fair face. I feel a desire."

56. "Come here, maiden, tell me, is thy mother alive? 'Sdeath! hast thou any brother? In our love bill, yet unsettled, there are some remaining kisses to be given and taken; hast thou any remembrance of it or not?"

57. "How long wilt thou wander about and drag me after thee? How long shall I have but those winkings? Thou madest me blind. What is the good of winking at me to-day and to-morrow?

* The well-known cosmetic of the Mussulman ladies, consisting of fine black powder, which they apply to the eyelids, in order to increase the brightness of the eyes.

Thou tookest me young, and madest me an old man by dint of cruelty."

58. "Why dost thou smile when looking at me? thou makest me the slave to thy basilisk eyes. Give into my hands thy citron as thou takest my heart. Thou couldst resuscitate a thousand dead people."

59. "Thou glancedst at me and smiledst,—what for? Thou frownest on me both eyebrows,—what for? If thou dost not love me, why not tell me of it at once? I saw thee and I smiled,—that's all. I am sure I cannot be thine. God would not bless my vow and bond to thee. Fate made me tied by a vow to another."

60. "Thou hast wounded me, wounded. Thou hast roasted me on quick fire. At first thou wert not sparing of sweet words; at last thou hast deceived me."

61. "Thou walkest on a lofty hill, and throwest pebbles at me. O were I a falcon, I would seize thee with my talons."

"If thou wert a falcon and wouldst seize me in thy talons, I would transform myself into a fish and plunge into the sea."

"If thou wert a fish and plungedst into the sea, I would turn a fisher and come to catch thee."

"Shouldst thou turn a fisher and wouldst catch me, I would transform myself into a cloud and fly towards the heavens."

"Shouldst thou transform thyself into a cloud

and fly towards the heavens, I would turn into rain and penetrate thee."

"Shouldst thou transform thyself into rain and penetrate into me, I would turn a herb and root into earth."

"When thou art a herb and strike root into earth, I will turn a sheep and browse upon thee."

"When thou art a sheep and come to browse upon me, I will turn a needle and go to the tailor's shop."

"When thou turnest a needle and goest to the tailor's shop, I will turn a thread and run through the needle's eye."

62. "Once in the morning I went to the Taulish garden. I saw *Gaulish's** daughter reclining on a pillow. I stretched my hand to touch her thick hair. Earth and heaven began to complain against me."

63. "Thou art pleased at Laur, my little girl; thou madest me sick, girl. I am sick and dying, and thou thinkest of another girl."

64. "When going away, thou didst not say anything to me. On my part, being angry, I did not ask when wouldst thou return? O candle of the banquet! O godly light! be happy and well whenever thou shouldst come."

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* *Gaulish*, a shepherd of the Ghilani highlands; a mountain swain, to whose care, in summer time, are committed the flocks of the inhabitants of Lower Ghilan. The Gaulishes, on account of their living in mountains, form a healthy and vigorous race, contrary to their countrymen, emaciated by the swamps.

65. "I have got a head-ache from having had no breakfast. O let such hospitality fall upon thy head! If thou hadst nothing in thy house, why invite a stranger's daughter, to starve her?"

66. "The mulberry-tree ought to have its top lopped*. The lips of a youth ought to be full of smiles. A youth without fortune had better die than live."

67. "Spring, art thou fresher than the breath of my girl? She is honey with butter; pigeon's flesh! Her mother went out; she is prettier than her daughter. I am a foot-stool to the mother; I am mad with love for her daughter."

68. "The spring is come. To be in love is an agreeable thing to heaven. My heart is burning for my neighbour's daughter. What is it my female neighbour resembles?—a sensitive flower†. As often as the wind blows, the flower bends towards me."

69. "I'll squat near the road to watch my green sweetheart. Whoever will attempt to disunite me from that green one, I will treat him first with an arrow, then with a ball."

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* The mulberry plantations in Ghilan are of the kind the French call *mûrier nain*. Every year the top of the tree is cut so as not to allow it to grow taller than a man's height, in order to save the trouble of climbing the tree when gathering leaves in the time of feeding the silk-worm.

† *Guli-Sebbah*.

70. "I sigh so ardently, that the sea-port will be burnt down. First the ship, then the anchor will be burnt. Should I once more sigh, thinking of the cruelty of my sweetheart, perhaps all Ghesker and Mazenderan will be burnt to ashes."

71. "My idol appeared on the platform and went off, just as if my own soul came to my body and then left it. O my friends say nothing, and do not laugh. My idol came, with her eyes full of tears, and went off."

72. "On the night on the eve of Saturday, when my mistress was telling fortunes with the aid of a needle*, my heart fluttered like a dove with her wings. God, transform me into that needle. Let the mistress's hand thrust me into a corner of her handkerchief."

73. "God, transform me into marble, that I may lay myself under her feet. Should an executioner come to shed her blood, I would redeem her life by offering up myself."

74. "Wail, nightingale, wail! I shall wail also. Deplore thou the love of the rose, I shall bewail

* Women in Ghilan practise a kind of fortune-telling by the aid of a needle. It is done in the following manner. The person who wishes to have her fortune told, must stick a needle into a handkerchief or dress which has never been washed; and then she asks anybody present to sing a song. The song constitutes the oracle. It is necessary that the singer should not know the reason of his being asked to sing.

the love of my sweetheart. Lament thou thy rose three months and ten days; I shall beweep my love day and night."

75. "A wonderfully fragrant breeze blew towards the thick bush. Breeze, carry news from us to Gaulish's son. Greet from us the beloved; tell him you found me wetting my pillow with my tears."

76. "I went one morning on the road; I saw a girl in a transparent shift. I said, Maiden, kiss me. She said, I make a present of myself to thee, from the girdle up to the top of my head."

77. "Safidrud's waters flow on a level with its banks. I call at thy house in order to betroth thee; thy father, old giaour, does not consent to it. Let God ordain my cause and thine."

78. "The spring is come, we must pluck roses; we must kiss the lips of maidens. Maidens' lips are cardamons and cloves. Sweet maidens, offer them as presents to young men."

79. "The spring is come; poppies are blooming; the violet is fondling the jessamine shrub. Violet is but a down appearing on a young face. Narcissus is a chalice for wine. Red and white roses are walking on the meadow."

80. "I will go in the garden-alley to pluck greens. I will wash the greens in the brook which flows by the alley. Fetch a golden tray, I'll put greens on it. I will talk with my lover in the street where he lives."

81. "I made a golden ring for thee. Should I come to know that my lover wishes to settle himself in your village, I will build there a gallery of gold with six doors."

82. "One apple, one pomegranate, one quince, and I a stranger; lonely we came to your village. Should I be satisfied that thy sister will consent to be mine, I will build a royal palace for her abode."

83. "A red flower and a white flower; pearls on the neck. Thou canst not bear children; therefore what avail all those ornaments? The rice-field is fertile, its water abundant. The tiller is impotent; what avails the excellence of the soil?"

84. "White rose and red one, gillyflowers and poppies. Thy face bears the mark of my teeth. Get up, we will go and call on Mohammed (for judgment). We shall see who is guilty of breaking the faith."

85. "I sowed sweet basilick seed round thy house. With my hands gave I grains to thy hens. All are acquainted with thee; I alone am a stranger."

86. "Woollen-cloth coat, calico tapes. The mother is a witch, the daughter, a rose and thorns. I feared thee like a lion, like a leopard. At last thou gavest me up to the power of sorrow."

87.—*A Dying Girl.*

"O mother! bless the milk I sucked from thy breast. Plant an apple-tree on my grave. Distri-

bute my unfinished clothes to secure prayers for my soul. Comfort my kindred and relations."

88. *A Female Stranger.*

"O mother, mother! I have no peace. It is time to pluck roses. I have no skirt to gather them into. It is time to offer nosegays to the beloved, I am in a foreign country. I do not hear from my relations."

89. "The stars on heavens are bright as so many golden ducats. News has reached me that my lover is ill. I have tied up some apples and pomegranates in my handkerchief. I will go and see my lover."

90. "Tree by the rice field! The vine will not cling to thee. My sweetheart is young, warning has no effect upon her. Oh, let anybody boast of having embraced my sweetheart; both his eyes will turn sore and shall never heal."

91. "I tilled on the top of a high mountain. I will give a tray full of pearls and a tray full of gold to him who will bring me news from my mother. I will cover him with pearls and heap upon him a khâlvar of silk."

92. *The Curse of Gaulish.*

"I sigh and regret the pasture grounds of Deliman. Milk forty cows and have no butter-milk to quench your thirst. Die and be not buried till the

very doomsday. Pass over the bridge of Selaut*, and have no stick in hand to support you."

93. *The Affianced.*

"Pleasingly soars the starling towards the blue sky. Pleasingly walks on the ground my affianced boy. God grant me starling's colours. With the pair of my enamelled wings I would embrace the neck of my betrothed."

94. "I have no mother! no mother! no mother! Like a dry withered tree, I have no branches. O blasted tree! fall on my head. My mother's brand remains on my heart."

95. *The Drowned.*

"I rode on a black horse towards my house. Death overtook me on the bank of the river. Death, do not kill me, I am still young. I would remain as a remembrance left in the world by my father and my mother."

96. "I was climbing up a mountain, my foot slipped. Crows and magpies burst out laughing. Crows and magpies, do not laugh!—my heart is crushed under the oppression by the words of slandering men."

97. "Crow! thou hast a black head and an ash-

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* *Selaut*, the well-known bridge of the Koran, said to lead to the paradise of the Mahommedans.

coloured neck. I have got some news, canst thou convey it? Bear my tale to my mother. Tell her her daughter is ill; dying."

98. "She threw two nosegays of flowers into a niche. The one is myself, the other my betrothed. Thou didst warble a tune from it and I felt a delight. In the embraces of my betrothed, sleep forsakes me."

99. I hold a crystal kaleon in my palm. Over the bridge will I lead my affianced to Meshed. I have a glass kaleon, hang it on a peg. Besprinkle with rose-water the breast and the beard of my affianced!"

100. "Sing, sing, sister! Thy voice is my soul. The voice is but a sound; thy breast's citrons are my soul. I sing loulou. I have no accompanier. My accompanier is my sister. I have not my love by my side."

101. "Cock, do not flutter thy wings, it is not morning yet. Does my darling sleep or wake? I do not know. There is a God, O cock, he will strike thee dumb, dumb. Thou wakest me of a sweet sleep."

102. *Question.* "The sound of the flail reached me at midnight." 'Flail, does not sleep overcome thee?'

Answer. "I am but a piece of dry timber. The noise I cannot help. The landlord is in love; he is sleepless."

103. "Gardener, thy garden is not a common

one; but, look for another gardener. The orchard is overgrown with weeds." "Madam! madam! 'tis you I am calling on—as long as you are walking in the garden, I am a gardener!"

104. "I bought leathern shoes for Khanuma's feet. I am afraid she will run away as soon as she puts them on. I may be destined to remain alone."

105, 106, 107. *Three Songs on Mirza Latif*.*

"Mirza Latif is very young; a most choice flower in a nosegay of roses, buried under a tomb. 'Alas!' cries he, 'alas, I am dead! my unsatisfied desires remained in my heart, buried with me!'

* * * * *

"I bought a variegated handkerchief for my lover. There is a beautiful black mole on her face. Alas, alas! I died when still young! Lament, my sister, you have no other brother!

"I bought a red shirt; it did not touch the body of my betrothed. The fondest wish of my heart remained unfulfilled. (Alas, alas! I died when yet young, leaving a lovely bride.")

108, 109, 110, 111.

[Four songs on the poet Boghyr-Jan, who, having fallen in love with his sister-in-slaw, was poisoned with a drug introduced in the black raspber-

* We could not find out who this Mirza Latif was.

ries and roast meat, while sitting at his brother's table. The Ghilanis attribute many palavis to him.]

"Prunes thrive abundantly in Khalkhal. My brother has got a branch of roses for his wife. Look, sister! my flower is come! The blue-eyed girl is come into my embraces!"

* * * * *

"Plums thrive abundantly; the branches crack under the weight of the fruit. My brother's wife is like a brooding hen. O God! what's to be done? Such is the decree of fate. Pleasing is Boghyr-Jan's song."

* * * * *

"Boghyr-Jan called, 'Sister Halima! come to me—sit down. God is merciful.' Boghyr said, 'I will not eat any raspberries. I am young and robust. O how painfully the soul struggles in leaving the body!'

* * * * *

"Boghyr-Jan said, 'I shall eat no *shaum**' Boghyr-Jan's hair bends on his forehead. O God! what is to be done? Such is the will of fate. How pleasing is Boghyr-Jan's song."

112, 113, 114, 115, 116.

[The five following stanzas are consecrated to the memory of Siyd, who was killed in a love affair in *Sheft*, a mountainous district of Ghilan, to the

* A kind of roast meat with onions.

north of the town of *Fuman*, and but one day's distance from *Resht*.]

"Box-tree! may thy trunk and roots wither dry! In thy shadow, Agha Mir-Murad has been murdered! Woe, woe! the flower season is come. My mother died! Mir-Murad fell asleep!"

* * * * *

"Gun-maker! may thy hand wither dry! Thou madest the gun that killed Mir-Murad! Woe, woe! the flower season is come. The blue-eyed girl is come to my embraces."

* * * * *

"O mother! I will go into the garden to pluck coriander. I will bring scented coriander for Agha Mir-Murad. Woe, woe! the flower season is come. My mother died! Agha Mir-Murad fell asleep."

* * * * *

"O mother! mother! I'll go to the tallar to fetch some milk. I'll bring a bottle of rose-water to besprinkle Mir-Murad's beard with. Woe, woe! the flower season is come. My mother died! Agha Mir-Murad fell asleep!"

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"Armourer! may thy right arm wither dry! Thou madest the sabre that killed Mir-Murad! Woe, woe! the flower season is come. My mother died! Agha Mir-Murad fell asleep*!"

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* There is a great deal of pathos in the *ritournelle* which

117. [Ghilani women are celebrated, and not without reason, for the sway they hold over their husbands. In all Persia, there are nowhere, as in Ghilan, so many examples of husbands having but one wife. This custom extends even to the wealthier classes of the community. In villages, poor women are often seen in silk dresses; and none will go to weed the rice-field until her husband has got something new made for her. The following lay is a satire on female sway. A peasant's wife is in the house with her lover; the husband comes; the lover is concealed and locked up in an empty chest. The wife, angry at her husband's intruding upon her, is determined to be avenged. Under pretence that she wants to buy something in the town, she herself gets on horseback, and bids her husband carry on his back, and afoot, the chest, with the lover enclosed within. Here is the dialogue the husband and the wife held on their way:]

She. "My dear, you are on the shoulders of a Ghilek*, who walks on foot. 'Tis hard for you; but never mind that. I ride on a quadruped. God bless you!"

He. "My dear, I must ease my shoulders. Onwards! onwards! let us go! God bless us!"

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ends each stanza. The distressed maid cannot believe that she has lost at once her mother and her lover; she fancies that the latter is only asleep.

† A native of Ghilan.

(Saying these words he threw the chest into a ditch.)

118. "I go here—I find thorns; I go there—I find thorns. The master wears clothes bespangled with gold. Box-tree, thou wilt be fit for *tillembar**. The silk-cods that feed on thee will yield a *khalvar* of silk."

119. "Fifer's daughter! adorn thy head with beads. Mollah's daughter! thy look has killed me! Black-eyed tall one! what does it signify that there is a little black mole on thy face?"

120. "I arrived at Hamadan. They gave me plenty of bread and cheese. God bless you, host!"

121. "The night, the whole night, am I burning like a candle. The lover's shirt was in my hands; I sewed it up. My sweetheart said, 'This seam thou hast sewed awry.' 'I am no tailor, my dear; I sew out of love.'"

122. "Art thou coming down from the platform? O thou clothed with an olive-coloured coat, I told my heart thou shouldst have it. Art thou a polisher of jewels, that thou hast smoothed such a precious one as my heart?"

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* *Tillembar*, a thatched house where the silkworms are bred. The occurrence alluded to in this song is as follows: An angry landlord drives before him, through the thorny bushes, one of his peasants, and bids him cut some box-tree branches, which are to be given to silkworms, in order to facilitate the spinning of cods: a true local picture.

123. "He feels no fear of death who truly loves. He never fears fetters nor prison. A lover's heart is like a famished wolf, because the wolf does not mind a shepherd's cries."

124. "I was knocking at the door till midnight; they did not open. I looked for my sweetheart; my little soul did not appear. The watchmen came; they tied both my hands. No lover was ever abused like me."

125. "My heart and the mistress of my heart are at Mazenderan. Is then paper so dear at Mazenderan? If thou hast no paper, write to me on an orange leaf. Is then the sight of my sweetheart forbidden by religion?"

126. "On the high balcony, me and thee, we will pitch a tent and will roll on carpets together, me and thee. And on the morning wind blowing upon us, my hair shall mingle and braid with thine."

127. "At the season for eating mulberries, I was thy sweetheart. Now, when thou hast found sugar elsewhere, thou hast forsaken me alone under the mulberry tree. Patience! time will come when, satiated with sugar, thou wilt turn into a sparrow, and come back to the mulberries."

128. "Is your mole an European one, hem? Thy lips, are they a lump of sugar, hem? My heart thirsts for thine. Is thy heart a piece of stone, hem?"

129. "When thou wilt send an apple, send it accompanied with some stanzas from Saady. Send a citron as sweet as sugar-candy. But especially choose a messenger of undoubted fidelity, and send him when there shall be nobody at home."

130. "The garter is blue, and its tape is blue too. Who was that foreigner in your town? That poor foreigner, it was I. I was in your garden, a pomegranate full of grains."

131. "If thou art the moon, I am the star of the day. If thou art silver, I am a turquoise, a jewel in the ring. If thou wilt boast of thy being more beauteous, I will say,—Thou art a pearl shining in the night by thine own brightness, but I am shah and gold (viz, having the power of taking thee by force, or to purchase thee)."

132. "O my darling! my heart is turned mad for thee. Thou forbadest me to call at thy house. Thou badest me sleep in the mosque. My body is in the mosque, my heart in thy house."

133. "In the spring, amidst the flowers, I should not wish to die. In summer, the season of labour, I should not wish to die. In autumn, I am too fond of walking, I should not like to die. In winter, such a cold season, I should not like to die. No, I'll never die!"

Song on the Flower "Elephas Rhinantos."*

134. "Shut the door, shut the little door. Drive in pins on the threshold. Hide thyself, hide! impure giaours are coming."

Lahijani Song.

[There are in Ghilan cocks of extraordinary size and famous fighters. As the highlanders of Ghilan have their bull and ram-fights, so likewise the inhabitants of the plains have their cock-fights. In this lay, one of the amateurs holds a discourse with his cock, which was the loser.]

135. "Alas, cock! poor cock; thou ran'st away, away to the very door of the nest, cock. When thou art fed, thou devourest the best grains; the pearls. At the time of fighting, thou ran'st to the henhouse, cock! Fie on thee! Thou hast got for

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* The *elephas rhinantos*, one of the earliest flowers of the Ghilani spring, has on its chalice a protuberance between two black spots, which, according to a Ghilani tradition, are in remembrance of the eyes and nose of a maiden who was metamorphosed into that flower, when praying God to deliver her from the grasp of some brutal pursuers. It is common to see, in March, when the flower is in its bloom, the girls gather it, and sing over it the above strain. Great is their joy if a breeze moves the flower, because they imagine that *poor Bibi-Kanah* (the name of the transformed girl) is thanking them. The flower is also called by them Bibi-Kanah.

a refuge, a sewer, an egg, and a nest. Shame! thou dost not know what it is to fight; thou valiant cock! I told thee a hundred times, crow gently thy *cocareekoo* (cock-a-doodle-doo), or else, lo! a ferret will come directly to thy henhouse, cock."

SONGS OF THE RUDBAR HIGHLANDERS*.

1. "I was going to Ghilan, to let my ass for pack-saddling. I saw a Ghilan girl; I was stupified. 'Ghilan girl! give me one kiss.' My companions went off; I remained alone. 'Thy companions are gone off; God bless them! I am thy sweetheart till the very doomsday.'

2. "'Girl on the rice field! I'll make a shade for thee, to shelter thee from the burning sun. Give me thy breast's two citrons; I will hold them for thee, if thou findest them too heavy.' 'My citrons are thy property, but leave them in pledge with me. I must work on the field, and have no time.' 'Ghilan girl! woe to me, woe! the scent of thy citrons has intoxicated me.'"

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* There are many Rudbars in Persia distinguished by an additional name: so Rudbari-Alenghe is a district of Teheran; Rudbari-Alemout belongs to Kazvin. The country in question is Rudbari-Zeitun, alluded to before, and so called on account of the olive-trees it abounds with.

3. "A Rudbarer, I go to Rudbar. I saw a girl by the orange-tree. God! let that tree become fruitless. I pine away of love for my darling."

4. "Nightingale! how long wilt thou lament on the branch of the tree? Thou turnedst me mad. O mayst thou be struck dumb. Thou art lamenting three months, and nine months thou art dumb, and lazily sauntering. If thou art brave, lament unceasingly the whole year long."

5. "Two apples, two locks of hair, and two buds. Take all the six, and carry them to my young sweetheart. Give me two tresses of thy black hair; I will tie them upon my violin for a remembrance."

6. "She was sitting opposite, on a balcony; two eyes towards me, two hands upon the kaleon. God! may thy tutors and counsellors be dead. Thou art a beautiful rose; I am a fresh flower of sweet basilic (reyhan)."

7. "In a dark night, when wolves carry away sheep, come, with thy black hair dishevelled. Should thy mother enquire, tell her,—My heart was a gift of God; I gave it to a dervish as alms."

8. "Come nearer, girl! I am intoxicated with the fragrance thou exhalest. Amidst so many girls I have devoted my heart to thee alone. Amidst the girlish fruits of beauty, thou art my peach, my pear. O! when wilt thou repose on my breast from dusk till dawn?"

SONGS OF THE TAULISHES.

THE following particulars about the origin of the Taulishes, which I have gathered on the spot, will not, I trust, be without interest in the absence of better authority.

In the eleventh century, one of the descendants of Chengiz-khan, probably Khuda-Benda, with the advice and aid of his vizier, Amir Chopan, settled some hundreds of tribes upon the east shore of the Caspian Sea, between the provinces of Ghesker and Aderbaijan. Taulish was the commander of that colony. His name was afterwards given, not only to those Mongols who have quite disappeared, as if merged in the Persian people found there, but even the aborigines themselves have adopted the name of their foreign conquerors, as has more than once happened in history. All the tribes, from Dinachal to Lenkoran, are, till now, called Taulishes. Their begs, or nobility, talk Turkish, but the people hardly understand it; amongst themselves, as well as when talking with their masters, they use their own old Zendo-Persian patois; and, although some Turkish alloy can be traced in its syntax, as will be shown in the text, it has preserved all the ancient forms, even better than the Ghilek language. The

reason of it may be this: that the inhabitants of Taulish consider themselves as an independent nation, and are always unwilling to mix themselves, by matrimonial ties, with the rest of the Ghilanis, whom they consider as strangers. Moreover, there never existed in their country such large towns as Resht, Lahijan, &c., where the nobility, talking the language of the court, must have had more or less influence in altering the language of the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages. The Taulish patois abounds in vowels and broad dipthongs; and, on account of its harmony, can be called the Italian of the Persian idioms.

1. "O my girl, my beautiful girl! Berry of the grape! You wear a gold buckle and a silver comb in your plaited hair. O God! dispose it so that I may take with one hand her plait, and her comb with the other."

2. "Maid! O my maiden! Your name is the flower-garden; your shift is a silk one; your hands are tattooed. The day will come when I'll go to your abode, and throw those ornamented hands of yours on my happy neck."

3. "Girl! O my girl! bunch of mint! Upon whom did you lean your shoulders and back? (*i. e.*, whom did you fall in love with?) I wish a sheaf of love's arrows would strike your heart, as the fire that spreads a gleam on the sea."

4. "Girl! your charms have killed me. O my girl! Your neck is as that of a crane; your two eyes like those of a hawk. The works of God strike me with astonishment. Over the head of one dove there is a war between two hawks."

5. "You have prepared the kaleon only for one person; my heart is done, through jealousy, into roast meat. I adore but one. Seventy angels came into heaven, and all of them threw themselves on their faces before the one God."

6. "Call there, where there is somebody to come at your calling. Tie a tame owl near a net and a gin*. It is a pity to pluck a rose and not to use it. In order to obtain what one wishes, one wants a great deal of patience."

7. "A sportsman catching hawks will never get old. My eyes are never tired with looking on the path you are coming by. Whoever sincerely and strongly commits himself to a master's discretion, will never have his wishes fulfilled."

8 "I was a lover in the embraces of your Reyhana; O son of my dead enemy, you slandered me and made me bitter in the eyes of my beloved."

9. "The night passed, the day disappeared, my

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* An allusion to the manner in which the Persians catch hawks. They surround with a net an owl tied to a peg. The wild hawks come (according to the Persians, they are enamoured with the owl's eyes), and are caught.

beloved did not come. The nightingales slumber; he does not come. The star of the night stands opposite the moon, the dawn appears; my beloved does not come."

10. "O beautiful girl! your name is the constellation of the pleiades; you tie round your waist a shawl of a thousand colours. Let Mahdi, master of future time, sit and govern the affairs of the world; let the heroes Aly and Rustem go and fight the battle."

11. "I am a leopard's son, a leopard's offspring I am. I never could bear injustice and infamy. O God, O Lord, avert infamy from me. I know that my sweetheart has many colours (is false to me)."

12. "Sometimes a hawk is to be launched, sometimes a falcon. Hand them to the hunter during the sport. Be a saint, but at the same time look for a master. They who trust too much to themselves, are often deceived."

13. "O girl with a red shirt! your yellow spencer shines beautifully. You went away from here and left me in sorrow. But the wheel of fate turns round. Be aware that my turn will come, and pains I will repay with pains."

14. "O help! help! I have lost my guiding star. My rudder is broken, my anchor lost, and my sail torn; the vessel sinks to the bottom of the sea. Neither the vessel nor the sail is visible."

15. "O woe to me! I am looking on those

numerous mountains*, as on the many misfortunes which I have experienced. I pity you, old hunters; where you expect a leopard, I see crocodiles."

MAZENDERANI SONGS.

THE following eighteen songs, written in Mazenderani patois, are selected from the most popular ones of that country, and, with the exception of the 16th and 17th, are attributed to their favorite national poet *Sheikhi-Tabersy*, better known under the nickname of Amiry. His poetical compositions are prized not only in his own country, Mazenderan, but throughout all Persia, where his "divan," or complete works, is easily procured.

1. "Amir says, 'the plain of Pahzavar is beautiful. Pahzavar, towards the spring, is beautiful. Calico in nosegays and variegated chintzes are beautiful. Among the women, those that wear blue shalvars are beautiful."

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* In the original *bendan*, plural of *bend* or *vend;* a word now obliterated in modern Persian, and not found in any dictionary; but it must have been a very common one in ancient times, as can be proved by the still existing appellations of mountains and tribes, as *Demavend, Alvend, Kyassavend,* &c.

2. "When you have washed your face, the light radiates from it. The rain of blooming roses pours on your breast. You are my cypress tree; I am ripe fruit for you. Come, let us twist our arms round one another, 'tis my aim."

3. "In the land of Pahzavar I am called the prince of roses. With spade in hand I make a furrow next to the seed-plot where the first rice has been sown. Tell the rose-faced Gouhera to take a little calf and hold it to her breast. A calf taken from a stranger's hand, is faithless to its mother, so is Gouhera herself."

4. "Amir says, 'O were I young once more! O were I a gardener on the field of Kerseng. Gouhera my soul, would be my Leyla, and I would be her Majnún. I would be a victim to every curl of her hair."

5. *Question.*—"Beautiful girl! thy body is of ivory and crystal. Can you take me on your breast for one night?"

Answer.—"When I am sure that you will not betray me, I will shelter you under the folds of my veil."

6. "How sweet it is in this world to recline on Kija's* sofa. To contemplate Kija from her breast to her little feet. The nightingale sleeps in the garden of roses. I sleep in Kija's bower.

* *Kija*, in the Mazenderani dialect, is "girl, maiden."

Fate destroys other men, but I die from pain caused by cruel Kija.

7. "Do not beckon with thy hand. I have not strength enough to bear that charming nod. I have no strength to withstand the attractions of your black plaited hair. Your hair needs rose water. I have not got any. The lover must have gold. I have not a grain of barley."

8. "Amir says, Heaven pours out rain, the earth gets wet. My foot slid, my ass escaped. Rose-faced Gouhera! come, let us go in search of my ass. I, my ass, my package, we were all three going to call on you."

9. "My eyes are the river Tajan, my body is Tajan-rush. My heart dwells near you. Why then, say you, 'do not come near me?'"

10. "Your hair is like a fragrant bush; its curls are spread on your shoulders like so many jinns. That down on your face is like so many little violets under a nosegay of roses. O let those blooms of beauty remain harmless on thy head, and adorn it with everlasting graces. I will exclaim with the verse of the Koran: 'Go out, O flame, and do homage to Abraham*!'"

11. "Your teeth are mother-of-pearl, your lips

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* A quotation from the Koran, sur. 21, v. 69. Abraham, seeing a burning shrub, was frightened. God ordered the fire to go out and honour Abraham.

are honey. After the harvest of thy beauty, the sphere of heaven itself, like a poor gleaner, humbly picks up the ears of corn thou hast neglected. Your face is flaming with the vermilion colours of roses. O if it is a fire, let me throw myself into it, and be consumed."

12. "O flower of flowers! O my rosy-cheeked Gouhera! Your body is a garden; two foremost buds of spring open on your breast. Whosoever comes to gather those precious flowers, tell him: Amir has sown them here for his Gouhera."

13. "The summer sun begins to be intolerably parching. A mountaineer's sweetheart is preparing to depart for the cool mountains*. She will finish her preparations to-day, and will set off to-morrow. I wish to God the bridge on the river Mangula was broken. Before they could cut timber enough to repair the bridge, a year would have passed and she would remain with us."

14. "I was standing on the steep bank of the river Babul†. My playful sweetheart pushed me and threw me into the water. Standing on a dry

* The inhabitants of villages and towns situated in the woody plains of Mazenderan, retire into the mountains at the beginning of every summer, and there pass the dog-days. Mangula is the name of a river near the city of Amul.

† *Babul*, one of the largest rivers of Mazenderan, flows by the town of Barfrush, and empties itself into the Caspian Sea, near a place called *Mashadi-ser*.

spot, she called to me, 'Come up! come upon the surface!'"

15. [The following song alludes to a passage of some Mussulman traditionary saying in which God says, "I am a treasure. I will love the wise man who will understand me."]

"I have untied the knot of the enigma: 'I am a treasure!' God, that eternal being, taught me all his mystic names*. I am the lump of that clay which the Creator had been kneading for forty days. I am a pearl of the highest price. O my sweetheart, dare not to think little of me."

16. *A Daughter to her Mother.*

"Mother, do not keep me any longer at home, but marry me; only, Oh! not to a native of Aliabad†. The inhabitants of that town are always with pen in hand. Mother, my soul, do not give

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* Koran ch. vii. vs. 10—26. "Adam was taught by God the names of all things, and then made to display his knowledge before the angels, who, having no terms of their own for them, were thus compelled to acknowledge man's superiority to themselves." THOMPSON'S *Akhlák i Jaláły*, page 51.

† Aliabad is a large village near Sary, the capital of Mazenderarn. It is the birth-place of many distinguished ministers of the court of Teheran, as Mirza-Aly, Mirza-Taghi, &c. The girl objects to marry a native of Mazenderan, as, on account of its bad climate, the men are usually lean, and of yellow complexion. The women, however, are generally very fair and beautiful.

away those intoxicated-with-love eyes of mine to an emaciated, yellow, rotten Aliabadi.

"Mother, do not keep me any longer at home, but marry me; only, oh! not to a native of Barfrush*. Its inhabitants wear ugly pelts in winter. Mother, my soul! do not give me away to a Barfrushi; he wears ear-rings, he is meagre, withered, and rotten.

"Mother, do not keep me any longer at home, marry me; but oh! not to a peasant of Pahzavar†. Every man there is a *chalvadar* (muleteer). He is carrying coals, covered with mud all over. Mother, my soul! don't give away those love-inspiring eyes of mine to such a ghost. A Pahzavarian is lean, withered, and rotten.

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* Barfrush is the chief commercial town in Mazenderan. The river Babul, which traverses the town, empties itself into the sea at a distance of sixteen miles from it, and makes the transport of goods very easy. Its inhabitants, before 1831, amounted to fifty thousand, but the plague and the cholera, which raged there in that year, swept away nearly three-fourths of them. The wealthier classes are, almost without exception, engaged in commercial pursuits; while the poorer keep mules for the purpose of carrying goods over the muddy roads from Mazenderan to Teheran and Kazvin.

† Pahzavar is the name of a province on the sea-side, through which the river Babul flows. The shah and the grandees of Teheran are fond of filling their harems with Pahzavar women, who are the most beautiful in Mazenderan. We have seen that Pahzavar was the birth-place of the popular poet, Amiry.

17.—*Inshaallah**.

"It is a gloomy day; Inshaallah! I cannot find my rosy-cheeked boy; Inshaallah! the cruel people have ravished him from me; Inshaallah! They tied him up to an orange-tree; Inshaallah! They beat the poor creature with rods and cudgels; Inshaallah!

"Oh orange-tree†! let thy roots dry up! Inshaallah! Cruel men! do not kill my rosy-cheeked sweetheart; Inshaallah! He was ordered to pay a fine; Inshaallah! A fine of five shahis‡, round, coined shahis; Inshaallah! He is poor, but I will make up the sum, and bring it to you. Inshaallah!

"The rice-fields extend on all sides; Inshaallah! Oh how sweet it is to meet a sweetheart in a

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* *Inshaallah!* "If it please God." An Arabian expression often heard from the lips of the Persians. In verse 25, chap. viii of the Koran, Muslims are forbidden to say they will do anything without adding, "If it please God."

† Orange-trees are very common in Mazenderan, particularly those bearing sour fruit (*nareng*). They are so abundant at Sary, that the roofs of the houses disappear in the exhuberant foliage of the orange thickets. The view of that town from its walls presents one extensive orange plantation, with the red roofs shooting out here and there from the dark verdure of the trees. In spring, the air is so full of the fragrance of the orange blossom, that persons not used to it often suffer a head-ache from the powerful aroma. Such at least was the effect produced on me during my stay at that place.

‡ The gold and silver coins which the Shah distributes as his bounty on the festival of Nouruz, are so called.

solitary bower; Inshaallah! I encircled her with my arms, and she fainted away on my bosom; Inshaallah! I came once, unawares when she was boiling beet-roots in a pot; Inshaallah! She rubbed with fingers her youthful breast; Inshaallah! Sitting at the fire-side, she was preparing a meal for us both; Inshaallah! And the sweet remembrance of her lover's caresses brought tears to her eyes; Inshaallah!"

EXAMPLES OF THE TEXTS.

A SPECIMEN OF KURROGLOU'S IMPROVISATIONS.

(Meeting VI., pages 165, 166, 169, 173, 175.)

قیرات سز دنیالار سنه حرام دور اینان کوراوغلی
قیرات که النده کیدتی وور باشویان کوراوغلی
قیراتی الله دن ایسته قیراتون قویروق گل دسته
مراد حاصل اولور اوسته یترسون خدا کوراوغلی
درین دریالارا دالدوم قیرات دردین جانا سالدوم
چونکه دکیرمانچی اولدوم چاقورکلسون دن کوراوغلی

عرب اتون تعریفنی ایلرم ابریشم تلیندن یالی گرک دور
بوقاناق اپاخلی یونما دورناخلی بر حقّه کمشدن نعلی کرکدور
اصلی محمودی دور تاسما بویونلو میدانه کیرنده یوز مین اویونلو
قارچقاق باخشلو اچ قورت یمکینلو اورتاسی قولانه دولو کرک دور

ترکستان اپلنده اله سالدوقوم عمر منین بسلدوقوم قیرات گل
سن دشمنین برتکه نون النه عمر منین بسلدوقوم قیرات کل
بر باتمان دمیردن چکدیم دمینی اجوقلان اوچ کون یمز یمنی
قرق اتاجدا بلندرمز نمینی عمر منین بسلدوقوم قیرات کل

چایدن ادلاتمشدون کولوم ایزّینی
اوپدوم دورناخنی آلا کزّی
کوراوغلی دیر شکر کوردوم اوزینی
عمر منین بسلدوقوم قیرات کل

It would be of little moment here to point out minutely the many orthographical and other discrepancies of this sample with the Osmanli dialect. Any person, well acquainted with the latter, will make it out after some minutes of close examination. The main difference consists in the manner of pronouncing the same words. Some years ago, when Hussein Khan came to the court of the Sultan, in quality of ambassador from the present Shah, all the Osmanlis laughed at his foreign accent, and, as they called it, his barbarous (*ajemí*) Turkish. However, the fact is, that the language of Persian Turks (which I call so for want of a better name) is far more pure, that is to say, nearer to the mother sources of Jagataï and Oigur, than the present Osmanli. This latter, notwithstanding its boasted euphony, and its rich literature, is but a bastard idiom, a strange amalgam of Arabic, Persian, and Jagataï, neither of which is pronounced rightly by the speakers. But, to return to our subject, the difference between Perso-Turkish and Osmanli: the first abounds more in vowels; its pronunciation is more broad; it has not *sager-nún*, nor any other nasal consonants. The two dialects disagree in the use of Arabic ق, ك, خ, غ, when applied to spelling the Turkish words; and both confound س with ص, and م with ب, as will be better seen by the following example, where the same song is written after the two respective systems:—

*Perso-Turkish**.	*Osmanli*.
فرّخ کدر بازاردا	فروخ کیدر بازارده
دونی قزارا قزارا	دونی قزاره قزاره
قورخارم کله نظرا	قورقارم کله نظره
امان فرخ یاندی جانم	امان فروخ یاندی جانم
ناز ایلمه توکما قانم	ناز ایلمه دوکمه قانم
فرخین دونی قرمزی	فروخک دونی قرمزی
ایلاب ایلاب یانار اوزی	یلاب یلاب یانار یوزی
فرخ اُلوپ کورپه قوزی	فروخ اولوب کرپه قوزی
فرخین کُزی ال ایلر	فروخک کوزی ال ایلر
منم گونولوم خیال ایلر	متم کوکلوم خیال ایلر
کافری مسلمان ایلر	کافری مسلمان ایلر
ا دین کاغذا یازدریم	ادین کاغذه یازارم
قوینمه سالم کزدرم	قوینمه صالوب کزدورم
سنی اتاندان ازدریم	سنی اتاندن ازدورم
امان فرخ یاندی جانم	امان فروخ یاندی جانم
ناز ایلمه توکما قانم	ناز ایلمه دوکمه قانم

The difference, as we see, is but trifling, and sensible rather to the ear than to the eye. The people of the Trans-Caucasian provinces, those of

* The translation may be found at page 349, number X.

northern Persia, and the Turkish nomads settled in it, speak this idiom. It is of course the language of Kurroglou and of the Turkish songs of our collection.

We shall close this sketch with a specimen of a Turkman dialect, that is to say, of the Turkman Tukas, encamped on Attok, or northern territories of the Khorasanian Alburz.

اقالار قانیم اوستنه علی شیر اصلان یریسون
بارچه درده درمان قلن حکیم لقمان یریسون
او چولی مغان دشتندن دینی اصلنین یولندن
اقالار تکه ایلندن ملا بکنج خان یریسون
وروش کونندہ شدّتلو کسر قلیچ عرب اتلو
اقالار هاتم صفتلو قورت کلّه زمان یریسون
ات منیب جبده کترن قووب دشمنه یترن
شایسته قولّق بترن باطر کیمور خان یریسون
خواجه کلدی خواجه منلو بابا اونبکی اوزنلو
وروش کونندہ قورت چنکلّی خان محمد قابان یریسون

For the translation, look to number I, page 381.

SOME SPECIMENS OF GHILEK SONGS.

1

(Pages 467 to 472.)

نوروزیها

سلام سلام می[1] اقا سلام بکودم[2] ترا
رخصت ایسا[3] امارا[4] اما[5] بایم[6] بەسرا

نو روز ترامبارك بی نوروز ترا مبا رك

اقا سلامت میکنم میرزا سلامت میکنم
خود را غلامت میکنم دعا بجانت میکنم

نو روز ترا مبا رك وغیرە

ای خانخای[7] روبەرو مارا مگردان کو بەکو[8]
حلوا نباشد دندەکو[9] بخش[10] مرا جدا بکو[11]

[1] می, *mee* Persian من, *meus*, Turkish syntax; [2] بکودم, for Persian کردم, "I did;" [3] ایسا *eessa*, third person of conditional mood, present, "if the permission is (given);" [4] امارا, dative of plural [5] اما, *ama*, "we;" [6] بایم *baeem*, for Persian بیایم, "we will come;" [7] خانخا *khanekha*, "landlord, master of the house;" [8] کو بکو *koo be koo*, for Persian کوه بکوه, "from one mountain to another;" [11] بکو *bekoo*, imperative, "do,"

نو روز ترا و غیرہ

رفتم بہ سر پردی[12] دیدم دختری کردی
ای قحبہ دلم بردی ترا نو روز مبا رکبی
نو روز حالا[13] حوری[14] نہ شکفتہ گل سوری[15]
این سوری پیغمبری ترا نوروز مبارک بی
نوروز شد نوروز شد عالم همہ فیروز شد
دیکر نماندہ روز شد بابا بدہ نوروز یرا

نو روز ترا مبارک و غیرہ

نارنج دلکی[16] تی‌تی[17] ترنج[18] دلکی تی‌تی
نخو ردہ رنگ ندیمہ[19] کیوانی[20] مرگ بدیمہ[21]

نو روز ترا مبارک و غیرہ

او[22] مانگہ[23] بدین[24] مانگہ بہ‌تاویستہ[25] تی دانگہ[26]

Persian پردہ; [12] پرد *purd*, "bridge;" [13] حالا حوری[14] *halla hoori*, two exclamations, the probable meaning of which is suggested in the translation, as well as that of *súri;* [14] دلکی *dilleki*, diminutive, from *dille*, which itself is "diminutive," from *dar*, "tree, bush;" [17] تی‌تی *titi*, "the buds of a flower," Persian *boota;* [18] ترنج *turinj*, "a species of lemon;" [19] ندیمہ *nedíme*, negative, "I have not seen," for Persian *ne dídem*, affirmative of the same tense is in the following verse, [21] بدیمہ, for Persian *dídem*; [20] کیوانی *keiváni*, "landlady, mistress," the same as the *banú* and *bibi;* [22] او, for Persian ان, "that;" [23] مانگہ

تو خفته من اگه[27] ترا نو روز مبارک‌بی
عروس سر دسمال[28] ارواح گور[29] تی[30] مار[31]
هرگز نشوی بیمار ترا نو روز مبارک‌بی
عروس سر سونبن مرغانه به فل[32] مزن
باور[33] خو[34] بغل بزن تو پیر می تی فرزن[35]

ترا نوروز مبارک‌و غیره

نو روز حالای[36] من در وا کو برای من

manghe, "the moon"—this word is never employed in the sense of "month," as it is the case with Persian *mauh;* [24]بدین, *bedeen*, imperative, "look," for Persian *bebin;* [25]تاویسته به, *be-tawiste*, "he was bright;" [26]دانگه, alias *dang*, is properly "a flail," the crooked form of which is compared here to that of the crescent; [27]اگه, *agah*, "wakeful, who sleeps not"—the Persian *aghauh* is rather employed in signification of prudent, intelligent; [28]دسمال, *desmal*, for Persian *destmal*, "handkerchief;" [29]گور, *goor*, properly "a tomb, a grave," here for مرده, "dead;" [30]تی, *tee*, and می, *mee*, are employed in Ghilek in all *casus obliqui*, wherever the Persian ترا and مرا are employed; [31]مار, *maur*, "mother;" [32]فل, *fel*, "bran;" [33]باور, *bauver*, Persian *be yáver* or *beyar*, imperative, "bring;" [34]خو, for Persian خود, "thyself;" [35]فرزن, for Persian فرزند, "child, son;" [36]حالای, *hallaï*, "swing," a

چل[37] بند قبای من گم‌شده کلاهی من
نو روز ترا مبارک وغیره
نوروز حالا دم‌دم[38] سیا[39] اسپه[40] کجا بندم
بر سرجو و کندم والله که نمی بندم
نو روز ترا مبارک بی‌وغیره
حامیدم[41] حامیدم چه بارک تی میان
بنده خال تی لبان بنده تی زلف قربان
می بی‌بی[42] مجه[43] کشه[44] ورشنه[45] اتشه
خار[46] کنه[47] کشمشه[48] زودتر فدان[49] می بخشه
می رفیقان وشنه[50] ترا نو روز مبارک بی

very common recreation among the Ghilanees; [38]دم‌دم, *demdem*, "this very moment, now;" [39]سیا, *sïa*, for Persian سیاه, "black;" [40]اسپه, accusative, "equum;" [41]حامیدم, *hammidem*, corruption of Persian همدم, "friend, companion;" [43]مجه, *meje*, tertia singul. præterit., "she seeks, she prays;" [44]کشه, *keshe*, "breast, corner, nook; [45]ورشنه, *vúrshina*, verbatim, "she puts in motion, she removes," perhaps from the Turkish *vúrmak*, "to strike, to beat;" [46]خار, *khar kúden*, in Ghilek signifies "to pluck a fowl, to strip an animal of its hairs or feathers (plumer); [47]کنه, *kene*, for Persian کند, "she does;" [48]کشمشه, *keshmishe*, "dry raisin;" [49]فدان, *fedan*, imperative, "give," for Persian *bedeh*; [50]وشنه, *veshna*, "hungry"—the Kurds

این خانهِ کینی[51] خانه اَین میرزا ملک خانه
خو دورهِ[52] دچی[53] مرغانه مرغانه[54] یکی گمه[55]
نو روز ترا مبارک و غیره -
یدانه[56] دهی گیرمه[57] دو دانه دهی گیرمه
ندهی آیه[58] میرمه[59] کفن از تو گیرمه
نو روز ترا مبارک بی
تی داز[60] دُم[61] خاشه[62] تی پسر قزلباشه
امارا همه باشه[63] ترا نوروز مبارک بی وغیره
خانخا گل به سر خانه ساته[64] کله[65] سر
دولت من تاج سر الله بده یک پسر
نو روز ترا مبارک بی و غیره

say *gushne* in the same meaning; [51]کینی, *keenee*, cujus, for Turkish *keemyn*; [52]خو دورهٔ, *khu-doure*, for Persian *douri-khoudesh*, "around herself;" [53]دچي, *dachee*, tertia sing. præs., "she gathers;" [54]مرغانه, "egg;" [55]گمه, *gume*, for Persian *gum est*, "is lost;" [56]یدانه, *ee-daune*, "one;" [57]کیرمه, *geerme*, for *mee gueerem*, "I shall take;" [58]ایه, *aya*, in Mazenderauni *ada*, "here, in this spot;" [59]میرمه, *meerme*, for Persian *mee meerem*, "I shall die;" [60]داز, *dauz*, "a knife from one piece of iron;" [61]دم, *dum*, "tail, extremity, handle;" [62]خاش, Persian عاج, "ivory;" [63]باشه, "head, chief," Turkish; the ه final is for هست, tertia sing.; [64]ساته, *saute*, for Persian ساخته, "he did;"

ایا دختر نیچپی فلفله[66] تی سره دچی[67]
تی غمزه مرا واچی[68] ترا نو روز مبارک‌بي وغیره
اره[69] شومه[70] گر زنه[72] اقا کویه به زنه[71]
ترا نو رز مبارك بي

[65]کله, *kulle*, "a hill, a mound"—*kulle-ser* is Turkish syntax for *seri-kulle*, "on hill's top;" [66]فلفله, *felfele*, "a string of grains, berries, or other small roundish things"—the Persians give the same name to pepper; [67]دچی, *dachi*, "she arrays, she gathers;" [68]واچي, *vauchee*, for Persian برچیده, "taken off, reaped;" [69]اره, *ara*, "there," perhaps from Turkish اویره, "to that place;" [70]شومه, *shume*, "I go"—the verb *shuden* means, in Ghilek, "to go, to march;" [71]گر, *gher*, "thorn;" [72]بزنه, *bezene*, for Persian *bezanend*, "let them beat him;" [73]گویه, *gooie*, for مي گویند.

لولو[1]

2

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آن یللی[2] یلّلا[3] مراخوش آیه[4]
ترامي‌برار[5] بغل خوش آیه
تالار نشته[6] بی نقشه دبی[7] تو
ابریشم گل[8] گل بخشه[9] دبی تو

بقربان چن بلوردستم
بەیك درزن[10] هزار نقشه دبی تو
تو مي کاسي[11] تو مي کاس
دو وارنك[12] دربغل داری چن‌قدر[13] کنی ناز
آخر ترا کُشم بەشمشیر ودار
لبۀ برلب نهم دیمه[14] گیرم گاز[15]

[1]لولو, *loulou*, "song of the reapers;" [2]یللی [3]یللا, *yellali yellala*, ejaculations without meaning; [4]ایه, for Persian آید, verbatim, "to me pleasantly comes;" [5]مي برار, *mee brar*, for Persian برادر من, "my brother" —all this line is constructed according to the rules of Turkish syntax; [6]نشته, *nishte*, for Persian نشسته, *nisheste;* [7]دي, *dabee*, "thou hast made, thou didst;" [8]گل, *gul*, signifies here "a bundle (*la guindre*) of raw silk;" [9]بخشه, *bekhshe*, for Persian بخشیده, "she presents with;" [10]درزن, *derzen*, "needle;" [11]کاسي, *kaussi*, "a girl with blue eyes," and also "a girl with large eyes like tea-cups (*kaussa*)," favourite Persian comparison; [12]وارنك, *vaureng*, alias بادرنك, "a kind of citron, cedrat;" [13]چن‌قدر, *cheen kadar*, for Persian چرااین‌قدر, "why so much;" [14]دیمه, dative of دیم, *deem*, "cheek, face;" [15]گاز, *ghaz*, "a tooth."

3

هي لولوی لولوخان[1] بامويه[2] خان
خان بامويه بەبيجار[3] بارك ميان
شمي‌را[4] خبر كودم[5] خرّم دختران
مي اقاجانه[6] گويم داسا[7] اوسان[8] داسا

[1]لولوخان, *looloo-khan*, more correctly خوان, "the singer of looloos;" [2]بامويه, *baumooie*, for آمده, "came;" [3]بيجار, *beejar*, "a rice-field," from بيج, *bij*, "rice;" [4]شمي‌را, *shumeira*, for شمارا, dative; [5]كودم, *koodem*, for كردم, "I did, I made;" [6]اقاجانه, dative, a fondling nickname; [7]داسا, *dassa*, accusative of داس, "a bill-hook;" [8]اوسان, *oossan*, imperative, "take," perhaps from Persian بەستان, "grasp it."

پالوی

4

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دسمال دبستي گوشه بگوشه
تي پير[1] سر زمين مجی[2] مثل كيشه[3]
تي مويان كونده[4] بوی‌بنفشه
هر كس بوسه دهه[5] لبش بخوشه[6]

[1]پير, read *piër*, "father, saint;" [2]مجي, *mejee*, "thou movest, thou walkest;" [3]كيشه, *keeshe*, "a

bride, a betrothed;" [4]کوندهٔ, *kunede*, for Persian میکند, "does, makes;" [5]دهٔ, *dehe*, for Persian می دهد, "gives;" [6]بخوشه, *be-khoshe*, for Persian بخشکد, "that it might wither, dry."

11

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[1]بیا دختر ببوسم تی‌لبانه
بهر دو دس[2] گیرم تی وارنگانه
تی وارنگان سفید وبرف مانه[3]
ایتا[4] بوسه فده[5] تی مار ندانه[6]

[1]تی لبانه, *tee* accusative, for Persian لبهای ترا, "thy lips;" [2]دس, *des*, for دست, "the hand;" [3]برف مانه, for Persian ببرف میماند; [4]ایتا, *ita*, for Persian یکتا, "one;" [5]فدهٔ, *fede*, alias دادهٔ, alias فدان, imperative, "give;" [6]تی مار ندانه, for Persian مادر تو نداند, "provided thy mother knows nothing about the matter."

28

کلا[1] سرخ شوی[2] سوبند دنای[3]
سه‌گز خام[4] شلوارهٔ دنای
ترا اینقدر بکفتم مرا فدان ندای[5]
آخر تی باوردی[6] هایا[7] دنای

[1]کلا, *kela*, or کیلا, *keela*, "a girl;" [2]شوی, *shavee*, "a shift, a chemise;" [3]دنای, *danaee*, preterit, third singular, "thou hast put;" [4]خام, *kham*, "a kind of stuff, calico;" [5]ندای, *nedauee*, for Persian ندادی, "thou gavest not;" [6]باوردی, *baverdi*, for Persian بیاوردی, "thou hast brought;" [7]هایا, *hauïa*, "now, this very moment."

42 and 53

مسلمانان مرا یار طالع نیه[1]
سر نوشت خدا را چاره نیه
دام بکوهان بنمه[2] سلحان[3] بدریا
مگر دام مرا قوش طالعی نیه
سفید باز منی[4] پر خطّ و خال
سرکوه لانه[5] دارم برسر خال[6]
به دنبالم[7] کردند نخاچیروانان[8]
مرا کشتن نتانه[9] رستم زال

[1]نیه, *nïe*, for Persian نیست, "is not;" [2]بنمه, *beneme*, for Persian نهادم, "I placed;" [3]سلحان, *selhan*, "a fisher's net;" [4]منی, *menei*, for من ای, a construction proper to the Ghilek language, where even the particulars of invocation are used like post-positions—this ای should be put at the beginning of the verse; [5]لانه, *laune*, "a nest"—in Ghilan, the

famous fort of Alehmoot is called *Ooleh laune*, "eagle's nest;" [6]خال, *khal*, "a branch of a tree;" [7]بدنبالم, *be dunbalem*, a modern Persian would say انرعقب من, "on my heels, after me;" [8]نخچیروان, *nekhchirvan*, "the hunters, the sportsmen"—we find in Ferdousy the word نخچیر employed instead of modern شکار, "a chace," particularly that of wild deer; [9]نتانه, *netaune*, for Persian نمی‌تواند, "he cannot."

63

هوای[1] لار کردی پاچه لاکو[2]
مرا بیمار کردی پاچه لاکو
مرا بیمار کردی من بمیرم
تو فکر یار کردی[3] پاچه لاکو

[1]هوا, *hera*, verbatim, "air, weather," but in common vernacular speech it is used for "desire, wish;" [2]پاچه لاکو, *pauche laukú*, in Lahijan patois, the first word signifies "little," and the second "girl;" [3]توفکر یارکردی signifies not only "thou hast thought of a lover," but also "thou hast found him."

72

شب شنبه کهٔ خانم خاله[1] میزه
دلم مثل کبوتر باله[2] میزه

خداوند مرا یک درزن ساز
که خانم گوشه دسمالهٔ میزه

خالهٔ, *khaule*, alias درزن, "needle;" بالهٔ, *baule*, from بال, "arm, wing"—"My heart flapped with its wings, and fluttered like a bird;" دسمالهٔ, accusative.

77

سفیدرو اب بامو اسی به اوسی
شمی‌خانهٔ باموم من زنخواسیٔ
تی پیر کاٴفر نبوٴ این کارهٔ راضی
کار من وترا خدا بسازی

اسي به اوسي, *assee be oossee*, "from one side of the river to the other"—so for example, if any one wishes to cross a river, he says to a Ghilani ferryman, "*mera assee beber be oossee;*" شمي خانهٔ, *shumei khane*, for Persian خانهٔ شما, Turkish syntax; زنخواسئ, in modern Persian خواستکاری, "betrothing;" نبوٴ, *neboo*, for Persian نبوده, "he was not;" کارهٔ, dative.

83

گل سرخ و سفید هفت رنگ لاله
تی دیمهٔ داره می گاز مالهٔ
بیا من و تو بشیمٴ بهٔپیش محمّد
بدینیمٴ بیوفای باکه آیهٔ

[1]تی یمه, *tee deeme*, "thy face," a Turkish syntax, likewise as the subsequent *mi ghaz* for "my tooth;" [2]مالهٔ, *maule*, perhaps from مالیدن, "a mark, a stamp;" [3]بشیم, *besheem*, "we shall go;" [4]بدینیم, for Persian بهبینیم, "we shall see;" [5]ایهٔ, for Persian اید, future tense.

85

ریزهٔ ریحان دکاشتم دور تي خانه
تي مرغکه بدام[1] دستي[2] دانه
همه شورا[3] بدردم من بلانه[4]
همی[5] تي آشنا من تي بیکانه

[1]بدام, *bedam*, for Persian دادم, "I gave;" [2]دستي, *desti*, adverb, with my own hand;" [3]همهٔشورا, *heme shoora*, abridged from Persian همهٔ ایشان را, "all of them;" [4]لانهٔ, *laune*, "nest"—here for "hen-house, poulterer;" [5]هنی, for همهٔ, "all."

90

بیجار سر دار ای[1] ترا رزهٔ[2] نکیره
می یار جاهله[3] اندرز[4] نکیره
هرکس می[5] بکفتي یارم بغل بکیره
دو چشمان کور ببو[6] مرحم نکیره[7]

[1]بیجار سر دار ای, a strange inversion: according to the rules of modern Persian syntax, it ought to

be construed ای دار سر بیجار, "O, thou tree on rice-field!" Similar inversions happen very often in Ghilek, and demonstrate how considerably this idiom was influenced by Turkish; زرهٔ, *reze*, the Persian رز, "the vine" (*cep de vigne*). One of the most characteristic features of the Ghilan forests is, that the greatest part of its largest trees, are covered, from the bottom to the top, by the vine plant. جاهلهٔ, *jauhile*, though in Arabic it signifies "an idolater, a fool," is thoroughly employed in Persian for "a youth, a stripling;" اندرزٔ, *enderz*, "advice, counsel,"—in Persian اندرس, now very rarely employed;" ٔمی, *mee*, for مرا, "to me;" ببؤ, *beboo*, for باشد, "may he be;" نکیرهٔ, *negheere*, for نکیرد, "he does not take."

93

آسمانه[1] چه خوش سکا[2] بگرده
زمینه چه خوش رکا[3] بگرده
خدا وند مرا رنگ سکا کن
دو بال[4] درکردن رکا کن

[1] آسمانه, ablative, "cœlo;" [2] سکا, *sika*, "a blackbird, a starling," very common bird in Ghilan; [3] ریکا, *reeka*, and *rey*, "a youth, a boy;" [4] بال, *baul*, "wing."

96

سرکوی[1] بشوم[2] می پا جلکست[3]
کلاج[4] وکشکرت[5] خنده بترکست[6]
کلاج وکشکرت خندة مکنید
بگوی بگوی[7] می دل بترکست

[1]کوی, *kúee*, for Persian کوهی, as we saw it before; [2]بشوم, *beshoom*, "I went;" [3]جلکست, *jala-kist*, tert. præterit. "he slid, he slipped;" [4]کلاج, *kalaj*, "a rook, a crow;" [5]کشکرت, *kashkarat*, "a magpie;" [6]بترکست, *beterekist*, "he burst," from Persian ترکیدن, "to burst;" [7]بگوی بگوی, *begooi begooi*, "slander, ill-speech."

97

کلاج سر سیا[1] کلاجه[2] گردن
ایتا پیغام دارم تانی[3] بردن
پیغامک[4] مرا ببر پیش مار[5] من
بگو دختر تو ناتوان در کار مردن

[1]سیا, *seea*, for سیاه, "black;" [2]کلاجه, *kalaje*, "ash-coloured, like the feathers of a crow;" [3]تانی, *taunee*, for Persian می توانی, "canst thou?" [4]پیغامک, diminutive, from پیغام, "news, tidings" [5]مار, *maur*, "mother."

98

دو دسته گل اورکادی' بالا خانه طاقچه سر'
ایتا من بوم' ایتا می نامزد
خواندی اولو مرا ناز آیه'
مرا نامزد کشه' خواو' آیه

اورکادی', *oorkadee*, "she threw"—this word looks somewhat Turkish, but I cannot find out the etymology of it; طاقچه‌سر', Turkish syntax for سرتاقچه, "into a niche;" بوم', *boom*, for Persian بودم, "I was;" مرا ناز آیه', verbatim, "a caress comes to me," viz., "I am extremely pleased with;" کشه', *keshe*, "breast, bosom;" خواو', read *khaoo*, for Persian خواب, "sleep."

99

شیشه قلیان دارم می پنجان سر'
می نامزد برم مشهد و پردسر'
شیشه قلیان دارم میخ اونه'
می نامزد ریشه' کشه گلاب اونه

می پنجان سر', *mi penjan ser*, "to my wrists"—previously we had many occasions to remark this quite un-Persian syntax—پنجان is the hand with its five fingers; پرد سر', *purdi ser*, "towards the bridge;" میخ اونه', *mikh onah*, for Persian میخ بنه, "put it on the nail;" ریشه', as well as the following کشه, are in the accusative.

103 and 104.

باغوان تی باغ خیلي باغه
فکر باغوان کن تی باغ خرابه
خانم خانم ترا دخانم[1]
خانم باغه مجه[2] من باغوانم
کفش ساغری[3] بهیم[4] بپای خانم
ترسم خانم بشه[5] من تنها بمانم

[1] دخانم *dukhanem*, for Persian می‌خوانم, "I call thee;" [2] مجه *meje*, "she walks, she moves;" [3] ساغری *sagri*, a kind of coarse leather, commonly dyed green—the galoches of the Persians are made from it; [4] بهیم *baheem*, aorist and future tertia singularis, "I shall buy;" [5] بشه *beshe*, "she may be gone, she may run away."

107

پرهن[1] بهم[2] قرمزی داماد بجان[3] وانوسی[4]
مرده دبو[5] می عروسی
ای وای مردم جواني
ناجي[6] می دل بماني[7]

[1] پرهن *pirhen*, from Persian پراهن, "shirt;" [2] بهم *behim*, "I will buy"—we saw the same verb in the preceding song; [3] بجان داماد, for داماد بجان, literally, "for the soul of the affianced"—the sub-

stantive جان, in Persian and its dialects, is often employed for بدن, "body;" [4]وانوسی, read *va-na-ússee*, "it did not touch"—I cannot find the derivation of this verb; [5]دبو *debú*, "was, became;" [6]ناجي *nauji*, "desire, longing, wish;" [7]بماني, for مانده, "remained."

108

خالودار[1] ای[2] خالو باورده خالجال[3]
اقا برار[4] ای زن دار گل خال[5]
اوخاری جان[6] گل بامو
کاسه[7] کوری[8] می بغل ورامو[9]

خالودار[1] *kháludar*, "a plum-tree;" [2]ای *ei*, the mark of vocative placed as a postposition; [3]خالخال *Khalkhal*, a mountainous district of Aderbaijan, on the northern frontier of Ghilan; [4]برار *brar*, "brother;" [5]گل‌خال *gul-khal*, "a branch of rose;" [6]اوخاری‌جان exclamation frequently occurring in Ghilek, "woe to me, alas;" [7]کاسه, "a girl with blue eyes;" [8]کوری *kori*, Greek κόρη, "girl," and Romaika κορίζα; [9]ورامو *veramú*, "she came, she arrived."

109

خالودار ری خالو باورد بغشکن[1]
اقا برار ایزن[2] داره کولشکن[3]
ای خدا ای امان تدبیر چنینه[4]
مقام[5] باغر جان چه نازنینه[6]

[1] بغشکن *befashkan*, is said of a tree so overcharged with its fruit, that the branches sink down and bend under their weight; [2] ایزن *eezen*, for Persian یکزنی, "a woman, a wife;" [3] کولشکن read *kúlishkan*, "a hen when sitting on eggs, a broody hen;" [4] چنینه *chenine*, for Persian چنین‌انست "it is so;" [5] مقام in vernacular speech is employed for a song, a lay; [6] نازنینه, for Persian نازنین‌است, "it is charming."

117

نازنین ای تو بکوله که[1]
من چارلنکه[2] سوار شوم[3] بتوفیق خدا
نازنین ای کولکه سبک بکودم[4]
زنکه شیم[5] بتوفیق خدا

[1] به‌کوله که read *be-kúlaka*, کوله که is diminutive, from کول "shoulder;" [2] چارلنکه, from چار *char*, "four," لنکه *lunga*, "foot,"—"a quadruped;" [3] شوم *shúm*, "I am going;" [4] بکودم *bekúdem*, for Persian کردم, "I did;" [5] شیم *shim*, "let us go."

118

ارا شومه[1] للکی اورا[2] شومه للکی[3]
اقا قبا پولکی[4] کیشه‌دار[5] دللکی
کیشه دار به تلنبار[6]
ابرشیم خلوار[7] خلوار

[1]ارا شومه, from ارا *ara*, "here," and شومه *shúma*, "I go;" [2]اورا *ora*, "there;" [3]للکی *lalaki*, a thorny tree, very common in Ghilan forests; its botanical name is *Gleditzia Caspica;* [4]پولکی *púlaki*, پولک is diminutive of پول "money, a coin," and signifies "the spangles"—the Persians ornament their clothes with it; [5]کیشه‌دار *kishe-dar*, "box-tree"—the Persians call it *shimshad.* When the silkworms finish their fourth sleep, and cease to eat, they are presented with twigs of the box-tree, in order to spin their cods. [6]تلنبار *tillenbar*, a house where the silkworms are bred"— spell it *tillembar;* [7]خالوار *khalvar*, about seven hundred and fifty English pounds—the Persians write it خربار, as it would otherwise signify "a load of ass."

134

در بزن درچک[1] بزن
درکونه[2] سنجقت[3] بزن
جوخسو[4] جوخسو
کافران تیره[5] بامو

[1]درچک diminutive of در "a little door;" [2]درکونه *der-i-kúna*, "threshold;" [3]سنجق *sinjak*, "a pin;" [4]جو خسو *jú-khusú*, "throw thyself on thy face, hide thyself"—I am not aware of the etymology of this verb; perhaps from the Persian جاخسپ, "lie down on the spot where you are standing;" [5]تیره *tire*, "gloomy, impure."

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(Page 503.)

ای وای طلەتا[1] بیچارەء طلەتا
پس پس بورتی[2] تابە درلانە طلەتا
دروقت خورش درّ خونی[3] ودانەو کوهر
در وقت جدل رو باوطاقـ انی[4] طلەتا
جای تو شدە انکە[5] فک[6] چشمە[7] ولانە
نانی[8] نصف جنك تو مردانە طلەتا
صدبارە بوتم[9] بزن آهستە کریکو[10]
ناگە[11] شپتك[12] آیە بەتیلانە[13] طلەتا

This song is written in Lahijani patois, one of the ramifications of Ghilek.

[1] طلەتا, from طلە, "cock," and تا, "one"—read *talata;* [2] بورتی, in Ghilek *be-gúrúti,* and in Persian بگریختی, "thou art fled, thou run'st away;" [3] خونی *khúni,* for Persian می خوری, "thou eatest;" [4] انی *aní,* for Persian می آی, "thou comest;" [5] انکە *ongah,* "in that time;" [6] فک *fek,* otherwise ناکون, "the sewer, the house-eaves;" [7] چشمە *cheshme,* an egg, which the Ghilani housewives put on the spot where they wish that the hens should lay their eggs; [8] نانی *nani,* for Persian نمی دانی, "thou dost not know;" [9] بوتم, *butem,* perhaps from Persian بگفتم, "I said;" [10] کریکو, an onomatopœic qualification of the cock's crow—spell *kariku;* [11] ناگە *nagah,*

"unexpectedly;" [12] شپتك *shapatak*, or *Ishpataka*, "ferret;" [13] تي لانه *ti lane*, for يلانه‌تو, "to thy nest."

In order to render this sketch of Ghilek patois more complete, we subjoin a little vocabulary of it, consisting of those words which are now obsolete in modern Persian, or taken from quite heterogeneous sources.

آبرو *abru*, "an oar;" آستانه *astana*, a holy spot where miracles are performed, commonly near the tomb of some saint or imam; اشپيل *eshpil*, "fish-spawn, fry, caviar;" اغوز *aghuz*, "a walnut;" كا *aka*, "when," viz., *aka aï*, "when shalt thou come?" الّزى *ellazi*, "a ship's yard;" الوس *allús*, "charcoal;" امى *ami*, "we both (*dual*);" او *aú*, "voice, sound, echo, a kind of vessel for measuring wheat or other corn;" اومسان *úmassan*, imperat. "don't touch, don't take it;" اوندرسى *úndersi*, second person singul. præt., "thou lookest upwards;" اوسان, imperat., *ússan*, "take it, catch it;" اونه *únah*, imperat., "put it, place it," in modern Persian بنه *benah;* اويه *úia*, "there;" ايا *aía*, "here;" ايم *aïem*, "I come;" اى *aï*, "thou comest;" ايه *aïe*, "he comes," اما ايم *ana aïm*, "we come," شمه ايد *shume aïd*, "you come," ايشان اوشان *úshan*

aín, "they come;" ایسمه *íssama*, "I am," ایسهء *issei*, "thou art," ایسهیه *issaie*, "he is" and "she is," ایسهمی *issami*, "we are," ایسید *issid*, "you are," ایسن *issen*, "they are;" استلخ *istelkh*, or ساخ *salkh*, a pond, a reservoir for watering the rice-fields and for other agricultural purposes.

ب

به *be*, in Ghilek, precedes, as a prefix, all the past tenses, so بکودی *be-kúdi*, "thou hast done," بگفته *be-ghifte*, "he took it," &c.; it is likewise employed before the imperatives, as *be-shú*, "begone, avaunt;" بجیر, *bejír*, adverb, "downwards;" بوستی *bústi*, "a drinking-cup;" بول *búl*, "an early sprout of a plant," particularly that of the black raspberry—the Ghileks eat it as we do asparagus; بوون *bouven*, "to be;" بیج *bij*: 1) rice, 2) a bastard, 3), whence بیجه *bíja*, "a cat," verbatim, "a bastard animal," because the Persian zoologists pretend that the first cat was born of a male leopard and female fox.

پ

پاچ *pach*, and پاچه *pacha* 1), "cat," perhaps from Turkish *píshak*, 2) "little, small," 3) "a dwarf;" پادس *pades*, "a stocking, a sock;" پلا *pla*, 1) "boiled rice, with no condiments," 2) every kind of food—پلا نخوردم "I have not eaten anything,"

je suis à jeûne; پوینه *púïna,* Persian پودینه "peppermint;" پیچیه *pícha,* the same as پاچه "a cat;" پیله *píla,* 1) "great, big," 2) "silk cocoon"—there is in Ghilek a proverbial locution تو پیله دبستی *tu píla debesti,* "thou hast twisted a cocoon," viz., "thou wilt cheat me by some subterfuge."

ت

ت *ti,* and تی *tí,* is employed 1) in oblique cases of تو for Persian ترا, 2) it serves to corroborate an oath, for example, تی خدا "I beseech thee," or "I swear to thee by God;" تی قربان "I would be sacrificed for thy sake. The Ghilanis make use also of ترا, but in dative rather than otherwise, viz., *men tura fandem,* "I gave it to thee;" تاوادم *tavvadem,* "I threw it," from تاوادن "to throw, to cast;" ترنگ *tureng,* "pheasant," in modern Persian قرقاول *kyrkaul;* تلخام *telkham,* "the palate;" تله *tala,* a kind of iron trap for catching foxes, otters, jackals, &c., &c.; تمش *tamesh,* "black raspberry tree"—the fruit of it is named ولش *vullish;* تنگر *tengar,* probably from Persian تگرگ "hail;" توسه *tússa,* "alder-tree;" تولخومک *tolkhúmak,* in modern Persian قمری "a turtle-dove;" تومجار *túmajar,* the furrow where the rice is sown in order to be, when grown up, transplanted thence to the rice-field; تونی *túní,* "distaff:" تیتی *titi,* "chalice of

flowers," sometimes their buds; تیخ *tikh*, "a thorn," perhaps from the Persian تیغ.

ح

, حسا *khassa*, "now, this very moment"—*khassa aïm*, "I'll come directly."

خ

خاش *khash*, 1) "a bone," 2) "ivory;" خالوبال *khal-u-ball*, all the branches of a tree, great and small; خاله *khale*, "a needle," and "a branch of a river;" خانفارو *khanafarrú*, or شفارو *shafaurú*, "broom;" خرسه *kharsa*, or سنبل *sunbul*, "a leech;" خرکاره *kharkara*, "frying-pan;" خس *khess*, "a thorn, a prickle;" خوج *khuj*, "a kind of pear, not unlike the bergamot;" خودقه *khudka*, "widgeon, a little wild duck;" خوش *khush*, "a kiss"—*men tura khosha dam*, "I will give you a kiss;" خولي *khuli*, "a kind of plum," in Persian الوچه.

ج

جبد *jabad*, a netted basket, which the farmers hang from under the roofs of their houses, and keep in it plates, fruits, &c.; جگله *jagla*, or *jaglan*, "a boy, a youth;" جندر *jender*, "an angry look, a frown"—*tu mera jender dahi*, "thou lookest on me angrily," *jenderissi?* "dost thou not frown on me?" جوکا *juka*, "whence"—*juka ai?* "whence comest

thou?" جکول *jakul*, "rice in grain, when not quite ripe:" a favourite dainty among the inhabitants of the southern banks of the Caspian: they pound it in a mortar with sugar and then eat it. جو *jú*, alias چکتوك, *cheltuk*, "rice in grain, not yet cleaned for eating, rice-seed;" *jowi siah* and *jowi kúi* is "barley;" جور *júr*, "upwards," viz., *be sera júre*, "in the higher part of the house," *be sera jíri*, "in the lower part of the house;" جیر, *jir*, "downwards."

چ

چابین *chabín*, "heron," Polish, czapla; چچر *chechar*, "a lizard," in modern Persian چلپاسه *chelpassa;* چمبو *chambu*, "a strawberry;" چموش *chemush*, a kind of shoe made from one piece of raw skin, in use among the Ghilek highlanders; چور *chur*, "a spoon."

د

This letter in Ghilek patois is often employed in the imperative mood as a prefix for Persian به, viz., *dakhan*, "call him," *da-ma-khan*, "don't call;" دار *dar*, 1) "a tree," 2) "a mast of a ship;" دارش *darish*, "a covert, an underwood thickly overgrown with bushes and small trees;" داره *dare*, "a sickle," Persian دهره *dahra;* دسر خوان *dassar khan*, "table cloth;" دقت *dakkat*, third person præter. singular, "he has tumbled, fallen."

ر

راب *rab*, "a snail, destroying the plantations of mulberry trees;" رشك *reshk*, "a nit;" رمش *ramesh*, "a quickset hedge, fences;" ری *rei*, "a boy, a man;" ریس *ris*, otherwise *varis*, "a thread, a rope."

ز

زك *zek*, "a child;" زما *zama*, "son-in-law," in modern Persian *dammad*.

س

ساس *sass*, "a bug;" ساف *saf*, "plate" (*assiette*); سراچنه *sarachína*, "straw of rice, used as hay for feeding horses and cattle;" سکا *seka*, "black-bird, starling;" سقوله *sakula*, alias سقوله قولو *sakula kulu*, "cock;" سل *sel*, "pond, reservoir," the same as استلخ *istelkh;* سمد دار *semed dar*, "a kind of elm tree," in Turco-Persian قره‌اغاج *kara aghaj;* سوف *súf*, a kind of reed from which the Ghileks plat beautiful mats; سیم *sím*, "a bream (fish)."

ش

شخ *shekh* or شی *shey*, "fog, mist, dew;" شلخت *shelkhet*, "wild goose;" شنك *shenk*, "otter."

ف

This letter is often employed by Ghileks instead of the Persian ب, viz, فکش *fekesh*, for بکش, "draw it;"

فاندر, imperat., *fandir*, or *fanir*, "look, see"—*mera fandir*, "look in my face;" فرون *ferven* and *fervend*, "any wooden vessel, a ship;" فسک *fesk*, in Arabic ذکر ; فکود *fakúd*, third person, præt., "he poured down," *fakúnem*, "I pour," *khahem fakúnem*, "I shall pour," *fakún*, imper., "pour down," *famekún*, "do not pour;" فکو *fekú*, "a bundle of straw;" فل *fel*, "bran, corn husk;" فوخاست *fúkhast*, third person singul. præterit. "he put in."

گ

گب *gheb*, "word, speech;" گجگا *ghejga*, "chicken," Persian جوجه *juja;* گرز *gurz*, "a reed, with its fruit not unlike a pine-apple," whence the Persian گرز "club, mass;" گرمالته *garmalata*, "pepper," in Persian فلفل *filfil;* گلفتنه *gulfatana*, "a mesh, a hole, a button-hole;" گلکا *gulka*, "a pitcher;" گوزگه *gúzga*, "frog," in Persian وزغ *vezeg*.

ک

کاره *káre*, "cradle," from Persian کهواره *kahvara;* کاول *kavel*, "a plough, a ploughshare;" کترا *ketera*, 1) "resin," 2) "a kitchen spoon, a skimmer," or *katra;* کچ *ketch*, "silkworm;" کردی *kerdi*, a stick with a hook at its extremity, used to draw the water from wells; کالنه *kalana*, "a brazier,"

in modern Persian, *mengall;* كلەورزو *kala vezru,* "a bull, an ox;" كلكە *kilka,* or *kela,* "girl, young woman;" كلفك *kulfek,* "a kind of snake, red-coloured snake;" كمج *gamej,* "a kettle, a caldron;" كنف *kanaf,* "hemp," Polish, konopie; كول *kul,* "a hill, a mound;" كوي *kui,* "pumpion" (*citrouille*), in modern Persian كدو *kadu;* كويا *koia,* "where," viz., *koia shi,* "where art thou going?" in Sanscrit, *koia shata?*

ق

قاتك *katuk,* "a dish;" قاتيج *katij,* "a small caldron;" قاليوه *kalliva,* an earthen vessel used for hatching silkworms' eggs, as well as to feed the silkworms when yet too young to be fed elsewhere; قتام *kotám,* a pavilion, a kind of kiosk for sleeping in summer; قلاغه *kalaghah,* "oven, stove;" قمبل *kumbel,* "a cormorant, a sea-gull;" قوپ *kúp,* "a mat;" قوپه *kupa,* "straw-stack, rice-rick," where the corn is preserved after being reaped, similar in form to the English hay-ricks; قومش *komysh,* "a tortoise," in modern Persian, *lakpusht.*

ل

لابتان *labetan,* "spider, and also its web;" لافن *laffen,* "a rope;" لار *lar,* a kind of boat, longer and

straighter than a common one; لاسو *lassu*, 1) "paste," in modern Persian خمیر *khamir*, "jelly;" لبله *labla*, "fruit-basket;" لەانتي *le-anti*, "a snake;" لله *lala*, the same as *gurz*, "reed;" لي *li*, or لیغ *lig*, "the weeds, dry grass;" لیلی *leili*, or *halâi*, or *halachun*, "swing."

م

ملا *mala*, "fisher;" ماندە *manda*, "calf, veal;" مایه *maia*, "a female animal;" مرزل *merzel*, a kind of little black cormorant; ملاغه *malagha*, "a spoon;" ملە کردە *mala ghirde*, "small shot;" in Persian ساچمة *sachma*; ممیج *mamij*, "dry raisins," in Persian مویز *mavíz*; موس *mús*, otherwise *chashni*, "sparrow, finch;" موشک *mushak*, "racket."

ن

نو *nou*, "a boat;" Latin, *navis*; نوخون *núkún*, "cover, lid."

و

وابین *wabbin*, "cut off," imperativ.; واپشته *va-pushta*, "roasted, broiled;" وادار *vaddar*, "a column," from *va*, "standing," and *dar*, "tree;" واسن *vassin*, imperativ. "rub it;" *va-massin*, "do not rub it;" وجین *vejin*, "weedings;" وجین کودن *vejin kuden*, "to weed, to hoe;" ورا *vera*, "female bird of every

description;" ورجه *verja*, "before;" وشتا *veshta*, "hungry," *o veshtaïa*, "he has not eaten to-day," (*il est à jeûne;*) ولگ *velg*, for Persian *berg*, "a leaf;" وشن *vashan*, imperative "stretch it, spread it over."

ه

هترء *hatara*, or هترو *haterú*, "so, in this manner;" هن *hin*, or بهن imperative "buy it."

TAULISH SONGS.

THE Taulish patois, abounding in vowels, cannot be written properly with the Arabic alphabet. Therefore it is requisite we should explain our system of spelling the words that occur in the following examples, viz:—

1. All the vowels are to be pronounced as in Italian.

2. The Persian ژ corresponds with *zh*; the ج with the English *j*; the Persian گ with the English *g*, hard; the ک with the English *k*; the ق with the English *q*; the خ with *khh*; and the چ with *kh*.

3. All other consonants are to be pronounced as in English.

4. In order not to deviate from the rules of respective prosody, we substitute the *i* for the Arabic ِ, or *kesra*, and *y* for the Arabic ی; the former being short, and the latter long.

1.

Kinelym[1] kinelym enguri dane
Telyne[2] zulfebend neqryne shane
Khhudavenda, chemen[3] kari deresan[4]
Desty[5] zelfun[6] beghiiem[7] desty shane.

Kinelym[1], more correctly *kinelum*, from *kine*, "girl," and Turkish affix *lu*, which also, in Persian,

(viz. کوچک "little," کوچکلو "still less,") is sometimes employed when forming the diminutive; *telyne*[2] from *tela*, "gold," and *ine*, (Persian ین, viz. رنگ "colour," رنگین "coloured,") "golden;" in the same manner, from *noqre*, "silver," is formed *neqryne*, "silvery;" *chemen*,[3] "my," pronoun posses.; *deresan*[4], "reach," imper. for Persian برسان; *desty*[5], "with one hand;" *zelfun*[6], the final *un* is Turkish, "her hair;" *beghiiem*[7], "that I may take," for Persian بگیرم, third singular, potential mood.

2.

Kinelym kinelym namli[1] gulistan,
Ebrishym shaiie[2], khhal beste[3] destan,
Ruzhi[4] bebu[5] buham[6] bashte[7] shehristan,
Be gherden devam[8] em reshte[9] destan.

Namli[1], more correctly *namlu*, an adjective with Turkish final, "named;" *shaiie*,[2] "the shirt is," from *shai*, "shirt," and *ie*, "is;" *khhal beste*,[3] "tattooed," the substantive خال signifying, not only the mole on the face, but also the flowers, leaves, and similar objects which the women of Persia engrave on their skin by means of acupuncture, rubbing it afterwards with a solution of indigo. The Oriental ladies are so fond of this sort of embellishment, that, some years ago, there was, in Tehran, a damsel named *Chit-Khanum*, or, as we should say, "Miss Chintz," because all the skin of her body, *cap-à-pie*, was covered with such ornaments, like a piece of variegated

calico. For this reason only she was reckoned among the first beauties of her country. *Ruzhi*[4], for Persian روزي; *bebu*[5], for Persian بود; *buham*,[6] in Ghilek, *beam*, "that I come;" *bashte*,[7] "to thy (town);" *devam*,[8] "that I throw, that I put (thine hands on my neck);" *reshte*,[9] "painted, coloured with hanah."

3.

Kinelym Kinelym nanovy[1] deste[2],
Tu in pusht u kulun[3] kiu[4] beste[5]
Be deli[6] boghene[7] peikane deste
Cho[8] ateshy chu[9] deiia shoele[10] beste.

Nanovi[1] "of peppermint," in Persian نعنوي, from نعنا, "peppermint;" *deste*[2], the final *e*, "is," for Persian هست; *pusht u kulun*[3], "thy back and shoulders;" in the last word, the final *un* is of Turkish extraction, "thy (shoulder);" *kiu*[4], dative, "to whom;" *beste*[5], for Persian بسته, third person sing. præt.; *be deli*[6], for Persian بدلش, "to her heart;" *boghene*[7], "let (the bundle of arrows) strike, hit." This verb may have its derivation in the Turkish *dogmak* "to strike, to beat," or, perhaps, in the Zendish *van*, "to kill, to destroy;" *cho*[8], in Persian چو, "as;" *chu*[9], "when;" *shoele*[10] is Arabic شعله, "light, brightness."

4.

Kine Nazy[1] bekushtim[2], kine Nazy,
Gerden cho keringhe[3] du chesh[4] cho bazy,
Avdumanem[5] be khhuda kerdukuham[6],
Ber se[7] y[8] kefte[9] jenghi du bazy[10].

Nazy[1], "full of caresses, gracious," from Persian ناز; it is also, as *nomen proprium*, given to the women in Persia; *bekushtim*[2], "has killed me," for Persian کشته است مرا; *kering*[3], "crane," in Persian کولنگ, and also کلنگ; *chesh*[4], for Persian چشم; *Avdumanem*[5], "I am stupified, astonished." It brings to mind the Persian substantive وامانده; *kerdukuham*[6], "doings, actions." I cannot make out the derivation of this word. My Taulish ciceroni explained it by the Persian کاروبار; *se*[7], for Persian سر, "head;" *y*[8], "one," for یک; *kefte*[9], "pigeon, dove," in Persian کبوتر, the poet compares his loving heart to a dove; *du bazy*[10], "two hawks," viz., two eyes, brilliant and full of life as those of an eagle.

5.

Qalyanym quq[1] okordy y[8] tenio,
Dilem sute[3] kebabe[4] y tenio,
Asmanem omeia[5] hefto[6] melaike,
Hemeshon[7] sujde beste y tenio[8].

Quq[1], "prepared, ready," alias *chaq*, چاق; *y*[8], for یك, "one;" *sute*[3], "roasted, burnt," in Persian سوخته; *kebabe*[4], the final *e* is for هست, as it was animadverted many times before; *omeia*[5], "they came," corresponding to the Persian آمدند; *hefto*[6], "seven," for هفت‌تا; *hemeshon*[7], "all of them," for همهٔ‌ایشان; *tenio*[8], dative, "to one body."

6.

Dody[1] be jui[2] be-daish[3] doderes[4] bu[5],
Nemuy[6] be jui debendi[7] domres[8] bu,
Heyfe[9] gul be nakomy[10] bechyny,
Bepiiay[11] sebr kerden, komres bu.

Dody[1], "a voice, a cry," with یایوحدهٔ, in Persian also داد in the same meaning; *be jui*[2], "in a place," Persian بجای; *be daish*[3], imperat. "give!" in Persian بدهٔ; *dodres*[4], Persian داد رس, a word full of meaning, which must be paraphrased by many words in our language, viz.: "as far as the sound of crying for help may reach;" *bu*[5], for Persian بود; *nemuy*[6], in Persian نما numa; it is a technical appellation, in the art of falconry, of the owl, which the hawking men bind close to a net spread on the ground. The wild hawks, attracted by "the fascinating eyes of the owl," (as the Persian falconers believe,) come to gaze at the bird, until they become entangled in the net and are taken by the sportsmen; *debendy*[7], imperative "bind," in Persian ببند; *domres*[8], "in reach of net, as far as the snare is capable of catching;" *heyfe*[9], "it is pity," for حیف‌است; *nakomy*[10], "ill luck, misfortune;" *bepüay*[11], oportet, "you must;" perhaps from Persian باید

7.

Bazygeya[1] seyod pi[2], oniia[3] bebi[4],
Du cheshem[5] cze[6] reteghe[7] si[8] oniia bebi,
Her kesy sekhhte[9] be ostady debinde[10],
Merodesh[11] hasile[12] di[13] oniia bebi.

Bazygheya[1], "hawk-catcher," in Persian بازیگیر; *pi*[2], "old," in Persian پیر; *oniia*[3], "never;" *bebi*[4], "becomes, is;" *cheshem*[5], "mine eyes;" *che*[6], pronoun possessive, thine; *reteghe*[7], "a path, by-way, a track left by an animal on the ground;" *si*[8], "satiated," in Persian سیر; *sekhte*[9], adverb, "strongly, with force," from Persian سخت; *debinde*[10], in Persian بهبندد "attaches himself;" *merodesh*[11], "his desire, his aim;" *hasile*[12], dativ. verbatim, "his desire shall never be too late for success," viz., "he will succeed;" *di*[13], "late," from Persian دیر

8.

Serkhhe sevy[1] day[2] beshede[3],
Tuy Reyhani[4] bim[5] iai[6] keshede
Zhuve[7] merde[8] dushmeny! bed-vaji[9] kerdy,
Ezesh[10] telkhh kerdei iai cheshede[11].

Serkhhe sevy[1], "a red apple," in Persian سرخهسیبی; *dai*[2], "tree," in Ghilek دار; *beshede*[3], "on the head, on the top," Turkish باشنده; *Tui Reyhani*[4], *&c.*, *&c.*, all this verse is construed in the Turkish fashion, and would be literally thus translated, *Senyn Reyhanyn koininde iar oldum*, "I became lover on the bosom of thy Reyhana;" *tuy*, from *tu*, "thou," and *y*, "only, sole;" *bim*[5], "I was;" *iai*[6], for Persian یار "a friend, a lover;" *zhuve*[7], زووه "child, offspring." We can find some etymological trace of it in the *za* and *zade* at the end of Persian words: مادرزا and شاهزاده,

as well as in Affghan *zaie* (*barekzaie*), "born;" *merde*[8], "dead, deceased," for Persian مُرده; *bed-vaji*[9], from *bed*, "ill, bad," and *vaj*, "word, speech." We find a literal translation of this composite in the Persian بدگوی; *ezesh*[10], accusat. corresponding to Persian خوادترا; *cheshede*[11], "in the eye."

9.

Shevy[1] she[2], ruzhi[3] she, nemo[4] chemen[5] iai,
Belbulan be khhab shiien[6], nemo chemen iai,
Shevahengem[7] beraber monge[8] mande,
Rozhovy[9] ser zeie[10], nemo chemen iai.

Shevy[1], "one night," in Persian شبی; *she*[2], "is gone, goes, passes;" *ruzhi*[3], روژی "one day;" *nemo*[4], "he comes not," perhaps for Persian نمی‌آید "he arrives not;" *chemen*[5], pron. possess. "my;" *shiien*[6], third plur. præt. "they go;" *shevahengem**[7], "my morning star," in Persian شباهنگ; *monghe*[8], "moon," the same as in Ghilek; *rozhovy*[9], "the rosy light spread over the eastern part of the horizon before sunrise" (Polish, *zorza*, and *rozowy*); *se zeie*[10], "appears, is lifted," in Persian سرمیزند

* I find something analogous in a passage of the learned Professor Burnouf, in his *Commentary of Yaçna*, where he says, —"Le génie *Ochen*, ou *Ouchahiné*, sous la garde duquel est la seconde portion de la nuit, l'aurore plus avancée, ou la personnification qui joue un aussi grand rôle dans l'ancienne poésie des Vedas."

10.

Khasse[1] kyne! ushte[2] namly Shevaheng,
Miane bestei kushty[3] hezor reng,
Mehdy Saheb-Zeman bensha[4] be Dyvan,
Aly u Rustem beshu[5] be dushmenan jeng.

Khasse[1], perhaps Arabic خاصّه "exquisite, chosen, elect," or rather the Ghilek كاسه we saw in the specimens of that dialect; *ushte*[2], "thou art(?);" *namly*, "named;" *kushty*[3], "a girdle, a belt;" *bensha*[4], "let him sit down!" imper.; *bechu*[5], "let him go."

11.

Pelenghi poreiem[1] pushty[2] pelenghi,
Hergizem berdeny[3] jury[4] che[5] nenghi[6],
Khhudaia khhudavenda nengon dur oke,
Ezem[7] beznim[8] chi[9] iai vulgune[10] renghe.

Poreiem[1], "I am a son," from Persian پور, *púr*, "son," and *eiem*, "I am;" *pushty*[2], adject. "issued," verbatim, "from the back bone (of leopard)." The Asiatics believe that the semen virile proceeds from the marrow of man's back-bone. They say, "from one back-bone to another," پشت بپشت, *pusht-be-pusht*, viz., "a hereditary offspring, from father to son;" *berdeny*[3], "I have not suffered, I could not bear any violence [*jury*[4]], nor [*che*[5]], infamy;" *nenghi*[6], accusat.; *ezem*[7], "I, myself;" *beznim*[8], "I know," in Kurdish *zanem*, for Persian میدانم; *chi*[9], perhaps for Persian چرا "why;" *vulgune*[10], "variegated," in Persian گلگون.

12.

Vekty behry[1] benavyn[2], vekty bazy.
Be shikary[3] beresan vekti bazy[4],
Oulia bash che[5] ustady megerdy,
Khhudpesendan bekhherde[6] vekty bazy.

Behry[1], a kind of hawk, different from *bazy* بازی; *benavyn*[2], my Taulish ciceroni explained the meaning of this verb by میپرد and میگردد, that is to say, "he flies, he soars all around." I cannot make out its derivation; *shikary*[3], a "sportsman, a huntsman;" *bazy*[4], is here employed in three different significations,—in the first line for "a hawk;" in the second for "a sporting party, a pleasure party;" in the third for "fraud, deceit;" *che*[5], "for, after," "don't look for a master;" *bekhherde*[6], بازی‌خوردن or گل‌خوردن means in Persian and its dialects, "to be cheated, to be deceived," verbally, "to eat a fraud, to eat a flower."

13.

Shai[1] surkhe, levade[2] zerd daie[3],
Cheiu[4] shi be meni[5] derd daie[6]
Tevegerdon[7] bebu, devry[8] begerde,
Azem hazym[9] ber derdan derdy daie.

Shai[1] (or *shevy*) "shift, chemise;" *levade*[2], in Persian چپکن a kind of waistcoat jacket worn by females; *zerd daie*[3], verbatim, "gives the yellow," that is to "say, shines with its yellow colour;" *cheiu*[4], "hence."

"Thou art gone away from here," *be meni*[5], for مرا "to me;" *daie*[6] third sing. præt. for میدهد; *tevegerdan*[7], "the changes of fortune," perhaps from Persian دوریکردان "the rotation of (the wheel of) fortune;" *devry*[8], for دوری "a century, an age;" *Azem hazym*[9], the second word corresponds to Persian میخواهم and belongs to *daie*, "I will give."

14.

Hoy meded mi![1] pei[2] kuavanym[3],
Shekeste lou[4] u lenge u voavanym[5],
Ezhmen[6] keshty be deiiai[7] jell[8] ushy[9],
Ne keshty bechye[10] ne voavanym[11].

Hoy meded mi[1], "O help me!" *pei*[2], third sing. præt. "is gone;" *kuavan*[3], "a star," perhaps the same the Persian muleteers call ستارهء کاراوان *sitarei karavan*, viz., the morning star; as soon as it appears on the horizon before dawn, the travelling caravans begin their journey; *lou*[4], "rudder," in Persian سکان; *voavan*[5], "a sail," formed from Persian بادبان This concourse of vowels, and changing them against the consonants, is characteristic of the Taulish idiom, and assimilates it to the Zend language. *Ezhmen*[6], ازمن pron. poss. "my (boat);" *deiia*[7], from Persian دریا "sea;" *jell*[8], "bottom, ground;" *ushy*[9], alias *beshe*, "is gone," third sing. præt.; *bechye*[10], "is seen, is visible;" *voavan*[11], for Persian بادبان "as before."

15.

Hoy meded mi ez on bendan[1] baiendym[2],
Chu ezhten[3] derdeje[4] chendon baiendym,
Hayfem hardy[5] be kane[6] nechyavanan[7],
Pelengan retese[8] nengan[9] baiendym.

Bendan[1], plural, "mountains;" *baiendym*[2], is, according to my Taulish ciceroni, for Persian دیدهام "I saw, I have seen;" *ezhten*[3], otherwise *ezhmen*, "mine (pains);" *derdeje*[4], جای درد "the place (the cause) of sorrow, of ache or pain;" *heyfem hardy*, for حیف خوردم verbatim, "I ate the repentance;" viz., "I pity you, hunters;" *kane*[6], "old," for کهنه *kohne; nechyavan*[7], "a hunter, a sportsman." We find in Shahnama the substantive نخچیر "the game, the gazelle;" *retese*[8], ablat. *retes*, alias *reteg:* we met with this substantive in the seventh song; in Persian there is still the word رش *resh*, and رد *redd*, "a track, footstep;" *nengan*[9], "crocodiles," in Persian *neheng*, نهنگ. There is a double meaning, a pun, in this expression, *nengan*, being also plural of *neng*, "infamy, and sorrow."

My explanation of some words of foreign origin may be wrong; therefore I prefer to leave them to the decision of persons acquainted with the Zend and Sanscrit languages, and give as I received them from the Taulishes themselves, rather than rely on my own conjectures.

The following Taulish words, not occurring in the examples given before, shall close our sketch, viz.:—

Zoa, "boy;" *herden*, "child," perhaps Persian خورده; *keh*, "house;" *gev*, "mouth, lips;" *kyi*, "neck;" *tur*, otherwise *leve*, "belly, gaster;" *bevij*, imperat. "run;" *bevend*, imperativ. "stay, stop;" *bighea*, imperat. "take it, catch;" perhaps Persian بگیر; *buiaiu*, "come near," imperat. perhaps Persian بیا; *beuj*, imperat. "say, tell;" *bessem*, "have fear, be frightened," imperat.; *vang doy*, "call him, clamour," imperat.; *meuj*, "don't say;" *maas*, "do not sleep," imperat., perhaps Persian مخسپ; *dou meuj*, "do not tell the lie," دروغ; *io*, "here;" *aio*, "there;" *be tu baotemy*, بتوبگفتم "I said to thee;" *ne*, "forward;" *pish*, "high, upwards;" *jier*, "low, downwards."

MAZENDERANI SONGS.

In the year 1813, M. von Hammer* published (*Mines de l'Orient*, vol. iii., p. 46), two distichs of Kutbi-Ruyany, in the Mazenderani dialect, he found quoted in Sahireddin's *History of Mazenderan and Taberistan*. Subsequently this learned Orientalist, in his *History of the Assassins*, alluding to the above quotation, states, that the language of those countries is a mixture of three others, namely, Persian, Mongolian, and Turkish Oigour. It is the only mention of this kind to my knowledge, which was ever done by the European Orientalists. I fairly confess that I do not understand one-tenth of the meaning of the lines quoted, either because the Kutbi-Ruyany, living in the seventh century of Hejira, his verses had been disfigured by later copyists; or because I never met, in Mazenderan, with the patois in question, although I traversed this province thrice. The fact is, that the examples I was enabled to collect and publish here, do not seem to betray any Mongolian alloy, at least as far as I can conclude from the opinion of some *savans* I referred to. The preponderating influence of Persian and Turkish is incontestable, and I should rather think that the Mazenderani has under-

* Now the Baron von Purgstall.

gone the same alterations, or nearly so, as the Ghilek or Taulish, and that all three sprung from a common source.

THE SONGS OF AMIRY.

(Page 510.)

1

امیر گونه[1] دشت پازوار خوجیره[2]
دشت بازوار رو در بهار خوجیره
چیت بوطه دار قلمکار خوجیره
میان زنان گیو[3] شلوار خوجیره

[1] گونه *gúne*, "he says;" [2] خوجیره *khhojire*, "is pleasant, agreeable;" [3] گیو *gaiú*, from the Turkish *geuï*, "blue."

2

رورا بدشستي کونده[1] گینه[2] گینه
سرخه گل بواراسته[3] میان سینه
تي منی[4] سوردار[5] مي تینه[6] موینه[7]
بیا دپیچیم که مدعا همینه

[1] کونده *kunede*, "for," میکند "it does;" [2] گینه *ghíne*, "brightness, light;" [3] بواراسته *bovaraste*, for Persian باریده "it rains;" [4] منی *men-ey*, vocativ. "O my (cypress);" [5] سوردار *súrdar*, "cypress tree;" [6] تینه *tíne*, dativ. "for thee;" [7] موینه *maviné*, for Persian میوه "fruit."

3

مرا گل امیر گونه[1] دشت‌پازواره
بلو[2] دست اگت[3] مرز[4] گرمه[5] تیمجاره[6]
گوهر[7] گل دیم[8] را بکو این
شی[9] گوک[10] را ور[11] اکیره[12] داره[13]
مردم بگته[14] گوک .
وفا نکونده ماره[15]

[1] گل امیر گونه *gul Amir gune*, "I am called Prince of rose;" [2] بلو *belou*, not unlike the Persian بیل *bill*, "a little wooden spade," by means of which the Mazenderan women prepare the ground previously to sowing the rice; [3] اگت *aghet*, third sing. præt. "he took;" [4] مرز *merz* 1), "a dry path between two rice-fields," 2), "a mound, a small elevation of ground," 3), "the beach, the sea-coast," [thence the provinces of Ghilan and Mazenderan are called Dar-el-Merz]. The literal translation of this line is: "He took (in his) hand the spade (saying), I'll raise a mound (all around of) the bed where the first rice is to be sown;" [5] گرمه *ghirme*, for Persian میگیرم "I will take, I will do;" [6] تیمجار *tímijar*, in Ghilek *túmejar*, is called a small enclosure where the farmers sow the rice, and thence, when grown up, transplant it on the field; [7] گوهر is the name of the poet's beloved, not less praised and worshipped by him than Laura by Petrarch; [8] گل‌دیم *gule dím*,

"rose-faced, with cheeks glowing like roses;" [9]شي *shí*, pronoun posses. "hers, its;" [10]كوك *gúk*, "calf;" [11]ور *ver*, in Persian بر "breast, bosom;" [12]اگيرهٔ *agheri*, for Persian بگيرد tertia sing. imperat. "let her take it;" [13]دارهٔ *dare*, "let her keep it." The last two lines are a proverbial diction among the Mazenderanis. "A calf taken from strangers cannot be faithful to its mother*." [14]بگتهٔ *beghite*, "taken;" particip.; [15]مارهٔ dative of *mar*, "mother."

4

امير گونهٔ يكبار جوان بي‌بوم[1]
كرسنک دشت باغبان بی بوم
كوهر جان می[2] ليلی من وی[3] مجنون بی بوم
من وی هر دور[4] زلف قربان بی بوم

[1]بي بوم *bei bum*, third sing. optat. for the Persian بوده باشم "were I once more young;" [2]مي *mei*, and [3]وی *vei*, are datives sing. "to me, to thee;" [4]دور *dever*, "side, curl of hair."

5

خو جيرگجا[1] اج[2] بلورهٔ تی تن[3]
بتو نی[4] يک شو[5] مرا بغل بگتن[6]

* The Persian Turks have a similar expression; *ozgha ogly ogoul olmaz*, "the son of another shall never be (faithful as) yours."

اکر دانم حیله دنیه[7] تی تن
بتونمه[8] ترا شی[9] چادر لا[10] بکتن

خوجیر کجا[1] *khojir kija*, "handsome girl;" اج[2] *aj*, "ivory;" تي تن *ti ten*, "thy body;" بتوني[4] *be-tunni*. for Persian بتواني "if thou couldst;" شو[5] *shou*, for Persian شب "night;" بکتن[6] *beghiten*, infinit. "to take, to hold;" دنیة[7] *denïe*, "is not, exists not;" بتونمه[8] *be-túnamma*, third sing. conditional. "I could take thee;" شي[9] *shi*, "hers, its;" لا[10] *la*, "a fold, a plait."

6

دنی چه خوشه[1] بختن[2] لو[3] کجا
کشه‌بزن سرتا بپای کجا
بلبل کل باغ خسه[4] من لو کجا
مردم باجل میرنه[5] من داغ کجا

چه خوشه[1] *chí khoshe*, "how sweet is it, how charming;" بختن[2] *be-khuten*, infinitiv. "to sleep;" لو[3] *lú*, "bed, bedding;" خسه[4] *khusse*, tertia sing. præsent., "he sleeps;" میرنه[5] *mirne*, tertia plur. præt. "the men die."

7

بال[1] طو[2] نده طاقت طو نارمه[3]
من طاقت تی زلف سیا نارمه
تی زلفه گلو[4] دینه[5] من که کلو نارمه
عاشقه زر دینه من که جونارمه

[1]بال *bál*, "arm, hand;" [2]طو *tou*, "a beckon with the hand, a gesture, a nod;" [3]نارمه *narme*, third sing. præt., "I have not;" [4]گلو *gullaú*, for گلاب "rose water;" [5]دینه *dina*, oportet. "must."

8

امیرگونه اسمان بوارستهٔ زمین بویه [6]تر
هاقلشته[3] منی لنگ[4] رها بویه خر
کوهر گل دیم برو پیاریم[5] منی خر
من وخر و بار هرسه بمومی[6] تنی ور

[1]بوارسته *bevauriste*, "it rains;" [2]بویه *búie*, "it becomes;" [3]هاقلشته *hakelishte*, in Ghilek جلکست "he slipped, he slid;" [4]لنک *lung*, "foot, leg, thigh;" [5]پیاریم *peiarim*, "we shall search," in modern Persian پاپی شدن "to seek, to inquire after some thing;" [6]بمومی *be-múmí*, third plur. præt. "we came;" [7]تني ور *tenei ver*, "to thee, towards thee;" *ver* corresponds to Latin *versus*, and French *vers*.

9

چش[1] منه[2] تجن رو[3] تن منه تجن جو[4]
دل منه تجه[5] دره[6] تو چر[7] گونی مجه[8] نرو

[1]چش *chesh*, "eye;" [2]منه *mene*, "my (eye) is; [3]تجن رو *Tajen*, the name of a large river (*rú*) on the banks of which stands the town of Sary, the capital of

Mazenderan; [4] چو *chú*, "reed, and also timber;" [5] تجه *taje*, "a trembling, shuddering;" [6] دره *dere*, for Persian دارد "it has;" [7] چر *cher*, for Persian چرا "why?" [8] مجه *maja*, "to me, near me," adverb.

10

مرغوله[1] بن[2] تي کمند[3] ريجن[4] ريجن
تي بو، گله[5] بورره[6] ونوشه[7] پيچن
قل يا نار وکوني[9] انکيجن[10]
بردًا وسلامًا ره[11] تنه سر ريجن

مرغوله[1] *mergule*, "a plait of hair, a curl;" بن[2] *ben* 1) "a root;" 2), adverb "beneath;" کمند[3] *kemend*, "a halter, a snare;" favourite comparison among the Persians and Arabs to the curls of beauty's hair; ريجن[4] *rijen*, for Persian ريزان "spread, diffused;" بو، گله[5] *burgala*, "a nosegay, a bunch of flowers;" بورره[6] *burre*, adverb, "beneath, under;" ونوشه[7] *vunúshe*, for Persian بنفشه "a violet." Oriental poets compare the down on the youthful cheek to violets and other small flowers; پيچن[8] *pichen*, for Persian پيچان "in curls, curled;" قل يا نار کوني[9] &c., an allusion to a passage in the Koran. According to Mohammed, God appeared unto Abraham (not unto Moses) in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush, and seeing that Abraham, frightened by the vision, dared not approach

it, exclaimed, یاناروکونی بردًا و سلّم علي ابراهیم "O fire, grow cold and honour Abraham." [10]انگیجن *enghíjen*, third plural imperat., "let them throw," viz., "let the flowers on thy face adore thee, as the burning bush was ordered by God, to honour the prophet." Indeed, it is too *savant* for a popular song. [11]ره *re* is for Persian را mark of accusative.

11

دندان صدف لب تنه‌انگبین[1]
چرخ فلک تی خرمن خوشه چین[2]
تی چهره بخوبي کل اتشینه
من شومه[3] به‌آتش اکر آتش اینه

[1]لب تنه انگبین *leb tene engabin*, "thy lips are of honey." [2]خوشه‌چین *Khoshée cheen*, "a gleaner, a poor man who picks some ears of corn after the harvest of rich people;" [3]شومه *shúme*, "I shall go."

12

گوهر گل دیم‌می گل دیم گوهر
تی تن کل باغ کل بپارده[1] نوبر[2]
هرکس که بچو[3] تی کل باغ کل ور[4]
باوا[5] این لمیر کاشته کوهر ور

بیاردهٔ[1] *biarde*, for اوردهٔ "it has brought, produced;" نوبر[2] *nouber*, as in Persian, "the first flower or fruit in the spring, a primrose;" بیمو[3] *bimú*, in Ghilek, *bámú*, "he came;" ور[4] *ver*, in the third line is "towards," in the fourth "for;" باوا[5] *báva*, "say, tell him."

13

کوی[1] دوست دپ[2] چارسته[3] کوه[4]
امرو[5] دپ چارسته فردا شوه[6]
خداره دا رمه[7] تابل بشکیه[8]
تاچو بیتنه[9] پل بهساتن[10] بهار بوه[11]

کوی[1] *kúi*, for Persian کوهی "my friend mountaineer, highlander;" دپه *dep* corresponds in meaning to Arabian تدارک "all the necessaries for a a journey;" چارسته[3] *chareste*, third singul. present, "she prepares, she is doing, ready;" کوهٔ *kúa*, dativ. of *kú*, "to the mountain;" امرو[5] *emrú*, for Persian امروز "to-day;" شوه[6] *shúa*, "she will go;" خدارهٔ دارمه *khodara darme*, an exclamation, "O God, grant it, give it to me;" بشکیه[8] *beshkie*, for بشکند "that (the bridge) may be broken;" بیتنه[9] *beitene*, for Persian بگیرند "(before) they shall take;" بهساتن[10] *be sáten*, "for making, for repairing;" بوه[11] *búe*, "shall come, shall arrive."

14

دس بزه[1] مره بداه[2] بابله رو[3]
ادی به کنار ایستا گونه جوری[4] برو[5]

[1] دس بزه *des beze*, for بادست زده "she pushed me with her hand;" [2] بداه *be dah*, for Persian بهاند اخت "she threw;" [3] بابله رو *babule roo*, dativ. "in the river Babúl;" ادی *adi*, "now, presently;" [4] جوری *júree*, "up, upwards;" [5] برو *beru*, the Mazenderanis employ the verb رفتن in the sense of امدن "come."

15

کنت کنزاً[1] کرهه[2] من وشا مه
حقّ واجب[4] الوجود و علّمني الاسمامه[3]
خبیر کردهء اب چهل صبامه
ارزان مغروش درگران بهامه[5]

[1] کنت کنزاً a verset of some Mussulman theist, "I am a treasure;" [2] کرهه for Persian کرهرا accusative; [3] وشامه, *veshame*, tertia sing. præter. "I have untied;" [4] حق‌واجب &c., an Arabian phrase, "God, the first cause of existing things, taught me his names;" [5] بهامه *behame*, in accus. for Persian گران‌بهارا "dear, precious, of great value." It may be also translated "my precious pearl, such a jewel as I am."

The two following songs were given to me by the inhabitants of Rustemabad, otherwise Rustemdar, during my passage by this Mazenderanian district in 1836.

16

(Page 5

مرا نیر[1] مرا هاده[2]	علي ابادی مرد را هاده
علیابادی قلم بدست	مرا ننه[3] می جان مار
علي ابادی می چش مست	مرا ننه می جان مار
مرا ننه هیپس میپس[4]	مرا ننه زرد بپیس
مرانیر مرد را هاده	بارفروشی مردرا هاده
بار فرو شی پو ستین بدوش	مرا ننه مي جان مار
بارفروشي خلقه بگوش	مرا ننه مي جان مار
مرا ننه هیپس میپس	مرا ننه زرد بپیس
مرا نیر مرا ها ده	پازواری مردرا هاده
پازواری هن[5] چالوادار	مرا ننه مي جان مار
پازواری زغال ببار[6]	مرا ننه می جان مار
مرا ننه هیپس میپس	مرا ننه مي جان مار

The preceding fifteen songs being a production of a learned Mazenderani poet, this and the following offer a specimen of the uncouth and barbarous composition of his fellow countrymen.

[1] نیر *neir*, imperat. negat., "do not take;" [2] هاده *hade*, imp. negat., for Persian مده, "do not give;" [3] ننه *neneh*, imperat., perhaps from Persian نهادن,

"do not deliver me;" هپیس مپیس[4] *hapis-mapis*, a kind of proverbial locution indicating an animal emaciated and without any strength both in body and mind;" هن[5] *hen*, "all, without exception;" زغال ببار[6] *zogal bebar*, "(their shoulders are bent under) the loads of charcoal (they sell)."

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(Page 516).

امروز روز هوا[1] نیه[2] انشاء الله[3]

می کَلی رکا[4] پیدا نیه انشاء الله

می کَلی رکا را بیتنه[5]

نارنجه‌دار[6] دریتنه[7] چوب وچماق[8] وریتنه[9]

نارنج تی ریشه[10] بخوشه[11]

مي كلي ركا را نكشه[12]

ونه[13] جریمه چند تومه[14]

ونه جریمه پنج هزار

هن[15] شاهي[16] انگل[17] دار

این سر لاته[18] ان‌سر لاته

میان لاته چه خلوته

دس بزوم[19] پشت دقته[20]

کیجا نشته[21] چنگل[22] پوته[23]

مرا بدیه[24] پشت دقته

کیجا نشته فرني[25] کوده[26]

شي کشه[27] انکلي[28] کوده

کیجا نشته غورمه[29] کوده

یار وسه[30] بریه[31] کوده

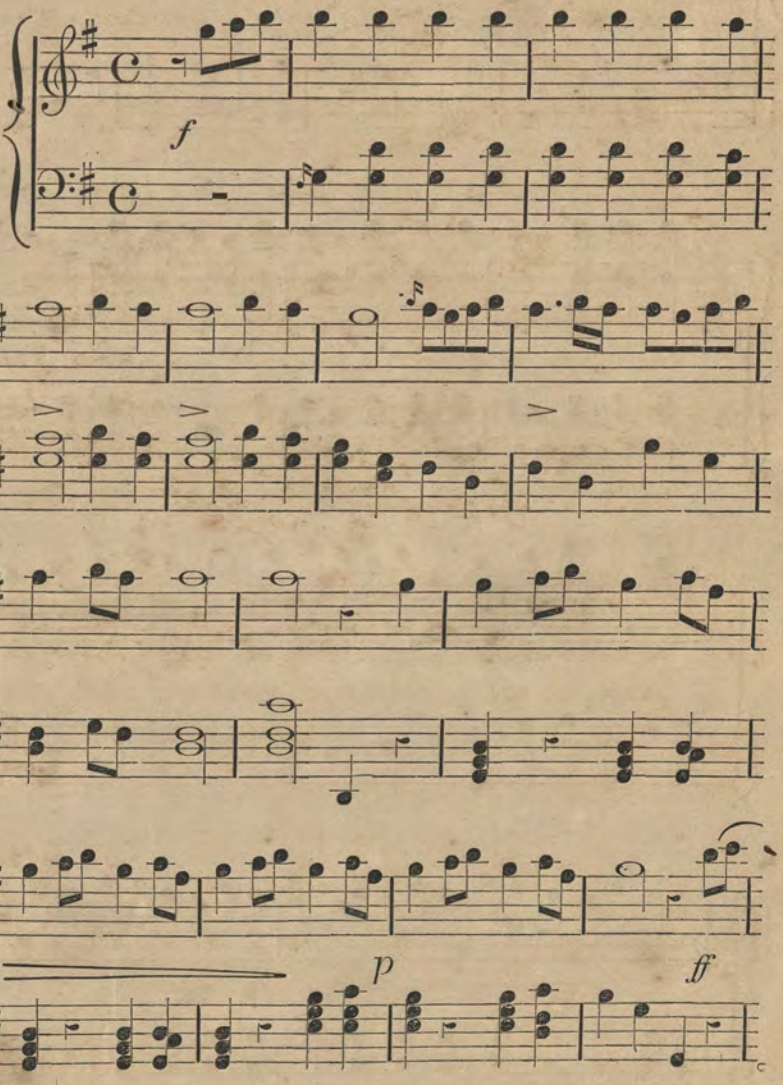
[1]هوا properly signifies "the weather," but is also frequently used for "the stormy, the rainy weather;" [2]نیه *nie*, "is not;" [3]انشاءالله *inshallah*, in Arabic means "such is God's will." It now became a proverbial locution in Persia for, "I hope it will be better, I will do my best;" just as Osmanli, *bakalym*; it is repeated after every line of this, sung as a refrain, which I omitted for the sake of brevity, but reproduced in the translation. [4]می گلی رکا *mi gúli rika*, "my rosy boy;" [5]بیتنه *beïtene*, tertia plural præterit. "they took him;" [6]نارنجه دار *narenje dar*, "orange-tree," vocativ.; [7]دریتنه *dereïtene*, "they hanged him, they tied him;" [8]چماق *chumak*, "a club, mace," Polish, *maczuga;* [9]وریتنه *vereïtene*, "they have beaten him;" [10]تی ریشه *ti rishe*, "thy root;" [11]بخوشه *be-khoshe*, in Persian, بخشکد "let it dry, wither;" [12]نه کشه *ne kushe*, "do not kill him; [13]وینه *vene*, dativ. "to him;" [14]ویمه *vime*, particip. præter. "(the fine was) imposed appointed;" [15]هن *hen* "all (of them);" شاهی *shahi*, "the gold and silver coins which the shah distributes with his own hand on the festival of Nouruz; [17]انگل *enghel*, "a ring;" [18]لاته dativ. *lat*, otherwise *let*, in Mazenderan and Ghilan means 1) "the banks as well as the bed of a large river;" 2), "a flat country;" [19]دس بزوم *des bezum*, for Persian دست زدم "I

stroke with my hand;" [20]دقته *dekate*, "she felt," we saw the same verb in Ghilek;" [21]کیجا نشته *kija nishte*, "the girl (was) sitting;" [22]چنگل *chenghel*, in modern Persian, *chugundur*, and also *leblebu*, "beet roots;" [23]پوته *púte*, for Persian پخته "she was boiling;" [24]بدیه *bedía*, "she saw me;" [25]فرنی *fereni*, "a kind of meal;" [26]کوده *kúde*, for Persian کرده, "she did;" [27]شی کشه *shí keshe*, "her breast;" [28]انگلی *engheli*, from انگل "a finger, (whence *enghel*, a ring)," literally, this word means "the scratching with fingers;" [29]غورمه *gaúrme*, "a kind of meal, of dry-salted flesh;" [30]وسه *vesse* "for, for the sake;" we find the same word in common-spoken Persian, as واسه‌ءمن *vassei-men*, "for me," واسه‌ءشما *vassei shuma*, "for your sake," &c., [31]برمه *berme*, "weeping." This word, together with many others of this song, has its derivation in some language unknown to me, and are worthy of a learned investigation, in order to establish a true criterion concerning the sources of the Mazenderani patois.

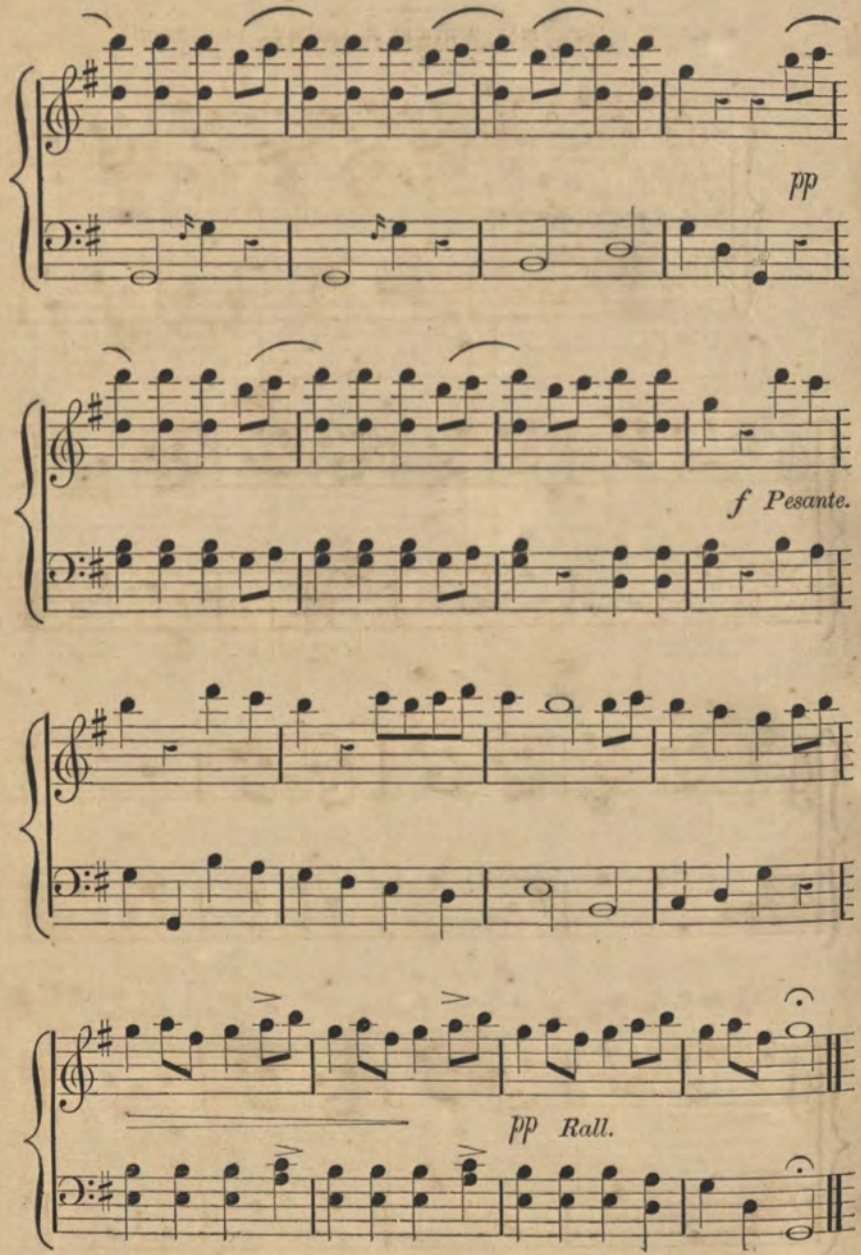
Nine Persian Airs.

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANOFORTE BY M. ANTHONY DE KONTSKI.

No. 1.—Kurroglou*.



* Most of the Improvisations of Kurroglou are sung to this tune.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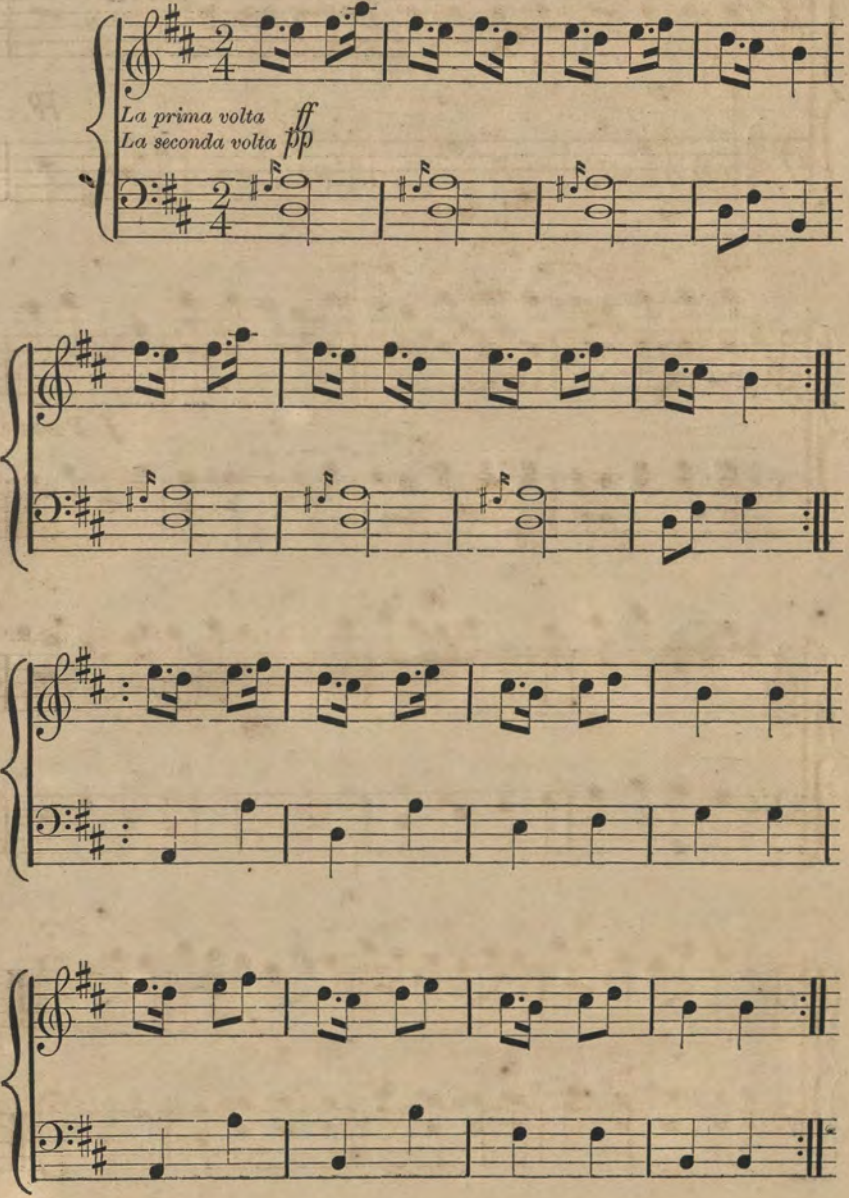
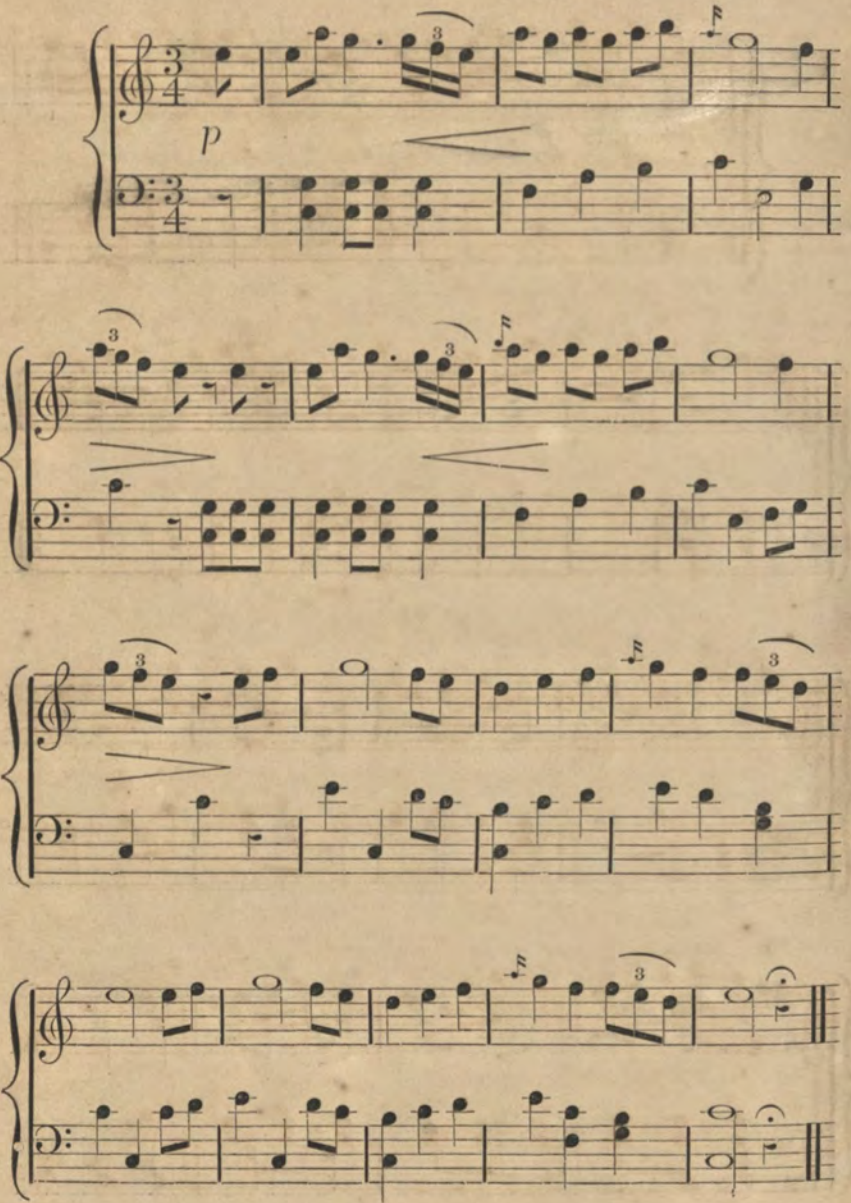
f Pesante.
pp Rall.

No. 2.—Aderbaïjani Air.



No. 3.—Finjan.



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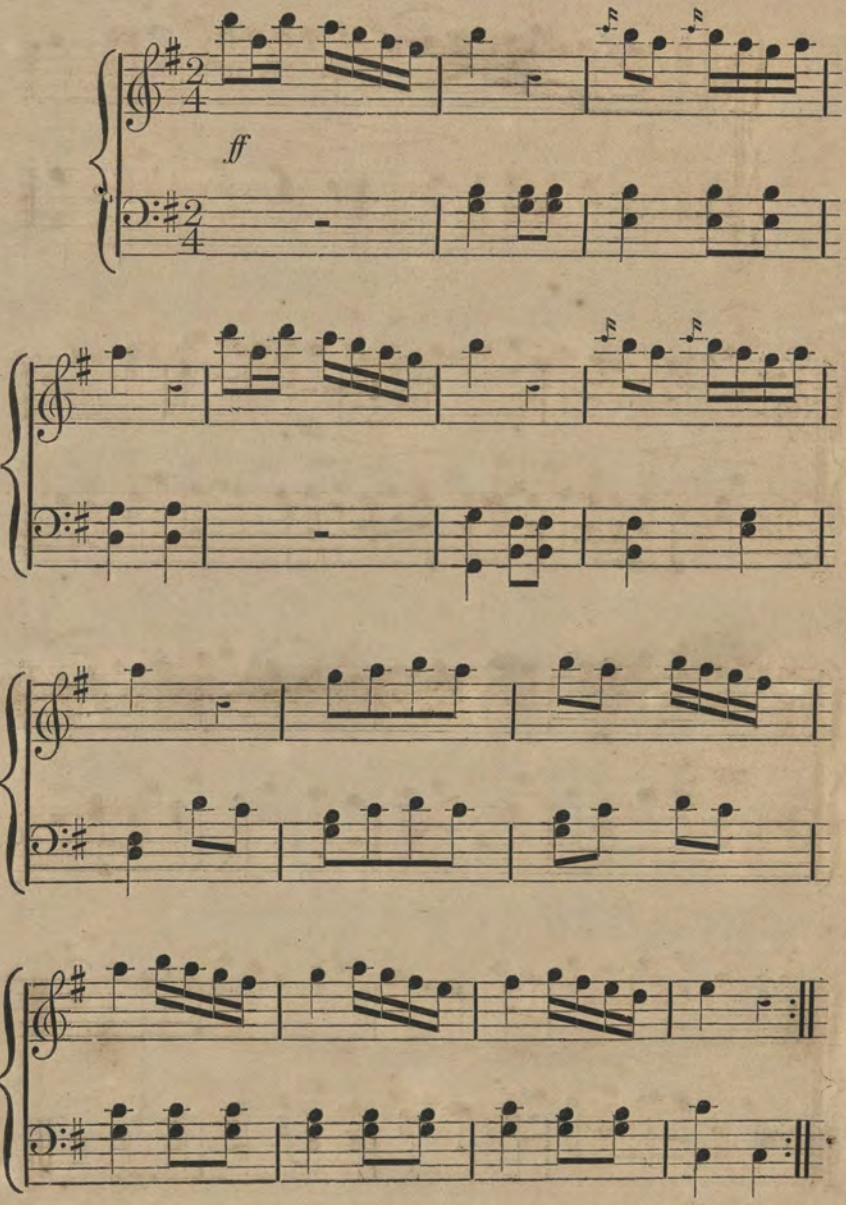

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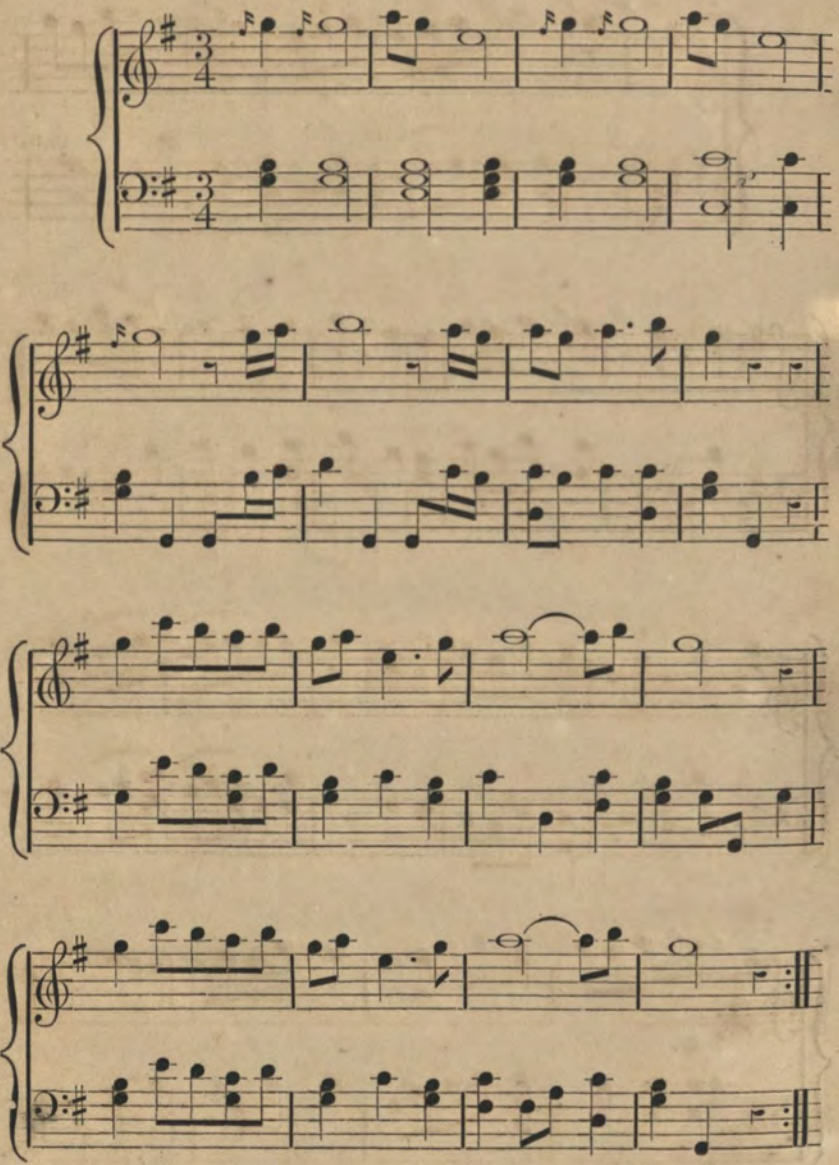

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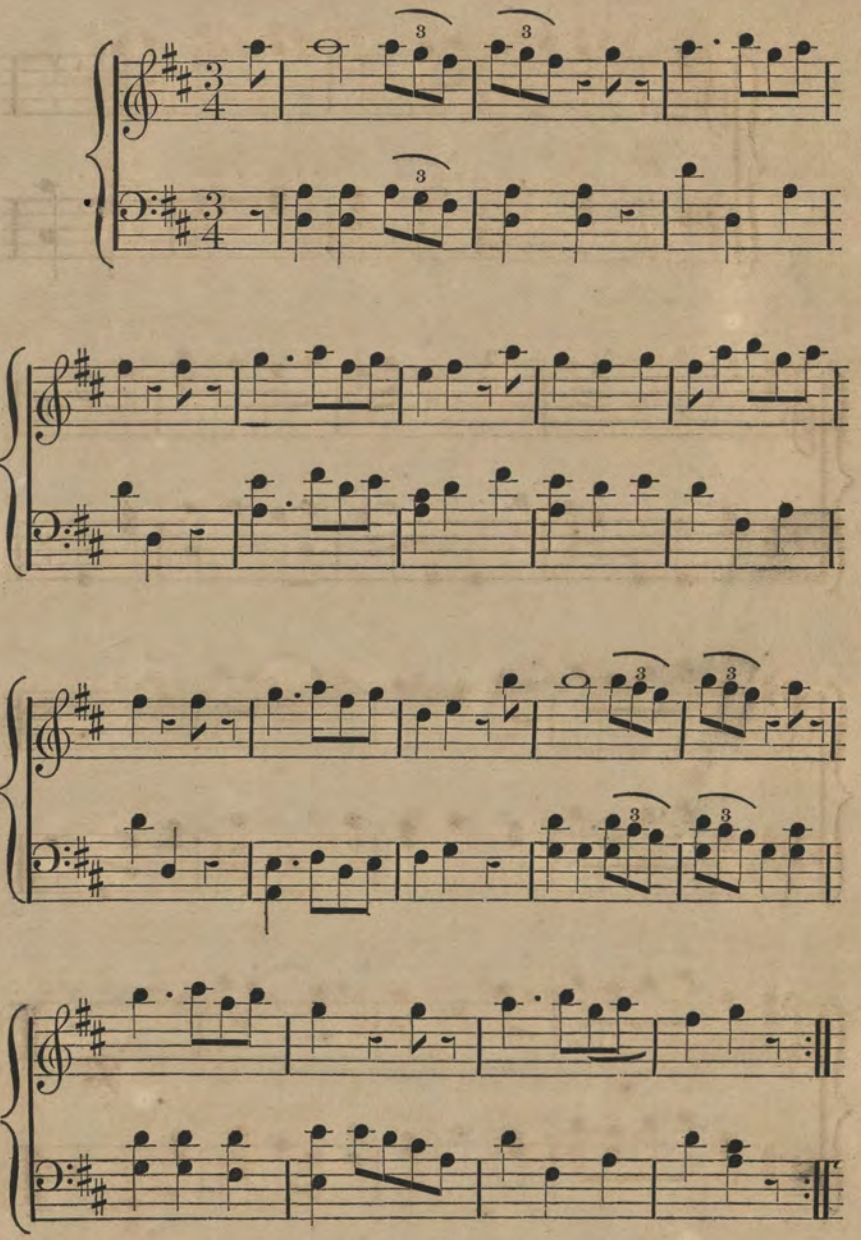

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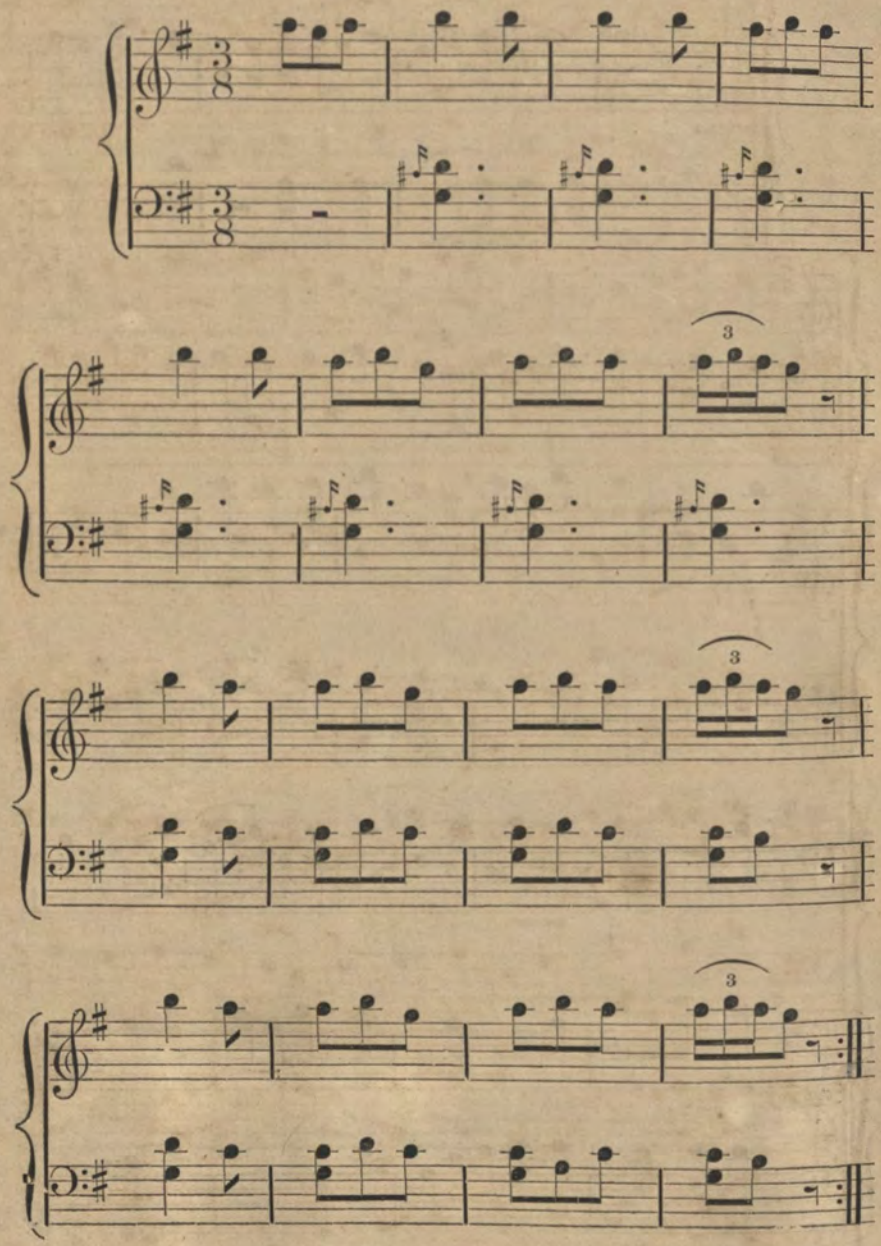

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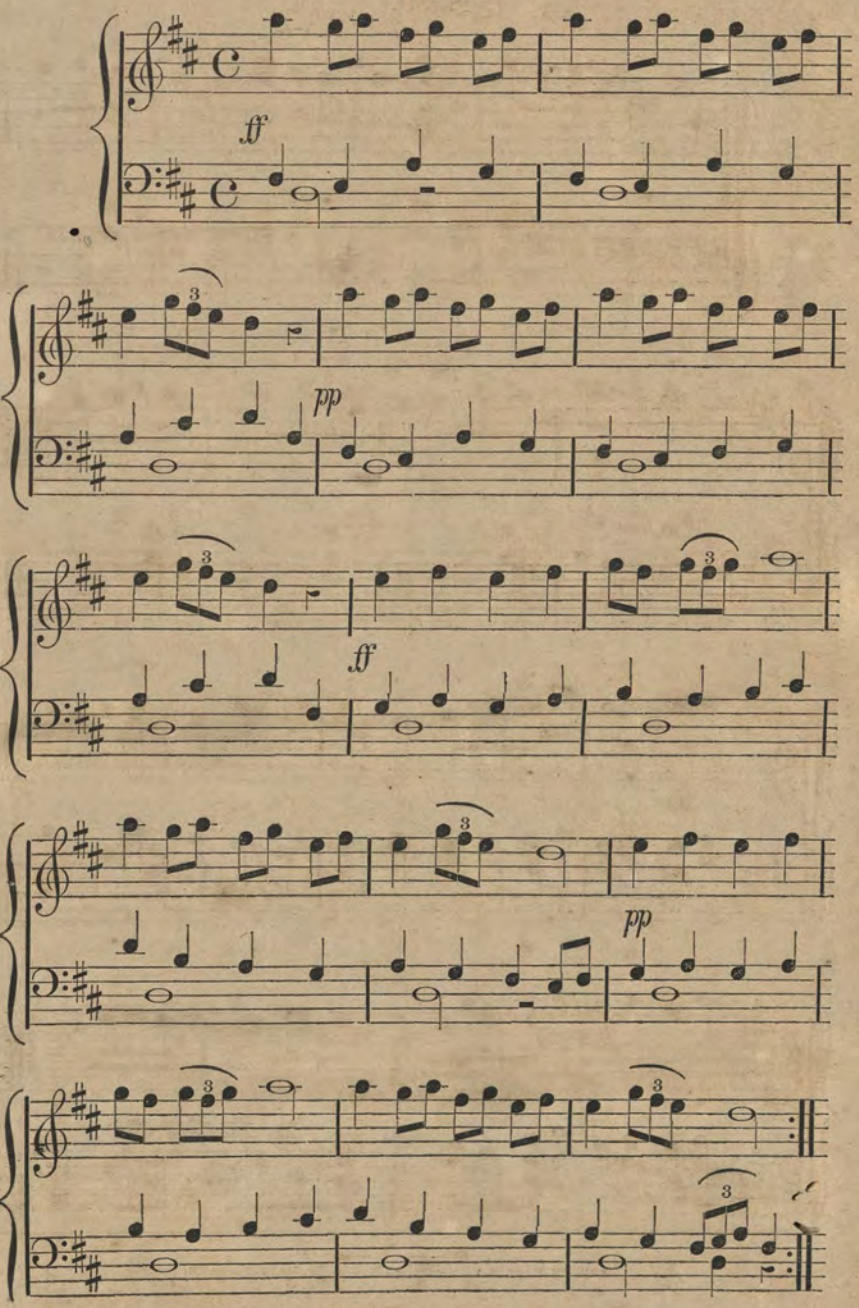

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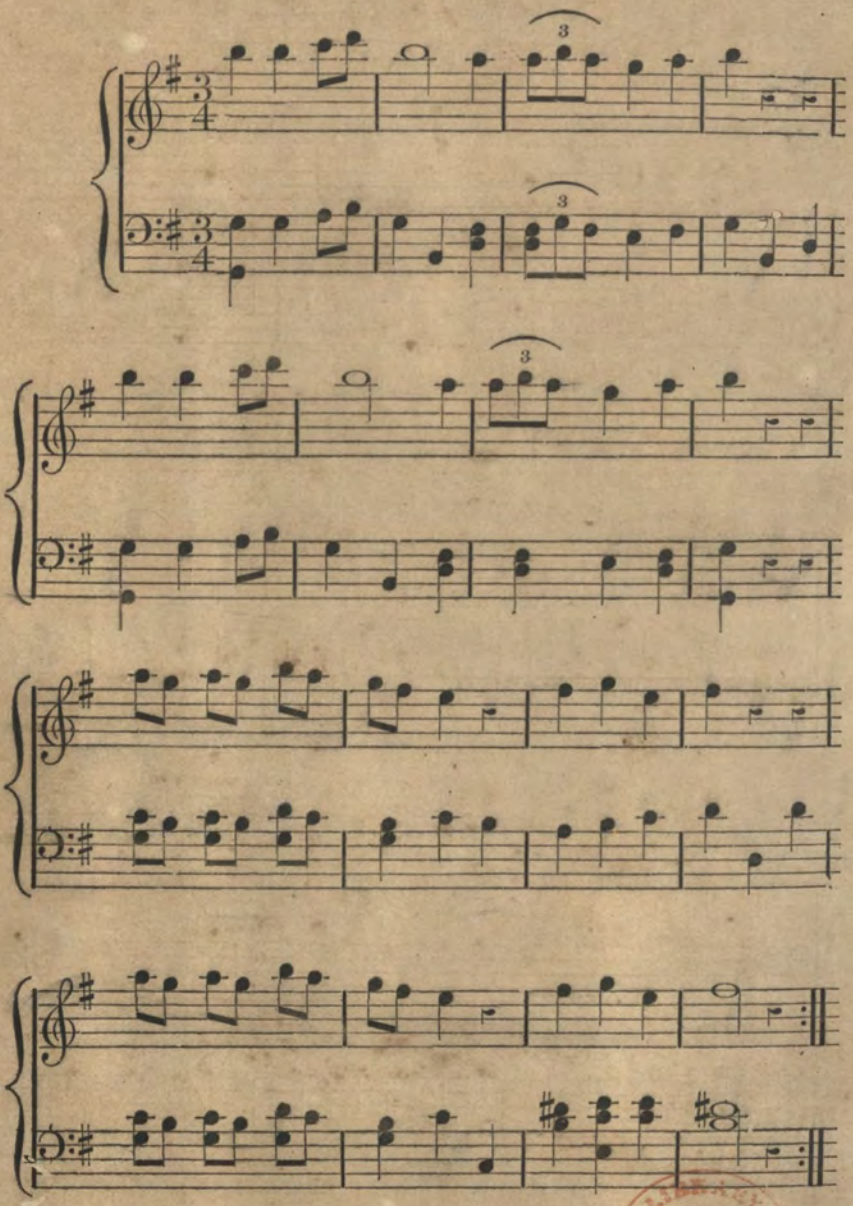

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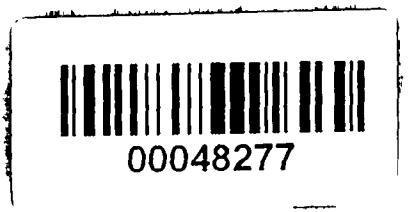
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